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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Hattie Lee.

BY MATTIE MAY.

I remember how at twilight, beneath the old
oak tree,
I listened to the low, soft voice of angel Hat-
tie Lee;
And while I gazed upon the ground, some
half hid flower to spy,
She always sat with upturned eyes, gazing
upon the sky.

I remember how I wondered, as that bright
and heaven-lit eye,
Would first of all direct its glance up to the
fair blue sky;
I did not care to question her, so to gather
flowers I'd lie,
For Hattie was my teacher then, and older
too than I.

I made bouquets of the laurel tree, and laid
them at her feet;
I wove a cushion of wild-flowers for her ac-
customed seat;
But all my efforts were in vain, the flowers
she gave to me,
For lost to all terrestrial things, seemed angel
Hattie Lee.

I remember how the silvery clouds would
float o'er Hattie Lee,
While dark ones threw their lengthened
shades and seemed to circle me;
I understand the secret now, and angel Hat-
tie Lee
Lives up in the celestial spheres—she's path-
er flowers for me.

One evening, as the sun's last rays shone
fairly in the west,
They laid her 'neath the old oak tree, the
spot that she loved best;
Yet off at night that low, sweet voice comes
whispering to me,
And in my dreams I'm gathering flowers
with angel Hattie Lee.

WOBURN, 1862.

Select Literature.

THE OLD HOUSE AT BROCKLEHURST.

We were together in the parlor—my wife
and I. It was not much past nine, but peo-
ple kept early hours in those days, and sup-
per had long been over; the children were
in bed, and the house was quiet. I was
leaning back in my easy-chair, wearied with
my long day's work, and half asleep, when
I was roused by wife's voice, saying, as she
laid down her sewing:

"Have you thought or done anything yet,
Alfred, about our going to the country?"

Now, to tell the truth, I had thought a
great deal, and done—nothing. I knew Dr.
Elwyn had said that little Philip would
never grow up a healthy boy in our close
London house, and I was as anxious as any
father need be about my child, but I knew
too, by sad experience, how little a poor
drawing-master with seven children has to
spare for country trips. All this I said now
to the wife, who always bore her full share
of my heavy cares; but in her mother's
love conquered all else, and as I looked into
her eyes, I saw, though she spoke little, that
she would never rest until our boy was breath-
ing the fresh country air he needed.

But the weeks passed away, and her worn
face, and the few words she dropped from
time to time, told me how constantly and
vainly she watched for this. They had grown
to months, when one evening she met me at
the door radiant with gladness, and drawing
me into the parlor, put into my hand a letter
exclaiming:

"Only read that, Alf, and tell me if it
will not do."

It ran thus:

"Not three miles from here is a large
house, Brocklehurst Grange, which having
been empty many years, it is now to be let at
a very low rent. I could hardly advise Mr.
Sainsbury to take much trouble about it,
for it looks so dreary and comfortless, that
you would never like to live there. Still, in
case my description does not alarm you, and
you wish to hear more, I send the address of
the agent in whose hands it is."

My wife hardly waited for me to read to
the end.

"My aunt does not know," she said, anx-
iously. "Think! it is large and cheap; and
it must be near a coach-road, and near Lon-
don, since it is close to Leekford, and that is
such a healthy place. Oh, Alfred, dear, we
don't care for fine houses, and we could
smoke it cheerful soon, I know, if only you
think that it will do."

That was too much to say; but in pity for
her imploring face, I promised at least to see
the agent. I called at the office the next day,
and found him in, and evidently glad to hear
of a possible tenant. The house, he said, had
belonged to a Mr. Abbott, who had lived and
died abroad. The nephew, who had just in-
herited his property, preferred receiving a
rent, however small, to spending money on
the place. The agent could not help dis-
cussing a little on the short-sighted economy
of this proceeding, since the building was in
fair repair, and only needed the outlay of a
few hundreds to make it comfortable; but it
was, he added, no affair of his, and he had
only to obey orders. In conclusion, he pres-
ented me to inspect it for myself. I felt inclined
to do so, but as I could not well spare a
whole day, there was a difficulty. The agent
himself resolved it by proposing that I should
go down by an afternoon coach, the time of
which he mentioned, and return the follow-

ing morning. There were, he said, living in
charge of the house, two old servants of Mr.
Abbott's with their son, who had been there
now for many years.

"I cannot promise you a warm reception,"
he added, smiling; "at least if they treat
you as they did me. They evidently fear to
be turned out of their domain, and regard-
ed me so gloomily, that my survey was of the
briefest. Still, if you don't mind sour
looks, they can, I know, provide you with a
bed, and, as the village is only two miles off,
with supper also."

It seemed my wisest plan, since I could
thus judge of the daily journey I might have
to make, and see the house under its morning
and its evening aspect; so mindful of my wife's
anxiety, I determined to lose no time, and ob-
tained from the agent a letter to the old man
in charge. With this letter, I made my way
to the coach-office the following afternoon;
but when there, found, much to my vexation,
that the agent had mistaken the time of the
coach's starting, and that we should not be
off for two hours. There was nothing for it
but to wait patiently; but through this de-
lay, it was nearly six o'clock instead of four
when I was set down at a village inn two
miles from Brocklehurst. I was just about
to inquire my way of some of the boys loung-
ing about the inn door, when it occurred to
me that it might be wiser to hire one of them
as guide. The short February afternoon was
closing in, and I might miss my road alone,
and so I lost time, and besides, from these
country lads I might learn something of the
house and neighborhood; so I chose out a
bright-faced, active youth, who readily closed
with my offer, and started off with me at
once along the village street, and down a
lane, and then over a stile into the fields, his
tongue going incessantly all the while. He
could tell little, as it seemed, about the
Grange; only that, within his memory, no
one had ever lived there but the Percies, "a
queer, crusty set," he said. The son got
some times with the farmers near by, but
the old people rarely left the house, and even
when they went abroad, exchanged few words
with any they might meet. But if his infor-
mation on this point was small, on all other
histories it was most abundant; the names and
doings of the neighboring squire, and who
preserved and who did not; the kind owned
by each farmer, and the character he bore
among his men; this, and much more, he
told me as we trudged onwards.

"There," he said, as we came out of a thick
fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a
dreary broken bit of common covered with
gorse and heath—"do you see the red brick
house yonder by the gravel-pit?"

I looked the way his finger pointed, and
through the gathering twilight just discerned
a long low building.

"I'll tell you what, sir," he said in a low
tone, and coming closer to my side, "there's
not a lad in all the village would venture
round there after nightfall, for there was mur-
der done at that house two years ago."

"Murder!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and the cruellest murder it was too.
An old gentleman used to live there—not so
very old either, not much past sixty, I've
heard say; but however that might be, he
lived there quite alone, except for one young
servant-woman, who kept his house. A
pleasant-spoken lass Ann Forrest was, and
many's the kind word she's said to me when
she's been to mother's shop. She always
seemed to take care of her old master, and
no wonder, for he was the best old man that
ever lived, and a good master to her; but
he had money laid by, and that must have
tempted her, for one morning some laborers
going past found the front-door open, the
house deserted, and the poor old gentle-
man lying covered with blood, and quite
dead at the bottom of the garden. They say
he used to go down there to smoke his pipe
at night, and she chose that time, when she
knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend
himself with. An old iron box, in which the
old man kept his money, and which only she
knew where to find, was lying, turned bot-
tom upmost and empty, in the passage;
and there were clothes and many other things
scattered about the floor of the room, and in
one of her drawers they found a long knife that
she had hidden there. But they never found
her; and from that day to this no one has
heard of her."

It was a horrible story to listen to, with
the black darkness closing round us, and the
lonely house close by. We hastened on in
silence across the common, down a dark,
steep road, and through some meadows, un-
til, as we passed from the free air into the
shadow of a wood, the boy said, in his for-
mer cheery tone:

"There, sir, you can see the old war-
ren through the trees."

A faint, dark outline—that was all that
I could make out, as my companion unfasten-
ed a gate, pointed the way up a neglected
drive, and saying that he should run across
the fields, and so home by the high road,
bade me good-night. The old gate swung to
with a dismal creak, and I was left to grope
my way alone. On I went, brushing past
shrubs, whose long boughs swept the ground,
and stumbling over roots and stones, until I
reached an open space that had once been
gravel, but now was overgrown with moss
and weeds, and crossing this, stood in front
of the old house itself. The walls, as I could
see, even by that dim light, were weather-
stained and darkened to a dull brown; these
sharp gables high above cut into the gray

sky and higher still there rose a sort of dome
from the centre of the building. The rising
moon cast a faint gleam on the latticed oriel
windows, and the quaint stone carvings
round the entrance-door, and gave a strange
weird aspect to the solitary dwelling. The
clang of the bell echoed through the stillness
within; then silence settled down once more.
I waited long, then rang again, and at length
there was a sound of steps and voices; at
first, far away, then nearer. A key grated
in the rusty lock, and the door was partly
opened by an old man, whose short, thick-
set figure at once filled up the way, as though
to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him
stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and
holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared
at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing
myself to the old man, I told my errand.
It was well I was prepared for sullenness,
for his furrowed brow darkened, as, still
standing in the doorway, he spelled out the
agent's letter.

"A strange thing," he muttered. "We
might have had some notice, I should think;
we want no gentle-folks here." My spirit
rose at this insolence, but remembering his
age and early temper, I restrained myself,
and said that I had meant to arrive sooner,
but need give little trouble, as some bread
and cheese and a bed for the night were all I
should require. The man stood doubtful, as
though half inclined to shut the door in my
face; then his mind changed, and without a
word, he took the lantern from his wife's
hand, and, signing to me to follow, led the
way across a bare and lofty hall, and along
two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where
a fire was blazing. Setting down the lan-
tern on the table, he turned round and said:
"You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen.
If you're too proud to sit here, there are oth-
er rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires
or candles;" and without waiting for a reply
he walked away. I turned to the woman,
who had followed us, and stood by the fire,
and asked some question carelessly; but she
answered me briefly, with a hurried glance
at her husband; and, weary of attempting
to conciliate, I said abruptly, that as my time
was short, I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see
at this time of night," old Pearce said gruf-
fly from the window where he stood.

"At least," I answered, "I can go through
the rooms, and get some notion of their size;"
and I made a move.

For a moment, it seemed as though they
meant to let me go alone; then Pearce step-
ped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to
his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light.
Presided by my unwilling guides, I traversed
long passages, our footsteps sounding hollow
on the stone floors, mounted staircases, and
crossed landings. We stepped from time to
time while the woman unlocked the doors of
empty unshuttered rooms, where dust lay
thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern
only served to make the gloom and desola-
tion more apparent. No word was spoken
by either of the two, save in answer to my
questions, until we reached a large chamber,
once a drawing-room, as I could guess by the
gilt mouldings and two tall mirrors let into
the wall. As I entered and looked round,
the old man drew his wife outside the door,
and when they had exchanged some whis-
pered words, sent her down stairs, and, com-
ing to my side, began to tell me how, thirty
years before, in Mrs. Abbott's days, grand
balls were often given in this very room, and
how a portrait of her dressed for one of them
still hung in the library beyond; and then he
led me in to look at the pale faded face in
gold and crimson turban, gazing fixedly up-
on us from the wall. As I turned from it,
the woman again joined us, resumed her keys,
and the man's sullen humour coming over
him once more, we went on in the old silence
until we reached the foot of a narrow wind-
ing staircase. My conductors had begun to
mount it, when I touched the door upon my
right, and said: "Surely we have not been
here?" The man, half-way up, stopped
and looked down at me. "No," he said;
"it is only a lumber-room; the key has been
lost this long while; if you wish to get in,
you must have a fresh key made before you
come again;" and he went on. It was a
large rambling house, where you came sud-
denly upon cupboards and corners, and bits
of winding stairs, or a step up here and down
there, and passages with such queer turns
and twists, that one wondered whether they
would lead; still there was something quaint
about it that took my fancy greatly. When
at last we got back to the kitchen, a man sat
by the fire unlacing his boots, and his back
towards the door. He turned as I entered,
and displayed a muscular form and heavy
face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him
as his son. He returned my greeting with a
silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at
his father's sleeve, muttered angrily: "And
who on earth may you be?" I did not catch
the answer, but the gruff snort that followed
was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper,
and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and
beer was put before me; and while I was en-
gaged upon it, she and her husband went a-
way together. The son sat on watching me
in silence for a while, then followed them,
leaving me alone for the first time since I had
come into the house. He and his father soon
came back, but a change had come upon
them; their sullenness was gone, and they
seemed most eager to hear my intentions
about the place. It was evident how much

they feared that I might take it, and so de-
prive them of their home; and in this fear
they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried
to foster it. From their account, the place
was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was
even tumbling to pieces; and it almost
touched me, when, turning to the son, I said:
"And yet you seem to like to live in it," to
hear his curt answer: "I've been bred up
here, and that makes a deal of difference."
When the woman at last returned, I saw that
she had been crying very bitterly, and with a
half-remorseful feeling, I took a candle from
her trembling hand, and followed her upstairs.
They had chosen for me one of the old state-
bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way
from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a
wide gallery. She paused at the door to say
that she hoped I might find all I wanted, but
that if not, there was a bell, and giving me
no time to answer, hurried off. The room
was large and lofty, and must have once been
richly furnished, for there were cushions of
faded blue silk in the window-seats, and blue
silk drapery about the windows; but all its
other furniture had disappeared, and it was
bare and careless like the rest. At one end
a trestle bedstead had just been put up, and
near it stood a wash-hand stand and glass,
and a couple of rickety chairs. That was
all; and very meagre and comfortless it
looked; but I could expect nothing else, and
closed little. I sat long, noting down in my
pocket-book all I had observed, and ponder-
ing on various things, until the dull tones of
the far-off stable-clock striking twelve ar-
roused me, and I began to prepare for bed.
Before lying down, I went instinctively across
the room to secure the door, and found, to
my surprise, that I was without the means of
doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key
was not in the lock. For a moment, I was
startled; then I remembered that the keys of
all the rooms had been on one large bunch,
and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take
this one off. Should I ring for it? I
paused undecided; but the hour was late, the
people must long since have been in bed, and
I was strangely unwilling to encounter those
silly looks again to-night. After all, it mat-
tered little. Travelling as I did without lug-
gage or money, and in simple, almost shabby
dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health
and strength in my favour, none would choo-
sily to encounter me; and so, without dis-
quitude, I blew out my light, and lay down
in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the
moon shone full into the room, only obscured
from time to time as a heavy cloud swept
across, and passing, seemed to leave it more
clear and beautiful than ever. I lay long gaz-
ing, through one of the two large windows
on my right, at the soft radiance of its face,
the hurrying clouds, and the bright stars that
studded the dark sky, and thinking, as hus-
bands and fathers are wont to think, of
the little feet that might one day go dancing
over these uncared-for floors, of my wife and
myself sitting together in that grand deserted
drawing-room, and planning busily how far
our homely London furniture could fit it up.
Gradually my plans turned into dreamy fan-
cies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—
for how long, whether for minutes or hours,
I cannot tell, but I woke in an instant, and
with a sudden start and thrill. All was quiet—
a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room
was dark and still as death. No, not so
still; what was that which, as I held my
breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling
—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet
surely a rustling in the far corner of the room.
I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth,
I had been in perils both by sea and land, and
I had ever kept my courage and composure.
I did not lose them now. These men below
might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob
me; they might even, in their anger and re-
venge at my mission here, meditate worse
things; but if the absence of the key had
been no accident, and they were now in my
room, they should find harder work than they
had looked for. I had no firearms; but a
loaded stick, which went with me in all my
journeys, was by my bed's head now.

Slowly and cautiously, my hand stole out
in the darkness, and grasped it tight. Then
I waited. For a while there was perfect
silence; then the sound began afresh, and
my steady breathing, came on again, nearer
and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of
my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised,
ready to descend, when the moon shone
out again, and my hand dropped to my side,
for a woman stood before me—not the old
woman I had seen, but one many years
younger, clad in dark garments, with pale,
haggard face and wild eyes. What was it?
A spirit, an escaped madwoman, or some plot
to frighten me? As that last thought came
into my mind, I summoned breath to ask:
"Who in Heaven's name are you?"

"O, hush, hush!" moaned out a voice fee-
ble and piteous as a crying child's. "Don't
speak, don't let them hear!"

"They! who are they, and who are you?"

"I will tell you—I came to tell;" and
with sudden vehemence the figure seized my
arm in a convulsive grasp. "I'm a poor
creature, whom for eighteen months, those
wretches have kept imprisoned in this house,
away from all who might have given me help.
You are the first living soul who has been
here; and I vowed to myself, that if I died
for it, I would come to pray you to protect

me; and oh, dear sir, kind sir, have pity on
me!"

As she gazed out those words with pas-
sionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones
something seemed to tell me that this was no
insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

"My poor woman," I said soothingly, in a
whisper low as her own, "I will help you,
if I can, but you must show me how. What
is your name, and why are you here?"

"They brought me—I had seen them do it
—no one else, and they dared not leave me
behind to tell; so, when they had murdered
him, they brought me here, and shut me into
the dreadful room up-stairs. I am Ann For-
rest."

The boy's tale, the Percies' reluctance to
let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room
—those few words threw light upon it all,
and in my horror, I could not speak at first,
I could hardly even think. At last I asked
how she had freed herself.

"There were three rusty, broken keys—I
found them one day under some rubbish in
an old chest up there, and I tried them all,
and one fitted; but I dared not use it while
they were always down stairs, and so I hid it
again. They would have killed me long ago,
but she—the woman—is kinder than the oth-
ers, and would never let them, and to night
she talked and cried about your being here,
and her husband's anger, little dreaming how
I needed her, for they think me almost silly
now. But I did heed; and I thought that
you would help me perhaps; and so, when I
knew that they must all be in bed, I brought
out my key, and it unlocked the door; and
then I listened outside every room until I
found you by your breathing." She stopped
at that last word, and looked at me with a
wistful, searching glance. "I found you,"
she repeated, "and now, oh, sir, you will
not forsake me."

"I will not," I answered; but when I
paused to think, a sense of our danger rush-
ed upon me. Alone in this house, more than
a mile from any human aid, how could I de-
fend her or myself from men desperate, as
these would be, if they only guessed that I
knew their terrible secret. I, with a wife
and children looking to me, had no right us-
lessly to peril my life. I must be cautious;
and if it came to the worst, then I could but
try what one strong arm in a good cause
could do against two villains. So I spoke
gently to the woman, holding her hand as
she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her
agony of terror and despair, while I said that
I would save her, but to do it at this moment
would not be possible. "Only wait till
morning. Go back now to your prison, and
trust to me."

She started and shuddered.

"The key stuck in the lock; it would not
come out," she said. "They may find it
there, and then they will murder me, as they
have threatened."

"Listen!" I whispered. "There is no
sign that they have heard us yet. Go back,
and try—with all your strength to loosen
the key, and lock yourself in again; then
you need fear nothing, for they cannot guess.
I will watch; if you need me, cry out, and
I will come—if not, wait and hope for the
morning that shall bring you safety and re-
lease; only go now, before they find us to-
gether."

She seemed to understand, and moved to-
wards the door submissively, then stopped:
"You would not deceive me?" she said.
The look and tone were so imploring, so
inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote
me for letting her go, for remembering any-
thing but her misery. She gazed into my
face: "I know you would not," she said
in quite another voice, and again turned
away, I following her. Her fingers softly
turned the handle; she crept into the pas-
sage, and I watched the tall dark form flit-
ting along the gallery, her bare feet mov-
ing noiselessly upon the boards. I listened
breathlessly, but there was neither sound
or movement in the house. The old couple
slept at the foot of the back staircase and
near the kitchen, the son in a small room
close to the hall, never dreaming that the
prisoner they had kept securely all those
months would find means to force her prison
on this very night—only the woman even
knowing that she had heard of my presence
in the house. If any chance noise awoke
the sleepers, if any chance suspicion had
turned them into watchers, then it might
be a struggle of life and death. No; all
was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the
room, as, closing the door, I softly crossed
to the window-seat, and sat down there to
listen and to think. Think—think of what?

A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not
twenty miles from London, the work that
must be done to-morrow: all these things
seemed crowded together wildly in my brain.
By degrees, I grew calmer. I must release
her, but how? Many ways flashed across
me, and were cast aside again; so I sat
motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear
strained for any cry, until the first faint
streak of dawn came into the east. No
sound had broken the dead silence of the
house, and now at last my plan was made,
and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then
waited for a while, and as the red rim of
the rising sun showed through the trees,
tramped noisily down stairs. I meant that
they should hear and see me, but no one
appeared; so, crossing to the kitchen, I
looked in. The old man was there cutting
up wood; he did not hear my step till I

was close upon him, then turned sharply
round.

"You rise early," he said in the old surly
tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdling in
sight of that wicked, murderous face, I
forced my lips to speak naturally.

"Why, yes," I said: "I want to see
something of the grounds before I breakfast.
Can you tell me the best way to take?"

"I know nought about it," he answered;
"there's nothing worth seeing anywhere
about here."

"Where does the garden lie?" I asked.

The instant I had spoken, I felt that my
question meant to divert suspicion, had been
a rash one. He looked up, a new expression
in his eyes—was it fear or doubt?

"There is no garden now," he said hastily;
"it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be
ready directly, if only that old idiot," and
he shouted his wife's name, "was here, as
she should be."

The precious minutes were slipping fast
away, and yet I dared not seem in haste.
The old man had returned to his chopping,
and the monotonous thud of the hatchet
alone sounded through the room. Presently
I said carelessly:

"Well, I'm just going for a turn in the
wood now, and presently I shall get you to
go round with me." I had not done speak-
ing when the old woman's door opened, and
I heard her foot beginning slowly to
ascend the stairs. Was she going there?
Al, might, perchance, be safe; but if that
broken key should still be in the lock, the se-
cret was betrayed. In desperation, I racked
my brains for some device to bring her back:
"Stay," I exclaimed to the old man; "isn't
that your wife? I want her to get me, if she
can, some eggs and vegetables to take to
town; I will pay well."

His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that
promise, he never saw the agitation of my
manner; he stepped to the door.

"Meg," he called, "the gentleman wants
ye. Come down, will ye?"

A pause—then she said from above: "I
shan't be long."

I breathed hard.

"Come now," he called again; "the gen-
tleman's waiting;" and then the foot came
slowly down. A few minutes later, I saw
her, with relief no words can tell, go off with
a basket on her arm to the hen-house and
garden. Now was my time, and there was
not a moment to lose. Followed by old
Pearce, I crossed the hall. As I stood wait-
ing while he unfastened the door, the lad's
words about the son came to my mind. He
might be away; if so—if there were but this
one man to face, I would battle it out alone,
and not leave her for an hour in their hands.

"I don't know," I said carelessly, "whe-
ther your son's at home; if so, would he
direct me, by and by, to Leekford, and carry
my bag and basket?"

"Yes, he can go," was the reply.

That course, then, was hopeless, and I
must try the other way. Slowly I sauntered
along the wood-path, pausing from time to
time to look with seeming interest at the
trees and shrubs around me and back at
the old house, and still that man stood in
the doorway looking after me. At last I
turned my head, and he was gone; but while
within sight of those windows, I dared not
quicken my pace. A few steps more, and I
was close to the old gate; I leaned upon it
for a minute, then unlatched it, and passed
through. All was still and quiet in the
early morning light, save a rattle bounding
across the path, and the rooks cawing over-
head. I went on a little way, then stopped,
and once again looked back. The old house
was hidden now, and no human figure was
in sight. Another glance, and then away
like the wind through fields and woods, and
over the common where the low red house
stood in its solitude. On I went, into the
fir plantation, through more fields, and then
clambering a fence, made for a white house
upon the brow of a hill near. That house,
my boy-god had said, belonged to a Mr.
Archer; and he had said, too, that he was a
magistrate. Little as I had noticed his words
at the time, all—the name, the place—had
come fresh to my mind in my night-walk,
and I was going there to ask his aid. On,
on; and now my laboring breath was fall-
ing, and my feet seemed fastened to the
ground; but still I struggled forward, and at
last, thank Heaven for it! I had gained
the door. A gentleman was riding from it,
I stopped before him, panted out: "Mr. Ar-
cher," and then everything reeled before me,
and I staggered against a pillar. With my
dizzy eyes, I saw Mr. Archer—for he it was
—turn his horse, and dismount; but he had
stood before me for some minutes asking my
name and errand before I could entreat a
moment's speech alone with him. He looked
surprised; then led the way indoors to a
small study. In a few hurried words, I
told him all; but as I went on, I saw the
wonder in his face turning to disbelief, and
the kind, thoughtful eyes involuntarily
glancing now at my disordered dress, now at my
flushed and agitated face. He thought me
mad. With a great effort, I composed my-
self, steadied my voice, and said: "You
think this a wild story, but I swear solemnly
that every word is true, and I call on you
as a magistrate to give me help."

He was silent for a moment; then replied:
"As a magistrate and as a man, I should be
bound to help, if this were so; but pardon
me, it does seem a wild story; and I should
hardly like, without strong proof, to enter a
man's house with such a charge."

I laid my hand upon his arm: "Listen,"
I said; "I can give you this proof only, that
on the truth of what I say hangs my own
character. If you go with me, and find it
false, you have only been deluded by a mad-
man or a rogue; if you refuse to go, after my
words, her blood and mine may be upon
your head, for I, at any rate, shall instantly
return there."

He hesitated, then said: "You speak
strongly; and at least, as you say my going
can do little harm, I am ready."

I stooped him again. "Not alone. Let
some of your servants go with us. Not for
my own sake," I added, as a half-smile curl-
ed his lip; "I only ask one man's aid; but
I would not draw you into danger; and they
are both strong men, and may have to be
secured."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not, you have been deluded," I repeated.

"Very well, so be it," he answered.

Half an hour later, Mr. Archer and myself,
with two servants, stood before the door of
Brocklehurst Grange. All seemed as undis-
turbed and quiet as when I had left it, hardly
more than an hour ago. Was it as peaceful
within? Were they still going about their
daily work, expecting my return, while the
solitary prisoner upstairs waited and watched
for me in suspense that would be ended now?
I rang, but no one came at first in answer to
the summons. A terror seized me. Could
they have murdered her, and fled, leaving the
house deserted? There had surely not been
time for that. No; there were steps sound-
ing on the floor, and the rattle of the door-
chain as it fell. A moment more, and I
should know. The key turned, and the door
was opened wide this time by old Pearce
alone, quietly regarding us with the old sul-
len look, and no more. They had guessed
nothing yet, and now it mattered little that
the three men by my side must shew him all.

"You have had a long walk, sir," he said;
"and what this gentleman wants?" as Mr.
Archer stepped forward.

I looked him full in the face. "He has
come to take Ann Forrest from this house."

At that name, I thought to see him turn
pale or spring upon me, but no feature altered
—no change came over the dogged face.—
Then all at once my heart misgave me. Mr.
Archer looked embarrassed.

"I would not willingly," he said, "intrude
upon you, or suspect you of the horrible
crime with which this gentleman charges you;
but he is so positive, that, if you can,
you ought, for your own sake, to clear your-
self."

hardly like

went to market. I don't ask if you have found anything upstairs, because there was nothing to find; but I hope you are satisfied."

"I was silent; but Mr. Archer paused to say a few words before following me out upon my fruitless quest. Everywhere, in lofts and sheds, summerhouses and stables, round the gardens and yards—on all sides I hunted, and hunted in vain. The fowls in the chicken-yard, the old dog in his kennel, were the only living beings that met my eyes; and turning to Mr. Archer, I said at last: I give it up."

"And withdraw your accusations?" he asked.

"It is useless pressing them," I answered bitterly; "but how can I disbelieve my own senses?"

"Even our senses may deceive us," he said quietly.

I knew what he meant very well. His first step, when we returned again to the kitchen, was to go up to old Pearce, and apologise gravely and formally for the disturbance he had caused. His next was to turn to me saying: "There can be no further reason for my remaining; I will wish you good-morning, hoping that your painful impressions may wear off."

His words came in strangely with the thought in my mind. Was it, after all, a dream, a delusion of my own, created by the lad's story and the desolate house? Had that midnight visit existed in my own fancy alone? Was Mr. Archer right, and was I going mad? With that horrible idea now first striking me, I stood silent until Mr. Archer again repeated his farewell. Then I roused myself. "Good-bye," I said. "After all, you may be right, and I wrong. Stop!" And my voice in a new tone echoed through the room. I was standing by the window, and close to my right hand was a common kitchen cupboard, and at that very instant I had heard a moan come from it. I never could have heard it had I not been so near; I could hardly hear it now; but I turned, and laid my hand upon the key, and as I did so, the old man with an oath sprang up and rushed upon me. There was a confused struggle, a loud outcry, and he was on the ground, and I was wrenching open the door. It yielded to my strength, and there, on the floor of that narrow closet, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay the poor woman for whom I had been seeking, powerless to move or cry out, though with help so near, and only able, by her desperate efforts, to utter that one faint moan which had just reached my ears. We lifted her up, and unbound her, but she spoke no word, only her wild eyes roamed incessantly about, and she clung to me with a grasp that seemed as though it never would unloose. I and Mr. Archer led her away, leaving the two men to bring old Pearce afterwards, for he made no resistance, and only glared savagely round upon us all.

It was many hours before Ann Forrest could speak of what had happened to her; but that afternoon, in Mr. Archer's study, her hand still clasping mine, she told her dreadful tale—how in old times she had known the Percies well, and once had even helped to nurse the woman; how they had asked her carelessly one day about her master's money-box, and she had told them, not thinking any harm, and had never dreamed of any until the cruel deed was done. That evening she had been busy in the house till after midnight, and then went down the garden to call her master into supper; but as she neared the spot where he was wont to sit, she saw two figures bending over something on the ground, and as she stood to watch, saw, too, that it was her master who lay there, and running forward with a cry in sudden horror, had seen the next moment, stunned by a blow upon the head. She knew no more until she woke to find herself in the lonely room at Brookhurst, and learned that they had brought her there, to ward suspicion from themselves; that her life had for the time been spared, because the woman, bearing grateful memory of that old kind nursing, had vowed to tell all if they harmed her, and might have kept her vow; and so for all those terrible months one weak woman alone had stood between her and a frightful death. Of the end of that suspense, of the morning when the old man, coming up alone, had found the key, despite the frantic efforts she had made, still in the lock, and guessing the secret from that and from her terror, had bound and hidden her from her approaching deliverers, and arranging all things in her prison, had sent his wife and son away, and stayed himself on guard—all this she could not even now speak without convulsive shudders, and we did not press her.

My story is well-nigh told. The father and son suffered for their crimes, the woman was mercifully dealt with. We did not take Brookhurst Grange, for we could not bear that our innocent children should live in scenes darkened by such deeds; but we did go elsewhere. Years afterwards, there might be seen moving about our house a pale, tall woman, darkly dressed, gentle in manner, and very, very quiet. To her my wife turned for sympathy in every trouble; in her arms the children loved to lie when sick or sorrowful. From her I had the most faithful and devoted service; and she died at last, holding my hand, and thanking me with her eyes, even when her voice was silenced for ever. Her name was Ann Forrest.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONFIDENCE IN GEN. BURNSIDE.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times is responsible for the following: "The President the other evening, in the course of conversation, declared that his confidence in the military abilities of Gen. Burnside, was unimpaired; more, that it was strengthened. 'Had Burnside,' said the President, 'had the same chance of success that McClellan wondrously cast away, to-day he would have been hailed as the saviour of his country. A golden opportunity was lost by the latter General at Antietam.'

HAPPY NEW YEAR.—This valuable periodical for the present month has been received by us, and we recommend its perusal to our readers. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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25¢ All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Shelburne.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOVES.

Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
S. M. PITTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their power by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

25¢ Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1863.

The President has issued his Proclamation declaring "that all persons held as slaves" in the States and parts of States now in rebellion against the United States, "henceforward shall be free," and it now only remains for our gallant Union-saving army to advance and give practical utility to this document—the most important the war has called forth. The rebels will now see the necessity of making even more desperate exertions than ever to gain a nationality, as in that alone remains their only hope, for without slavery they are politically powerless. Slavery prompted the rebellion, has supported it and will continue its main spring as long as a man exists who is foolishly enough to defy the legitimate government of the country.

If we are allowed to settle the rebellion among ourselves, without foreign interference, we will settle it in such a way that the oligarchy of the South will never again attempt to dispute the right of the majority to rule, and we will show to the world that we of the North are capable of asserting and maintaining our rights on all occasions, and are competent to carry on the truest form of Republican government the world has ever seen. But it appears to be a little doubtful just now if we will be permitted to settle our difficulty after our own fashion. The man that dominates over France, and whom we have always considered our true friend, appears to be quite eager to interfere with us in some way, and also to draw into the web he has been weaving, England and Russia, but how far he will be successful in leading astray those powers remains for us to say, inasmuch as we have it in our power, if we but use well our means, to crush the rebellion before the year we have just entered upon is half gone, or to so far cripple its strength that it will be incapable of doing further harm, and thus remove all pretext for interference on the part of any power. But let us pass the first six months of the present year, as we did those of last year, and we will have more than the rebels to contend against, unless the signs of the times are greatly astray.

With the dire consequences of delay staring us in the face, it becomes us to strain every nerve to its utmost tension in endeavoring to push forward our army in all directions to victory, for on our success in doing this depends the destiny of our country and the future happiness of the three millions of slaves whom the President, so far as lay in his power, has emancipated from servile bondage. We must put our shoulders to the wheel and work determinedly, and never let it be said that the people of this generation were recreant to their birthright and the great principles of liberty which Washington and his coadjutors left them to defend; let us hand these blood-bought principles down to future generations even purer, if it be possible, than we received them.

FROM NEWBURN.—By a private letter we learn that during Gen. Foster's recent expedition, food was quite scarce, and that some of the men lived on raw turnips for one or two days. The worthy surgeon of the Fifth, luxuriated and "fared sumptuously" for two days on raw sweet potatoes. Think of that you folks, who live at home at ease, and revel on epigrams filled with the fat of the land. We also learn by the same, that some of the members of the Phalanx have gained in weight as much as thirty pounds since their arrival at Newbern. "It is not to be hoped that they will long continue gaining at that rate."

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE METHODIST CHAPEL.—An attempt was made early last Monday morning to burn the Methodist Chapel in this town, by gathering together some light substances and igniting them. About 2 o'clock, the fire was discovered by Mrs. Edgell and she immediately aroused some of her neighbors, but before they arrived the fire had gone out without doing any damage.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.—This valuable periodical for the present month has been received by us, and we recommend its perusal to our readers. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

"LIFE OF ASA G. SHELTON: WILMINGTON FARMER."

This work, consisting of nearly four hundred pages, is now before the public, and will receive attention wherever Mr. Sheldon is known. It is the history of an eventful life, and gives a good idea of the many ups and downs which a man passes through during a lifetime of threescore and ten. Mr. Sheldon has appended to the story of his life much valuable information on Stone-work, Raising and Feeding Stock, Choice of Working Oxen, Training Oxen, Dairy Work, Forest and Fruit Trees, &c., &c. No farmer should fail to procure a copy. Copies can be procured of the author and at the Woburn Bookstore, at \$1.00 each.

OSTIAN E. DODGE.—This gentleman, assisted by that accomplished balladist, Mr. William Hayward, sings in this vicinity next week, as will be seen by advertisement in another column. On Wednesday evening, he sings in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on which occasion our citizens may expect a rich treat.

PAY OF FAMILIES OF WOBURN SOLDIERS.—During the past year our Selectmen have paid out to the families of Woburn soldiers, as State aid, the sum of \$11,334. Of this the State refunds \$11,140.51.

NEW STATION.—A new Station was opened on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, between Somerville Centre and Milk Row, on Thursday last. It is called Winter Hill.

THE PHALANX ASSOCIATES hold their Annual Meeting at the Central House, on Monday evening next.

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS entered upon his ministerial duties at Dedham, on Thursday last.

MUSIC.—Examine the choice lot of Music, which can be found at the Woburn Bookstore.

Letter from Co. K, 39th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 39TH REGIMENT, 2 POOLSVILLE, MD., DEC. 26TH, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—We have at last made another move, and are now at Poolsville, as you see above. A week ago last Sunday, White's rebel cavalry made a dash into this place and into a meeting house where twenty-five of our cavalry were congregated. They took several horses, killed an orderly sergeant and wounded several others. When this news reached our camp we were immediately thrown out to picket the country, expecting that they would pay us a visit, but they did not come, and last Sunday we were ordered to get ready to start for Poolsville at 9 a.m. The time arrived and we were ready. They, 10th took the lead, then came the N. H., 14th, and the 39th brought up the rear. We passed a great many of the N. H. boys on the road, they not being quite so well used to marching as the 39th. We reached Poolsville at half past five, p.m., making a march of eighteen miles, during which we rested but twice, and fourteen of the eighteen miles we made with a rest of only three minutes; that is putting the boys "over the road" rather too fast. The ground being frozen, we were pretty tired and foot-sore at the end of our march. We were quartered for the night in an old schoolhouse. In the morning, the boys being short of rations, they, with the help of some two hundred of our cavalry that came up in the night, made a descent upon the stores, and without much respect for the owners or clerks (they being scarce) took hold and helped themselves to whatever they could carry off, and destroyed the rest, until they had cleaned out three stores. After breakfast, four Companies, H. and K. of the 39th, and C. and F. of the N. H. 14th, were ordered to fall in and go to Edward's Ferry and picket the river again; but this time we were quartered in an old granary at the Ferry. We had not been here a great while before we had four prisoners to send to headquarters. The people did not expect us, and were not prepared. We saw a lot of cavalry on the other side of the river, and were drawn up in line supposing them to be rebels, but we afterwards learned that they were some of our cavalry from Drainsville and were practicing their horses. We passed the rest of the week in unloading canal boats, visiting all the houses after pigs, (or coons as they are sometimes called), chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks. The boys have made prisoners of about two hundred of the feathery tribe; so we did not go altogether without our Christmas dinner, and had several good meals afterward.

The sick that we left in our old camp, have since been sent to Washington, where they will probably receive better care than we could possibly give them.

SATURDAY, 27th.—To-day we started for Poolsville to join our regiment, the Maine 23d taking our place. We arrived in camp at 4 o'clock P. M., found our tents all up and stoves all ready for us. We had plenty of straw to lie upon, so after getting our supper of hard tack and coffee we turned in.

SUNDAY, 28th.—The Mass. 10th Battery joined this Brigade to-day. It came upon the field about 10 o'clock looking "tip-top" and was received with cheers by our regiment.

We have now to do provost duty in the town.

The 13th Penn. Cavalry came to "Point of Rocks" and one company came to Poolsville. They have been in Baltimore as Gen. Wool's body guard.

The boat will probably arrive to-morrow which will bring the long looked for apples and boxes which we are to receive through the kindness of our friends at home.

L. F. J.

SOLDIERS' PAY.—The Washington Chronicle ascribes the delay in paying the soldiers to the frauds which have lately been attempted upon the Government by means of fictitious pay rolls, &c., requiring extra care and caution on the part of the War Department. It says now that paymasters have been appointed and a better system adopted, there is a speedy prospect of the soldiers being paid.

Letter from the 5th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGIMENT, NEWBURN, N. C., DEC. 24, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis" may be the language adopted by us of the 5th, with propriety, at the present time, for, since my last letter, both the times and ourselves have undergone a decided change, owing to another ten days' expedition into the interior, and by far more severe than our former one. Without further preface other than to say that the members of the company are as well as could be expected, I will endeavor to give a concise account of the expedition to Goldsboro' and incidents therewith connected.

On the evening of the 8th inst. orders came to prepare for a march in light order, but to have knapsacks packed for transportation, or storage, as the case might be, and to be ready to break camp and march on the morning of the 10th. Accordingly as the day dawned line was formed, and in the densest fog ever veiling the sun we commenced our march, but on account of the length of the baggage train and other delays incidental to the movements of so large a force (upwards of 20,000) we did not make more than seven miles from 6 A. M. on the 10th, to 4 A. M. on the 11th, at which time we halted for a short rest.

Of the four brigades of infantry, Col. Lee's (in which was the 5th) was the rear guard, and the 5th Regt. was assigned the extreme rear, which, considering that the length of the baggage and ambulance train was no less than three miles, made it no enviable position as far as the duties or state of the roads were concerned, although it was the second post of honor in line of march.

Beside infantry our force consisted of 60 pieces of artillery and 1500 cavalry and was the largest ever mustered in this State for purposes offensive or defensive. The infantry force consisted of all the Mass. Regiments about here (save the 8th), and R. L. Conn., N. Y., and several regiments borrowed from Gen. Dix, at Suffolk.

On the morning of the 11th we proceeded on our march, but nothing of interest transpired (save a skirmish by our advance cavalry force, in which two of the enemy were killed, three wounded and three taken) until we arrived at Kinston, where a hard battle was fought on Sunday the 13th, at which time our regiment was detailed for picket and scouting duty. The battle lasted nearly all day and at times was very fierce, but toward evening the victory was ours after much loss on both sides. Several S. C. regiments were opposed to us, and Gen. Evans' brigade was among the enemy's forces. The bridge over the Neuse was burned, and the rebel who fired it perished in the flames. At night our troops occupied the town and escorted into its precincts 700 prisoners, among whom were several officers. All were paroled and "lived to fight another day" at Whitehall and Goldsboro'. We also took 10 pieces of cannon.

From Kinston we proceeded to Whitehall, an insignificant hamlet on the Neuse, where we arrived on the morning of the 15th, when the fight was at its height. Here the Phalanx was first under fire, while flanking the enemy on the left, being exposed to a raking fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, who were hid in the trees, and on the appearance of our colors drew their fire on us, which wounded three members of the regiment but not severely. This battle was not so severe as the one at Kinston, though more in proportion were wounded and many fatally.

About mid-day the enemy retreated precipitately, and detaching a force of cavalry to pursue, our main army proceeded toward Goldsboro' for the purpose of destroying a railroad bridge and a portion of the track.

On arriving at a plantation called Everett's Mills, the hall again opened, for on arriving at the summit of a hill a brigade of the enemy's force was observed near a belt of wood on which our batteries opened and the infantry force took position in their rear for their support. At first the enemy's batteries were concealed by the wood, but they at last showed themselves and the cannonading began in good earnest. The 5th was ordered to support a battery for a while and then to prepare to resist bravely should they dash through the wood to flank our forces. The right and left flank companies, however, advanced near the railway as skirmishers to protect those destroying it. The 17th Mass. was ordered to the bridge and in a few moments what their business was became apparent in the dense smoke which rolled heavenward and the volleys of musketry, all bespoken that the bridge was being destroyed. Huge columns of smoke, intense in blackness, continued to fill the air and the shot and shell flew thicker and thicker, until about 3 A. M., when the contest seemed to cease and the clouds and din of battle floated away.

Then came the glad tidings that all was well with us, the bridge destroyed, and miles of track over which the enemy could bring no forces from Wilmington and the South as they were wont to do, and that our arms were victorious. We were ordered out of the woods and the several brigades took their respective positions again and loud shouts were given from brigade and regiment. We now supposed that our work was done, and had proceeded partly off the field, when, to our surprise, after all save our brigade and some artillery (Morrison's battery) had left the field, orders came to halt and the guns to unlimber and open again. The guns were immediately posted and we were ordered to support the same. Hardly were we in position when advancing from the woods on the left came a S. Carolina brigade, with colors flying and shout, like devils. They advanced steadily, when our batteries opened them and being within exact range the effect of our shells was plainly terrible. We were ordered to lie down and hardly had we done so, than a flight of shell and shot came over us, and a portion of a shell struck our colors making a rent of about three inches. The fire of our battery still continued, and the colors of the enemy fell and rose again after a time, when again they fell to the ground and there lay. After a few shells had been fired, grape and

cannister were served to the rebels, which completely routed them. We could see from our position how well the guns were pointed, for the dead and wounded men could be seen in heaps, completely mown down by our deadly fire. This was the last time the enemy showed themselves in force, but detachments of cavalry and infantry were seen scouting by the edge of the wood and over the railway. One gun, however, still continued to pour shell and grape into us until a sure aim of the commander of our battery silenced it by bursting a shell in its noisy throat. It was now nearly dark, and the woods for miles around were blazing from the fire of the bursting shell, when the order was again given to leave the field, our rear covered by a battery of artillery. We had proceeded but a few rods, however, when a small stream, which we crossed without difficulty, was found to be a roaring river which must be forded. The water was increasing every minute, and the rear of our brigade had to swim across, while our regiment crossed in water nearly breast high. It was a bitterly cold night, and wet and weary we proceeded until nearly 2 A. M. the next day, when we bivouacked.

We had now commenced our homeward march, the object of our expedition being fully accomplished. The loss on our side is estimated at 633 killed and wounded. The loss in the 5th was 7. Two have died from the effects of the march since arriving in camp. We arrived here on Sunday.

The mail is about to close and I must ditto.

Yours truly, O. W. R.

INTERESTING EVIDENCE.—On the trial of Major McKinstry at St. Louis, Mo., last Tuesday, Gen. Harney was put on the stand as witness for the defence, and stated that the performance of their duty by himself and staff, at the breaking out of the war, was interfered with by Frank Blair, the General said "to such an extent that it caused me to be removed from the command of the Department of the West, in consequence of the base falsehoods which he fabricated and communicated to the Administration through his brother, Montgomery Blair. His influence was such with Gen. Lyon that I never communicated with Gen. Lyon at all. I communicated with Frank Blair. I knew Gen. Lyon was entirely under the influence of Frank Blair—entirely." Further, in reply to the question whether any persons interfered, or attempted to interfere and control the purchases made by Major McKinstry, the General said:

"I remember, on one occasion, a person wrote to Quartermaster McKinstry, asking him to give a certain person a certain contract, at a certain price; I don't know what the contract was, nor who the person was to receive it, nor what the price was. The Major showed me the note in reply, which I read. I told him to abide by the Regulations entirely, and not depart from them without authority from the commanding officer. He replied, 'Certainly. Besides, I can get those articles at nearly one-half less than he wants to pay for them.' The author of this note was Col. Frank Blair. It has been so long since, that I do not remember another instance. I presume this put a stop to any further interference while I was in command of the Department."

A MAGNIFICENT RESULT.—Those who are always croaking about the lukewarmness of the loyal States may comfort themselves with the following facts:

At the meeting of the United States Sanitary Commission held in New York city last week, it appeared that, besides immense supplies of hospital stores distributed, \$180,000 are still in their treasurer's hands, and subject to order.

The Western Sanitary Commission (of St. Louis), which is an independent organization, has received and distributed hospital stores to the value of \$300,000, and \$100,000 in money. It had on the 1st of December \$15,000 on hand, and its expenditures are at the rate of \$10,000 a month.

The whole of this is by purely voluntary gift from individuals. Nor is this the whole. Every State, and almost every city and town, has its separate channels of munificence, for soldiers in the field or for their families at home; and what is done by the above-named commissions is probably less than half of the voluntary contributions in the past eighteen months.

We call this a magnificent result.

THE ELECTION SERMON is to be delivered this year by Rev. James Walker, D. D., Ex-President of Harvard College. This will be the second time this gentleman has been called upon by the Legislature to perform this duty. The first time he officiated was 1828, when minister of the Harvard Church in Charlestown. By the interesting collection of dates and facts in the appendix to the Election discourses of the late Rev. John Pierce, D. D. of Brookline, who was the preacher in 1849, it would appear that no clergyman has been chosen more than once to address the General Court since 1728. He says that "owing to the paucity of ministers, during the early history of the State, preachers were repeatedly chosen more than once to deliver the Election Sermon. Richard Mather delivered two; his son Increase Mather, four; Samuel Torrey delivered three; John Morton two; Jonathan Mitchell two; Thomas Cobbett two; Samuel Willard two; Joshua Moody two; Benjamin Colman two—the last in 1723."

THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.—It is understood that the troops for this project have been assigned, the transports for their conveyance selected, the supplies obtained, and all the arrangements so far as relates to the land force completed, and yet the expedition waits. The announcement that seven out of nine Monitors will be ready for action this week affords ground for believing that the popular impatience to possess Charleston will soon be satisfied by the rejection of that hot-bed of secession.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The following is the substance of a letter from Sergeant J. E. W., of Co. L, 14th Regt. Mass. Vols., Heavy Artillery. Lieut. Shepard referred to, will be remembered as former dry goods merchant in this place, and was, as well as J. E. W., the writer below, a member of the Richardson Light Guard, who left town April 19, 1861, being among the first to take up arms in defence of their country.

* FORT ALBANY, VA., DEC. 24, 1862.

MR. M.—Dear Sir:—Thinking you might like to hear from the South Reading boys stationed at this place, I devote a few leisure moments to pen a thought or so, on events passing in this section of the grand army of the Potomac. You will remember that about ten months ago several of us with Lieut. Shepard, joined the 14th Regiment, which had been changed from Infantry to Artillery. With the exception of one week which we were on the advance we have ever since been doing garrison duty in the forts for the defence of Washington. You may think it strange that an artillery regiment like ours should be ordered away from here, but it was at the time of McClellan's retreat from the Peninsula, and government wanted all the troops that could be spared to reinforce Gen. Pope. It must be remembered that a heavy artillery regiment have to drill as infantry with muskets. Obeying orders we started for Washington; but before getting as far as Centerville we met a train ten miles long, of government wagons, retreating from the enemy. We then learned that Stewart's Cavalry were in the rear of Pope. Throwing away our knapsacks we started on the double quick towards Centerville to save the train if possible. Though the weather was exceedingly hot, we kept on without a halt until we came to the end of the train. The last cavalry came just passed us when the rebel infantry came dashing down the road just in front of us. We immediately deployed to the right and left and formed in line of battle. When the rebels saw our preparations for defence, they stopped, and soon disappeared. We were preparing to move forward again, when orders came for us to return to the forts, which we did and have been here ever since, with but little to vary the monotony of garrison life, until the stirring events of the last few days. Lieut. Shepard has been appointed Provost Marshal for this district, and obtained information a few days ago, that some secessionists living outside our picket line had in their possession contraband goods, which they had secreted, waiting a favorable opportunity to send them to the rebels. He proceeded to the suspicious house which was in a retired spot between Fairfax Court House and Vienna, and made some startling discoveries. In a barn, in the stalls and hay loft covered with hay, he found the following articles:—Twenty-five thousand rounds of ball cartridges, three thousand rounds blank do., one hundred pounds of powder, fourteen thousand five hundred percussion caps, two muskets, one sword, one revolver, one double barrel gun, six overcoats, nine dress coats, and thirteen shirts. He also captured two government horses and one mule, and succeeded in arresting two men who were concerned in the affair. But enough for this time. To-morrow will be Christmas and we are to have the day to ourselves."

CHRISTMAS.—Every year seems to witness an increase of interest in Christmas day. And perhaps the 25th of December never appeared more like a holiday in town than it did this year. The several dealers in small wares were active in supplying the necessary articles to aid in making up the good time. It was observable that a selection was made of a better class of presents than usual—those that would not only be acceptable gifts, but be permanently useful as keepsakes.—Some half a dozen or more of our public teachers made the season a merry one to their respective schools by furnishing Christmas trees at their homes or in their school rooms. A very pleasant way of entertaining their pupils, and one to which memory will cling during long years to come.

The last days of the new year were remarkably bland and winning, until the closing day, which was a foretaste of old fashioned winter. On Wednesday, to use the language which appeared many years ago in an almanac or somewhere else, "it snowed, it blew, and it flowed." Such storms will only make it the more pleasant when spring returns again.

ASCENSION GEN. HOSPITAL.—Washington, D. C., Dec. 23rd, 1862.

FRIEND MOODY:—After being busy for the last few hours in giving an extended notice of our Christmas festivities for the evening papers, allow me to say that it was a "Gala-day" in this city, and particularly in the several Hospitals. It was my good fortune by invitation, to visit a number and participate in the enjoyments of the same, and I must say that although many of the patients were suffering from wounds received in battle, or languishing upon beds of sickness, they all seemed to be happy and cheerful as the friends of the hospital came in and wished them a "Merry Christmas." In many of them the several wards and dining halls were elegantly and tastefully trimmed with ever-green interspersed with bouquets and mottoes, and in every Hospital throughout the city, the tables were loaded with all the viands and luxuries of the seasons.

Some days previous to Thursday, Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President, visited the Hospitals and gave notice to the stewards of the same, to call at the Executive Mansion at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, and they could have as many turkeys and chickens as might be desired. The ladies of the city also held a meeting at the Patent Office, and through their influence raised the sum of six thousand dollars, which was spent for meats, vegetables, pastry, cake, fruit, &c., &c. And let me assure you that it was a day long to be remembered by those who had left their

pleasant homes, and all the endearments that cluster around them; and while their minds wandered back to the scenes of their home sides, it was a satisfaction, I have no doubt, to them to know that although they were among strangers, they had found friends. In this connection let me say that my heart was pained a few days ago on reading in the Middlesex Journal of Dec. 20th a communication over the signature of N. A. R. emanating from this city, and from a gentleman of Winchester Mass., who has according to his statement visited some of the Hospitals here. In what part of the city, or in what Hospitals, I am at a loss to know.

It is sad indeed to know that there are twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers in Hospitals in this city at the present time, but sadder still would it be to know that they were not cared for. But I am happy to say, and I speak as one that knows full well, for I have visited almost all of the Hospitals of the entire city, and also those of Georgetown, Alexandria and Fortress Monroe, that hundreds, yes thousands from each one of the loyal States of the Union who have visited this city within the last six months will testify that everything is done that can be devised or conceived of by the most learned and scientific, and also by the most sympathetic, to alleviate the sufferings of the patients of the hospitals. Every loyal State has its relief association and has rooms opened in the city, and gentlemen are appointed from each State to look after the wants of the patients of their respective State. The members of Congress also take a deep interest in the welfare of the patients as will be noticed by reading the Congressional doings, and among them there is no one doing more than our own Representative, Mr. Gooch, whose labors have been unceasing in their behalf since his return to Washington.

The writer speaks of friends coming from a long distance, who are not allowed to spend but little time with their sick and wounded relatives, and mentions the case of a mother coming some eight hundred miles to visit her son who was dying, and who was not permitted to sit down by the bedside of her dying boy to see him breathe his last "because it was against the rules of the Hospital." He says that "such cases are by no means rare." I know not what Hospital the writer alludes to, but if it is true that there is such a Hospital in this city, he is in duty bound I think, to inform the authorities of the same, and my word for it, to use the language of your correspondent "M.," "the imbecile, inhuman" band that told that weeping and distracted mother that she could not see her darling and perhaps her only boy, who had lost his life in fighting for his country's right, "would be hurled from the place which he disgraces" and his name would be written out in history as one who deserved the traitor's doom. No, Mr. Editor, do not say to the mothers and wives of Woburn and vicinity, that they cannot come here to alleviate the sufferings and to close the eyes of their dying sons and husbands. But tell them that friends of the patients are ever welcomed to their bedsides. The writer speaks of the convalescent camp at Alexandria, and I must say that although it was not what it should have been, or what it was designed to be, yet he has drawn a fancy sketch, or else my eyes deceived me when I have made my visits there. But as that is among the things that once existed, I will not enlarge.

It was my intention to have alluded to the manner of discharging patients but time no space will permit, and in closing allow me to say that should any one in your vicinity have any friends that are sick or have been wounded, and who may have reason to suppose that they are here or in this vicinity, but who from some cause or other do not hear from them, and will send me the name, rank, Co. and Regiment to which they belong, I will find them and give them any information that they may desire. Hoping that these lines will find a place in your valuable JOURNAL, I remain, Truly Yours,

O. S. M.

P. S.—Should any of the friends of the soldiers wish to address me they will please direct, "O. S. Moulton, Washington, D.C., Ascension Gen. Hospital."

WINCHESTER.—For the Middlesex Journal.

LYCEUM.—As a part of the Course of Lectures recently inaugurated, C. C. Woodman Esq. of Woburn entertained us last Monday Evening with the reading of poetical selections illustrating some of the various kinds of poetry. After some preliminary

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Long marches, sore and stiff joints, blistered and inflamed feet, all these soldiers must endure. Mothers, REMEMBER THIS, when your sons are in the ranks, their mothers' eyes should be fixed on a single spot of this ALL HEALING & COOLING Ointment. It is the one you have when far away from home and friends. It hardens and makes tough the feet so that they can endure great fatigue. It soothes and relieves the inflamed and stiffened joints, leaving them supple, strong and vigorous while for

Sabre Cuts and Gunshot Wounds

It stands unequalled, removing and preventing every vestige of inflammation and gently drawing the edges together. It quickly and completely heals the most trifling wounds.

Wives & Sisters of our Volunteers.

You cannot put into the knapsacks of your husbands and Brothers, a more valuable or more necessary article than this ointment.

Extraordinary Military Salve.

The lonely soldier, walking his rounds at night, exposed to the elements, beset by the most violent pains, COUGHS and BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, first symptoms of QUINCY, CONSUMPTION, and all other diseases, with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, all danger is averted, a few pills taken night and morning, and the Ointment briskly rubbed twice a day over the throat and chest will drive away every ailment, and the soldier will be no more distressed or DANGEROUS COUGH.—Therefore we say to the whole Army.

Soldiers' Attention!!

See to your own health, do not trust to the Army supplies although most valuable. These PILLS and OINTMENT have been long and fully tested, they are the only remedies used in the European Camps and Barracks, for over forty years Holloway has supplied all the Armies in Europe, and during the CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN he established a depot at Balaklava, for the exclusive sale of these GREAT REMEDIES, many a time his special Agent there has sold over a ton in weight of the Ointment in a single day. How many terrible and fatal enemies of the SOLDIER IN CAMP.

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Scurvy, and Scrofulous Eruptions, all disappear like a charm before these PILLS and OINTMENT, and now while the Cry rings throughout the land,

To Arms! To Arms!!

Do not let these brave men perish by disease, place in their hands these PRECIOUS REMEDIES that will enable them to resist the dangerous exposure, the FEVERS, the CHILLS, and the wounds which they cannot avoid, and which is more cannot be remedied in the moment of need, where our brave men will be given to put their hands into their knapsacks and find there a sure remedy for all the enemies of the battle field. How many thousands of lives would be saved who would otherwise perish before relief could be obtained.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the word "HOLLOWAY, NEW YORK AND LONDON" are discernible in a triangle around every bottle of the Ointment, and in every box of the Pills; the same may be plainly seen by holding the box to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any person who supplies information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines of Holloway, or who supply false information, or who are guilty of the same. Send for the full and complete list of the names of the respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots at 25c, each, and in boxes at 50c, each.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

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PATENTED NOVEMBER 1st, 1858.

THE

MEASURES

are

A, the distance

round the Neck.

B to the Yoke.

C to C the Sleeve.

D to D distance

around the Body

under the Arms.

E to E the

length of the

Shirt.

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A New Style of Shirt, warranted

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Poetry.

Passing Away.

All beauty is faintest when passing away,
And gains a new charm in its subtle decay.
A radiance of touching fragility given
To all that is fading—to mark it for heaven.

The sun's latest beam is the brightest he
shows;
His course is most splendid when nearest its
close;
And Day waning fast, of its end gives no
sign,
Save the brief and bright hectic that veils
its decline.

The forest has no summer charm that com-
pares
With the fever of glory it afterwards wears,
With the flushes of splendor in which it is
died
When incendiary Autumn his torch has ap-
plied.

But soon smouldering ashes are all that
proclaim
Where it then lights to gold, where it kin-
dles to flame;
'Tis the fire that consumes it that brightens
a while,
And it stands in the blaze of its funeral pile.

In perfection of beauty the rose meets its
doom,
And dies in the fulness and flush of its
bloom;
The fructose glow of its ripeness is o'er,
When most fair to the eye, has decay at its
core.

Alas for the sunset! alas for the trees!
For the flower and the fruit! But no—sigh
not for these;
The stem has more promise, the rose has
more buds—
There is morn to the sky, there is spring to
the woods.

But a beauty more radiant we sadly deplore,
Which passeth like these, and then bloom-
eth no more—
More dear to our hearts, and more glad to
our eyes,
Than the blossoms of spring or the light of
the skies.

Select Literature.

HOW TOM AND I KEPT HOUSE.

My chum and I had often, in the privacy of our room, wondered how a family of only three persons could make so much work, and why our landlady, on some particular days, keep on her feet from morning until night. Although we could appreciate the clear coffee, the tender steak, and the light biscuits that were daily placed before us, yet we thought if household duties devolved upon us, we could perform them in half the time and not make so much fuss about it either, and we had more than once freely expressed our opinion as to the manner with which household affairs should be treated; but the merry twinkle in the eye of our good natured landlady, and the oft-repeated expression, "a man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done," did not convince us, and old bachelor-like we began to think of a home of our own, where we could have the privilege of trying our hand at the culinary business—provided Mrs. Somebody was willing.

One evening, as we sat down to the tea-table, our landlady informed us that she had been called out of town to a sick friend, and as she expected to be absent a few days, she would try and find some one to take charge of the house and its occupants. Tom and I protested against this unnecessary trouble, for was not this the opportunity we had long been wishing for? We were large enough, and certainly old enough, to take care of ourselves, and she need have no fears on our account. After much entreaty on our part, and objecting on the lady's side, consent was at last won for us to act for ourselves; and after showing us the barrels, firkins, and boxes containing the ingredients used in cooking, and delivering the keys of store-room and closets, our landlady bid us good bye, with a wish that we might have a pleasant, as well as a profitable time.

The anticipated baking of the morrow possessed for us more charm than did ever a box of marbles in our boyhood days. That evening we read all the recipes contained in the cook book, from making bread to frosting wedding cake, and, in our own conceit, thought we were wise enough to do anything. The next morning we made a visit to the close at to see what provisions were left for the day—but alas! we were forcibly reminded of the old nursery song—"Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard," &c.,—but instead of finding it bare, we found proof sufficient of a midnight revel, and we both exclaimed, "the rats!"

It was arranged that Tom should kindle the fire, and make the coffee, while I mixed the bread and laid the table; tying on an apron to keep my dress—no, pants, clean, I went to work; the flour was sifted; but what next; the cook book was consulted; "a little saleratus, yeast and salt according to your judgment," "Tom," says I, "what does this mean, 'Salt according to your judgment'?"

"Why, don't you know? a cup full, of course; I thought you knew how to make a fire!" and Tom blew into the stove until his face was what might be called a "celestial red." I went to the stove and found the dampers were closed. "I must say, Tom, that if you are so long kindling a flame in a

lady's heart, as you have been in this stove, your future prospects are not flattering. I thought you knew how to kindle a fire." My bread had been in the oven about an hour, and although I had looked at it, and turned it round, it looked as flat as when I first put it into the pan. By our united efforts we succeeded in building a roaring fire, and soon the fragrant smell of coffee filled the room. The table was laid, and we were patiently waiting for the bread to bake. "What on earth are you doing, Tom?" I exclaimed, as I saw him at work upon an old fish-skin. "Why, settling the coffee, to be sure; didn't you tell me to put in a fish, and I've only put in a half a one as yet." "O, dear," I groaned, "your ears and generous disposition will be the death of you yet. I said a small piece of fish-skin; but perhaps it is better than it looks,—salt is good, you know?"

The bread began to look brown, and we decided that it was done—brown. While placing it upon the table, I heard a groan and a faint "Come here, Bob," from the kitchen. Tom had poured hot water upon his hand, and he sat on the floor blowing furiously upon his fingers. "Soft soap is good; go put your hand into the pot of soap in the cellar." "O, murder! murder!" came in tones of agony from the region below, "soft soap is good for burns, is it?" and Tom came up with tears streaming down his face and the salt brine dripping from his hand. "Confound this housekeeping, don't you say so, Bob? But let us have some breakfast, or the coroner will have a case of starvation to investigate." We sat down to the table, but before we had eaten two mouthfuls of bread or swallowed two swallows of coffee, we came to the conclusion that the waters of the far-famed Salt Lake could not equal our coffee, and if one of the biscuits were hung about a person's neck, it would prove as a mill-stone. We began to analyze the saline subjects before us, and we agreed that "saleratus and salt, according to your judgment," was no judgment at all. The striking of the clock warned us that we could investigate no more, and that it was time we were on our way to the office. We compared notes, and found that we had been just three hours preparing our delicious breakfast. (Eleven o'clock found us taking a lunch at Taylor's). As we had been disappointed in the morning, we were determined to make amends in the afternoon, and surely we could make pies and cake, they were much easier than bread for new beginners. So two hours before the usual time for closing our office, we bade adieu to books and documents, and were hurrying home to profit by the experience of the morning meal. We could not but miss the cheerful face, the blazing fire, and well laid table that always greeted our return from our daily toil, but we soon banished these sad thoughts by vigorously wielding the broom, and in short time the kitchen looked quite presentable.

I was to make the pies and cake, and Tom was to run the errands, and make the custard pudding; that was nothing to make, a little milk and a few eggs; who couldn't make a pudding? Putting on a large apron and rolling up my coat-sleeves, I prepared for my afternoon's work. First we dropped the curtain, for fear we might have inquisitive neighbors. I took a table at one end of the kitchen while Tom took the one in the dining-room, so that we should not interfere with each other. As I stood considering what to put into the pie-crust beside sugar, eggs, and allspice, I heard Tom saying to himself, "a pint of eggs, and six grains of sugar, spice, then taste." "Here, Bob, here's an enigma for you to solve; how in the world shall I weigh a pint of eggs, and count six grains of sugar?" "O that is easy enough—use the scales for the eggs, and a microscope for the sugar, and for the spice, I should think ginger and cinnamon would do; I really believe you don't know the first thing about cooking—a pretty husband you would make—don't forget the milk, you will find it in the store-room."

A smothered laugh came from the store-room, and a softly whispered, "Look here, Bob." I tip-toed along, expecting to find a tiger, or a rattlesnake, but what a sight met my eye; there sat a Miss Grimalkin and her interesting family of four lapping the milk reserved for our pudding. Woman's weapon was in great demand, and a divorce was granted between Mrs. Broom and Mr. Handle, and our biscuit also hastened the exit of the Grimalkin, Jr., (two of whom never again made their appearance,) while their affectionate mother made a shining path through a square of glass. As Tom was errand boy, he took a large pitcher and went out for more milk. While he was gone I amused myself by singing, "There'll be no more sorrow there, when to my sorrow, the door-bell rang, and being directly over my head, was the cause of a gymnastic exhibition, which closed with the downfall of China, and with pantomime gestures. I stood amid the ruins, and thought of the confusion of Babel. Ding, ding, went the bell, each peal louder than the last. I could not go to the door, for I was dressed to receive callers, but I could peep out of the side curtain and see who had favored me by calling. As I was creeping softly along, and when almost to the door, I stepped upon my apron, and, like a dutiful subject, I obeyed the laws of gravitation, and struck my head with such force that I saw stars without looking for them. I heard a laugh outside, and some one said, "Oh, I

can wait, please put the trunk on the steps," I groaned, both mentally and physically, "Oh if Tom would only come," he could go to the door, for he looked quite decent. Our caller, whoever it might be, was determined to enter. "Oh! Tom, why don't you come?" and, as if in answer to my wish, I heard a crash down below.

I ran down stairs, and there lay poor Tom on his face, completely deluged with milk—the pitcher broken, and the fragments scattered over the floor—streams of milk running in all directions.

"I should think you ought to know better than to leave a broom-stick across the doorway for a fellow to tumble over; here I've spoiled my clothes, cut my nose, and I can't tell you what internal injuries I have sustained, and all through your carelessness. This is what you call housekeeping, I must say I am heartily sick of it. You may finish that pudding—I won't touch it."

"Hush, Tom, don't speak so loud,—if you do, we are ruined men. We have no time to cry for spilt milk, for we have company on the door-steps, and they are determined to gain entrance; there's that confounded bell again; it's no use, I might as well go to the door."

I took off my apron, smoothed my hair, washed my hands, and put on my company face, while Tom went to his room to make himself whole, leaving footprints by the way, not such as Longfellow would have us leave to cheer the heart of a forlorn brother, but footprints that an ambitious brother might see, and, like predecessor, aspire to tread the milky way.

I opened the door, and there stood the handsome specimen of humanity my eyes ever beheld. As soon as she looked at me, she burst into a hearty laugh, and when she recovered her breath, a laugh was introduced between every word, as she asked me if Mrs. C. was at home.

"No, Miss, she is not at home, she is out of town," I stammered.

"She will not be gone long, I suppose, and I can stop until she returns."

Visions of broken china, spilt milk, and half baked pies floated before me, and I thought it no sin to tell one of Mrs. Opie's lies.

"She will probably be gone some time,—six weeks, I believe."

"I never knew aunt to stay so long from home; but I must stop to at least one night, for it is past car time, and I cannot return until to-morrow."

What could I do. Surely, I was born under an unlucky star; before me was the niece, the heiress, of whom I heard such extravagant praises; and what made me feel still more uncomfortable, was the provoking smile that would come whenever she looked at me. I wondered what could be the cause of her merriment. Surely it could not be me who was called the finest-looking young man in town. Something must be done, so I invited the lady in, and excusing myself, went to Tom's room to see if he had survived his downfall. The exclamation that greeted me as I opened the door was in no way flattering to my pride,—"My gracious!!! Bob, you haven't been to the door with that face?"

"Of course I have, and served not only as door-tender, but as committee of arrangements, and introduced the lady into the parlor, and am now waiting for you to go down with me and entertain her."

"Oh! dear, I shall die; look in the glass, Bob," and holding on to his sides, he slid from his chair to the floor, and rolled over and over, with such velocity, that I really thought he had gone crazy.

I looked in the glass. O! horrors, what a face presented itself. My head looked as if it had blossomed from the floor barrel,—on my forehead were two marks, commonly called beauty spots, (but I called them horrid spots),—my nose, my beautiful nose, that was the most marked feature of my face—it looked as if it had been dipped in ink.

"How do you like the looks? Don't you think the lady will be charmed? Oh! dear!" and Tom went into a rolling fit.

I made no answer, but made for the door.

"Where are you going? To complete the fascination?"

"Going to make a clean breast, as well as a clean face of the whole matter."

And while Tom was dressing in his best, I explained matters to the lady visitor and joined with her in laughing at our mishaps. She insisted on being shown to the scene of the late disaster, and finding resistance useless, I went with her to the regions below. Tom soon came down, and acting as her servant, we soon put things in shape and place. Donning one of her aunt's ample aprons, the little figure flitted from room to room, and soon dispatched the baking. I tended the stove, Tom gathered up the fragments, meanwhile speculating upon the durability of Job's patience had he passed through the ordeal of housekeeping, and concluded his meditations by saying, that if he had passed through the trying ordeal, he never would have been handed down as a model of patience.

At the usual hour for tea we sat down to a table loaded with bread, pies, and cake, (the custard pudding was not forgotten,) as nicely baked as those ever placed before us by our landlady. While enjoying the meal, and laughing over the adventures of the day, who should walk in but our landlady, wearing upon her face such an innocent expression, that I, being naturally of a suspicious nature, began to think that she had not been far dis-

tant after all, but, being also a wise man, I said not a word, but thought a good deal upon the subject. My suspicions were confirmed by the knowing look that passed between aunt and niece. I could not for a long time forgive her for the lesson she had taught me, but when her niece put her little hand in mine, and promised to make my bread during life-time, I freely forgave the aunt, and thought that my experience in the line of cooking was not as unprofitable as it might have been. Tom says that it was my nose that made my fortune, and "that perhaps he might have been the lucky one, had it not been for that confounded broom-handle." I know not whether my nose won the lady's love, but one thing I do know—that I shall never again meddle with that "work which is never done," and to those who are wise in their own conceit, I would say, let them try and see what they can do; perhaps their experience will coincide with my own.

One of my biscuits I have reserved in case of war; it might answer the same purpose as a bullet, and until that time arrives I intend it shall occupy a conspicuous place in my cabinet of curiosities.

Proper Shoeing of Horses.

When will owners of horses learn better than to pay a smith for crippling, and we may say spoiling, the most noble of the brute creation, which forty-five out of fifty will do by shoeing. The proper form of an old horse's foot should, and might be the same, or nearly the same, as that of the foal at four months old; but the smith will cut away the heel because it cuts easier than the toe of the foot, and then cut down the bars because he has got the heel so low they are in his way, when any person at all acquainted with the business should know that the toe grows faster than the heel, and consequently needs the most caring. Also that with the bars constantly cut away, the strongest foot will contract, and for that reason be disposed to corns, navicular disease, &c. The heel should be pared but very little, and one naturally weak scarcely at all.

FIBBING IN THE PULPIT.—"The Press," in its rage for sensation articles, has got the name of fibbing, deservedly or not; and it appears, by the "New York Observer," that the trick is creeping into the Pulpit!

A correspondent of that paper thus writes:—"This public hankering for something extraordinary, startling, highly colored and exaggerated, has crept into our churches, invaded the pews, and to some extent given laws to the pulpit. There is now a great demand for smart preachers. The question is not whether a preacher is pious, prayerful, faithful, sound in faith and a winner of souls; one who rightly divides the Word of Truth, and gives to every man his portion in due season; all this is behind the times and old foggy. Is he smart? That's the question.—Does he stretch the india-rubber to its utmost tension, and hammer out the precious grain of gold so thin that it has but one side? Can he do a splendid business on a small capital? Does he sparkle well? O, then he is an angel standing in the sun! We must have him at any price. What's the use of going to the theatre, when we can have what we want at church? But will he also, as occasion may require, let off good round whoppers, tell us thumping stories, and rouse us all up? Then he is the man for us. He will fill the house, sell the pews, youthfulize the congregation, and make us a good speculation."

How can children who are treated well at home fail to appreciate that home, and hold in tenderest regard those parents who make that home so precious? Every noble principle, every sacred feeling, every dear light that ever clustered around that fire, stands in their minds, close linked in bonds of sweetness with a father's kindness and a mother's care.

How to treat Cartridges.—A party of ladies were, the other day, discussing the question of the draft, when a young lady, somewhat ignorant of what a cartridge is, inquired the reason why men were exempt who had lost but two or three teeth?—"Because they couldn't bite the end off a cartridge,"—"Then," replied the questioner, demurely, "why don't they soak 'em in their coffee?"

A man's trials cannot be insufferable if he lives to talk about them.

When we think of good the angels are silent; when we do it, they rejoice.

Opposites frequently go together; chills and fevers are generally associated.

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body—philosophers, of the mind.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars, hence the origin of the expression—"He's gone to pot."

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as his love of it.

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

People dishonest enough to repudiate all other debts, are always honest enough to pay a debt of revenge.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

Female Courage.

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary chateau, not far from the town of—. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about six years old, and one maid-servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone, reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the unusual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes toward the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at noon, and it was now only half-past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him; but if she should find that he was discovered, and there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding-place, and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less than time we take to write them. She decided at once what she should do, which was, to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tones of her voice, "I ought to have remembered to have it got ready for his supper. Go down stairs, and see about it at once."

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, no, I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would not be pleased, if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Madame Aubry was left alone with those two feet, motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it and sing to it almost mechanically. The child cried; it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet, how could she find courage to go near them! At last, she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," said she, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked toward the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing to it as usual. We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep, she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety. The clock pointed to seven. An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come! Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment, with a sort of fascination. The deepest silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valor, but only to that passive courage, founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes, she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for a moment—it was her husband, it was deliverance! But no—it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to be. Oh, heavens! the feet moved! Does

the thief mean to leave his hiding-place! No. It was only a slight, probably an involuntary movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes—only once, it is the half hour only—and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish, how many silent prayers in these trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well-known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say, "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is not religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Artemus Ward reports that at one of the spiritual circles recently held at the White House in Washington, the question was asked if the spirit of Andrew Jackson was present. The reply was, "No, not much." It was then asked, "Has the spirit of Jackson been here recently?" to which the reply was given that "the spirit of Jackson had not been within a hundred miles of Washington for a good many years." We may add to Artemus' account, however, that the spirit of Washington said he was about "occasionally."

Nature confesses that she has bestowed upon the human race hearts of the softest mould, in that she has given us tears.

In saying that our days are few, we say too much. We have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future?

"Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear."

The Period of a Man's Greatest Utility.

Dr. John Brown declares that one man who lives to be seventy and has ten children and five and twenty grand-children, is of more worth to the State than three men who die at thirty and who, it is to be hoped, leave no children. A man's physical working value is usually at its height from twenty to forty; as an intellectual being from thirty to fifty, but as a social and moral being, exerting an influence in society, guiding the minds of children and grand-children, his utility is from forty to seventy. It is not until after thirty that he usually begins to have those reflections on life and society which practically carry the wisdom of each age beyond that of the preceding. He may even as a young man have much information that thousands have not, if he had been better educated than they, but it is not until the thoughtless and the vicious begin to drop around him from among the young men of his own age, that his reflections on life and the manners and customs of men become such as to be really valuable as a guide for others beyond the wisdom of former generations. It is true that years do not always bring wisdom, but there is a certain maturity and ripeness of judgment and experience which cannot come without them, a practical wisdom of the time and place, and precaution and system which make the counsels of the aged to the young an invaluable legacy. Any age governed too exclusively by its young men will be radical, rash and prodigal of its resources and of life, while the days of those who honor the aged and experienced will be "long in the land," and more truly progressive, because the progress will be without any retrogression.

Every man, who loves his children and his country should therefore desire and aim to preserve his vigor until seventy, if he live at all, and act on that scale steadily. When it is premised to the good man that with long life he shall be satisfied, it is because there is something essentially satisfying in old age, and incomplete and dissatisfying in a life that falls short of it. The life of every one who lives to be old may not be a success; but, in one sense, every life cut short by wasting, before old age, must be considered a failure. It has not reached the fullest or highest possible utility of that life to the age or the world. The oil of life has been burned too fiercely and too freely for the highest wisdom, since it is those closing thoughts, arising from the best preserved powers at the very end of their course, which form the most valuable legacy to mankind which any parent can leave.

That system of life, therefore, is most true which produces the greatest number of well-developed and wise old men, capable of influencing those coming after them by their counsels. All excesses and extremes are opposed to this, while the hardy habits which render natural and easy all those many changes which would be excessive and extreme to the unaccustomed, should of course be kept up in a community.

There is no doubt that a country life, in the whole, more conducive to health than one exclusively in the city, but a judicious alternation of life, perhaps, better than either. Regular habits of rising and of rest, of eating and of exercise, are invaluable, and early hours better than late ones. The alternation of mental with physical exercises is of so great value that a considerably larger proportion of well preserved old men is found in the ranks of college graduates than those who have not received that source of education. Those who are moral and regular in their religious habits have, upon the whole, a very much greater prospect of a well preserved life and constitution than any without such habits. It is thus and thus alone that we are fully able to appreciate the value to an individual, to a family, to every nation, and to each succeeding age, of those qualities and dispositions or habits, which in their separate or individual exercise, may seem of but little importance. Nothing is, in fact, more to be considered than the preservation of life, except the preservation of those principles of manliness and of honor, of integrity and of virtue, upon which the life and happiness and worth of all men, as individuals and as nations depend. This is why the old prophets so uniformly describe the new and better state of things as one in which "there shall be no more an old man that hath not filled his days," that is a state in which no more untimely deaths of dilapidated constitutions shall occur.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DETACHMENT.—Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasures of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

Babies are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly; baby sleeps! Mozart must hush his *sacred requiem*; baby sleeps! Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps! Demosthenes, be dumb! baby sleeps!

It is a vain thing for you to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole: it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Woburn—E. T. Moody.
Winchester—J. M. Hovey.
Reading—Thomas Richardson.
S. M. BETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; 35 N. MILLS (successor to V. H. Palmer) South's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates reported by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1863.

The future of the country, at this moment, very naturally engages the serious attention of every one. We are passing through one of the severest trials that falls to the lot of nations, and how that trial will end no one can tell or foresee. When that arch traitor, Jefferson Davis, told his deluded followers that he could carry on the war successfully for twenty years in Virginia, he knew that the fulfillment of his assertion was an utter impossibility. Doubtless he could carry on the war in that State for the period mentioned, provided he could procure the means where to do it, but he knew, or he ought to have known, that if the losses in the rebel army in battle and by sickness, were as great in the future as they have been in the past, there would not be in half that time, a man left in all the South capable of shouldering a rifle, and that the slaves would be "masters of all they surveyed." But we must pass over lightly such gratuitous assertions as the one just alluded to, for the South has been playing at brag ever since the rebellion began, and through that means has more than once pulled wool over our eyes and rendered us blind. It must be apparent to even an intuitive observer, that the resources of the South, from wear and tear, must be gradually becoming less. Two years of such a war as has been waged, must have taxed their facilities to the utmost, and caused them to bear untold burdens. And this drain could not have been without its effect. The suffering among certain classes in the South must be great, almost unbearable, as the necessities of life command exorbitant and fabulous prices, and must be beyond the reach of very many. But the very ones that suffer most are those that have the least to do or say in carrying on the war. What cares Davis, Stephens, & Co., for the sufferings of their dupes, (the people of the South) if they can but ride into power upon their shoulders and upon their impoverishment? With these arch traitors, it is a game of rule or ruin, and they care not to win power thereby. These haughty Southerners, having for so long a time been allowed to "lord it" over the North, through the duplicity of Northern men, have become possessed with the mistaken idea that they are our superiors in manhood and intellect, and are accordingly the governing class; but unless we are much mistaken, and coming events cast false shadows before, this conceit will be extracted root and branch, and they will be shown their true level and position. Knowledge gained by experience, bitter though it may be, is always the best and most lasting, and we will gain much knowledge from this war, that will be of incalculable benefit to us throughout all future time, so that after all good may come out of evil.

Our cause wears a prosperous aspect everywhere; perhaps we ought to expect Virginia, but even there things are not so dark but that they might be very much darker. The rebels cannot oppose us successfully in the West, and in the Carolinas, without drawing largely from Lee's army, so that our success in Virginia is but a mere matter of time and dependent upon operations elsewhere. In Tennessee Rosecrans has gained a glorious and important victory, and has driven the rebel hordes before him like chaff before the wind. The importance of this victory cannot be over-estimated, as it will finally, if well followed up, secure to us the whole of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia, and materially aid in the capture of Vicksburg and the consequent opening of the Mississippi river between that place and Port Hudson, a distance of 190 miles. The possession of Vicksburg has so far enabled the rebels to draw from Texas, with little trouble, the large amount of supplies which that State has ever furnished them, and which are of great consequence to them in carrying on the rebellion. In North Carolina matters will not long remain stationary, and an advance into the interior may be looked for at an early day. The preparations which the government are making for the capture of Charleston, are unknown to the public, but we may confidently believe that it is doing everything possible to bring about that much desired and much needed event. The present aspect of our affairs is anything but discouraging, even

though the disappointments of the past may clothe them in doubt. The year opens auspiciously for us and we have every reason to be thankful that the clouds are breaking and that the luminous light of success shines through with benignant splendor.

COTTON SEED.—We have received from Major John A. Holles, a package of cotton seed from North Carolina, for distribution among our agricultural readers who would like to try the experiment of cotton culture. The following simple directions will show how to conduct that experiment:—"Plant in May in warm land, well manured, in furrows three feet apart and hills not quite so far apart; five seeds in a hill, to be thinned down to one plant when six inches high, and cultivate just like corn." Persons wishing some of the seed can have them on application at our office.

INTERESTING TROPHY.—We ascertain from a communication written by the Chaplain of the General Hospital at Portsmouth, N. C., that in addition to other valuable articles, a Secession Flag, belonging to a rebel private, and carefully secreted in a lady's trunk, was recently captured by the new commandant of this post, Dr. Loren H. Pease, Hospital Surgeon. Perhaps some of his Northern friends will receive this flag from him, as a "Christmas Gift" or "New Year's Present," unless Gen. Foster shall decide to preserve the same at his headquarters in Newbern. Numerous will be the relics and trophies of the war, preserved by the officers and privates of the great Union Army, to be retained through life, and handed down to posterity.

FIRE.—A fire broke out last Wednesday forenoon, in the old house on Railroad street, known as the "Judithan Fowle place," which completely consumed it. The house was tenanted by several families, who were compelled to remove their household goods rather speedily, but they sustained only trifling loss. The fire caught in the attic, and it is supposed was caused by a defect in the chimney. The house was owned by Oliver Hastings of East Cambridge, and the loss is estimated at about \$1500.

THE PHALANX.—During the present week, many good things have been sent to our townsmen in the Fifth Regiment, at Newbern; almost every one having something sent him. In addition to what was sent by private parties, the Phalanx Associates forwarded a large quantity of "delicacies," and the Young Men's Literary Association also sent packages to their associates in the Phalanx. If all the articles forwarded, reach their destination safely, the Phalanx will have good reason to believe that they have left friends who will not forget them in their voluntary exile from home and its many happy associations.

WOUNDED AND SUFFERING SOLDIERS.—The citizens of Woburn are requested to attend a meeting to be held in Lower Lyceum Hall, this (Saturday) evening, January 10th, 1863, at 7 o'clock, to make arrangements to assist the Ladies of Woburn in an enterprise for the benefit of those of our wounded and suffering fellow citizens who have taken up arms in our defence. The need is urgent, and the calls of patriotism and humanity imperative.

GRAND UNION FESTIVAL.—The Ladies connected with the Soldiers' Aid Societies in this town will hold a Festival in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Thursday Evening, Jan. 15, '63, for the purpose of raising money to be applied for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers in the Hospitals. All interested in this noble work are invited to send in contributions of Cakes, Pies, Cold Meats, etc., on the day of the festival. Tickets 25 cents.

PROMOTION.—Second Lieutenant Wm. R. Bennett, of Co. F, 22d Regt. of this town, has been promoted to First Lieutenant. Lieut. Bennett is at present sick in the hospital.

DISCHARGED.—Corporal Charles Hayes, of this town, a member of Co. E, 9th Regt., who was wounded in the Seven Days' battle, has been discharged, and arrived home.

THE WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.—This road, which Gen. Foster's force damaged, recently, at Goldsboro', did a flourishing business. A New Orleans paper has the following:—

We learn from the annual report of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company, that the receipts of the road during the year were \$905,750 35, and its expenses \$299,296 13, leaving a balance of \$606,454 22. Four dividends were made during the year, the last one 11 per cent. The amount of the others is not mentioned. On the 5th inst., a large amount of stocks, owned by parties at the North, were sold at auction under the confiscation act. They numbered 4143 shares all but 277 of the Macon and Western Railroad Co. They brought nearly \$100,000.

EXPIRATION OF THE SERVICE OF THE TWO YEARS' MEN.—Some of the best Generals in the army have expressed much solicitude in regard to the regiments whose two years' term of service expires next April or May. The first thirty-eight regiments from the State of New York will go out of service in May. It is deemed important by our best military authorities in the field that the officers of such regiments should be induced to remain. Some act of Congress will be necessary to restore to the army its best officers and men after the period of service of the two years' men has expired. Some of our veteran Generals are pushing this matter upon the attention of Congress, and some definite plan will be submitted at an early day.

THE RICHMOND EXAMINER of Friday states that brown sugar in that city has gone up from \$1 to \$1.10 at retail, and molasses to \$7.50 and \$8 per gallon. It imputes the change to our active aggressive operations in the South and Southwest.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Since I wrote you last, I have visited the several army camps in this region, and most of the battlefields of Virginia, of note. Last but not least, the battlefield of Fredericksburg. Armed with an unconditional pass obtained through the kindness of Senator Wilson from the Secretary of war, I took the government boat to Aquia Creek, distant down the Potomac forty-five miles. We passed many points of interest, but none more so than Mt. Vernon and the tomb of its once illustrious owner,—a spot sacred to all, yes, and dear to all hearts. Aquia Creek is an arm or opening of the river to the right, where all the Government stores and munitions of war are shipped to, for the army of the Potomac, now resting fifteen miles beyond on the left downward bank of the Rappahannock. The business of this landing is immense, both of freight and travel. The place was not long since in rebel possession, but since it was taken it has been of great consequence, as without it, our army must either starve or cut its way through the enemy's country. This depot is connected with Falmouth by railroad which the Government uses entirely. This road extends to Richmond, and sixty miles beyond on the other side of the river it is worked by the rebels. Fredericksburg on the right and Falmouth on the left of the river, draw their significance as the theatre of the late battle rather from their importance than otherwise. The former was an old and wealthy place, extending for a mile in length upon a gentle rise of land, protected in the rear by high and steep hills. The buildings were old but indicated ease and plenty in times of peace. They now are a mass of ruins, scattered and desolate with the vengeance of a thousand cannon. Falmouth is a place of no former distinction whatever. The town is a mile below Fredericksburg, and contains an unoccupied and dilapidated church, no schoolhouse, three or four houses, a butcher's shop, a Government bakery, and only nine houses within sight, all of which seem to be relics of some antediluvian age. The plain of Falmouth fronting Fredericksburg, is one of the most level and beautiful fields in Virginia, it was owned by Gen. Lacy, now in the rebel army, and consists of his mansion and outbuilding, with several hundred acres of land. It lies upon high ground, and over this our army had to pass to cross the river. Could the two armies have met here, the field would have been fair and the victory within our reach. The pickets of each army are within a short distance of each other, and occasionally exchange papers and other articles. It is not my purpose to speak of the general details of the battle; when the materials for portraying that struggle are collected, some able pen will make the page of history glow with deeds of shining bravery and modest valor. But, alas! a thousand noble hearts ceased to pulsate on that fated field, and have gone down to their graves unweped, save within the circle of their own homes, far away from the scenes of their glory. But a hero's reward is a hero's death, and if the cause is lost in the conflict the liberty-loving will admire the contest and approve the devotion. A great many instances of personal bravery have come under my notice that display more than human courage. Of what stearn and true stuff were those hundred daring men, who in the face of certain death, without a musket in hand, volunteered to build the bridge to the opposite shore, with the unerring rifle of a rebel force to pick its victim from their number; and when it was completed see the undaunted army pass over and advance with firm tread and unflinching look to death, as certain as skill, calculation and position could make it. History tells of a "bridge of sighs," let this be named the "bridge of death," for no more sublime and truer record of heart devotion and moral courage than this can anywhere be found.

Our army is now encamped in the region of the battlefield, with diversions extending many miles. Two hundred thousand men with the necessary appliances of war, is a collection of enormous material, and requires a large field to extend itself. A new movement will take place soon. The wounded have all been sent off now, though many remained here for two weeks after they were wounded, and then were sent to the hospital and had to have their limbs amputated, owing to the careless manner in which they had been treated in camp. Not the worst fate of war is the wounding and maiming of men; in such cases the mind is often undisturbed and the understanding left; the pain is severe and raging, but the sickness that ever follows a great army is constant and worse than all else. The hospital arrangements of an army in the field are always imperfect, the exposure is sure, and the prostration of body and mind increasing all the time. Wounds are ghastly to the sight and frightful to the imagination; they are the natural fruits of war, and are expected to bring suffering, but the soldier when he enlists hopes to escape these afflictions and never thinks of sickness, of fevers, of rheumatism, of diarrhea, all of which are more sure than wounds, because effect follows cause, and sickness follows exposure, a change of condition and diet, when they all are for the worse. I saw many hundreds from Falmouth wounded, but their eyes were bright and their hopes strong; while I saw more than a thousand brought down to this city sick, who had never received a scratch in battle, and who a few short months ago left their homes well, active and hardy, but now are broken down entirely, all gone in spirits, shadows of life, hopeless and heartless, the rough realities of war having taken the place of the soft and new visions of the untold soldier. I saw some four hundred in one boat load who could not walk with support, and three hundred more in the same conveyance borne on shore upon litters, sunken and emaciated, with no kind hand to alleviate their wants, covered with rags and quite neglected, all borne away to some hospital to die at once, or linger till the seeds of disease germinate in later death. It is not possible that this class can be cared for in camp, and camp hospitals are of no account,

Soldiers are loth to leave their regiments till the last; they had rather die among friends than suffer among strangers. The sanitary arrangements of the camps are poorly conducted; the air is poisoned with filth. As an illustration let me say, that in going fifteen miles I counted forty-three dead horses and mules undergoing decomposition.

To let your readers judge of the condition of the enemy, I give you a list of the prices of a few articles in Falmouth, our side of the lines:—Flour, \$25 per bbl.; eggs, \$4 per doz.; butter \$1.50 per lb.; lard 50 cts; milk not to be had at any price, as there are not three cows in the town, and no dry goods at any price. These prices I know are true, as a wealthy man, with whom I staid a night, told me that he would give \$2.50 a lb. for butter, for New-year's Day. I saw a barrel of apples that were sold for \$25 and resold for \$30. A poor quality of whiskey brings from \$10 to \$20 per gallon. Verily, Virginia has paid dearly for her treason; nothing but utter desolation covers her borders; her forests and fences are burnt; her dwellings torn down and scattered; her fields overrun with the tread of armed men; her influence in the nation all gone; her great name empty and disgraced; her honored dead of the past reeling in high contrast the deep shame of the present and living. Oh! how fallen art thou, mother of presidents and patriots!

At the North we often hear of the impossibility of the army's advancing on account of the roads; this at home we cannot comprehend, but let one come out here and he will wonder that it can advance at all. The soil, a heavy sticky clay, when wet, is impassable for even empty trains; while the poor beasts sink deeper and deeper at every effort to move on. The roads here are never repaired, but when they become gullied too deep a new one is made by the side, and that in turn rejected for another. Places here get their reputation not from position, but from some act transpiring near by. Stafford Court House, where General Sigel was once encamped, and where he last rebel, laid took place, is an old tumble-down building, with two or three dwellings nearby, all shattered to pieces. So with Fairfax Court House and Station, the headquarters of Gen. Slocum's command; it is not half as big as East Woburn, and more God-forsaken than that place was before the advent of silk worms. The famous White Oak Church, near Gen. Franklin's quarters, stands all alone and is without a door or a window, and is not large enough for a village prayer meeting at home. Manassas is less than a County School-house in New England, and Bull Run, with its lanes, shot and shell, would be taken for a lump of creation left over after the job was done.

The soldiers are getting very tired of war, though when called upon fight as well as ever; they wait to see the end of it, and go home. The "new" of the thing is all gone. The drum and fife have no music now. The sword and musket grow heavy after a time.

N. A. R.

In an account given in the Missouri Democrat of Van Dorn's raid into Holly Springs on the 26th ult., are the following statements:—"Six companies of the 24 Illinois cavalry were completely surrounded in the town, by at least as many thousand, and were called upon to surrender, to which demand they made reply by dashing upon the enemy's forces and nobly cutting their way out. Not a more gallant deed has been done during the war. Six hundred against over eight thousand, and still they hewed their way through them and escaped!"

Van Dorn remained in Holly Springs from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, during which time he destroyed about two million dollars' worth of government property in the shape of ammunition, commissary and Quartermaster's stores, &c., besides an immense amount of private property, among which were eighteen hundred bales of cotton."

MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Massachusetts owes a debt of gratitude to the citizens of Philadelphia for the kindness which they have shown her soldiers while remaining in that city. Six companies of the 50th Regiment, now there, were furnished with a genuine New England dinner on New Year's day by the Union Volunteer Refreshment Committee. The above association has issued a card arranged expressly for the 50th, which contains all the pieces of interest in Philadelphia, and their location; it also contains the names of the field and line officers of the Regiment. Upon the card is the following inscription:—"The 50th Reg. Mass. Volunteers. Welcome to the City of Brotherly Love." The Union Volunteer Refreshment Committee wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." An effort is being made to have the regiment detailed for provost guard duty in that city, which speaks well for the discipline and good behavior of our Massachusetts boys.

A London letter says L. D. Russell, the Times' first correspondent in this country is publicly defending the Northern army against the charges of stupidity, inhumanity, &c., brought against it by one Col. McMurdo. Mr. Russell also goes so far as to defend Gen. McDowell's conduct at the battle of Bull Run. We have always regarded Russell as more sinned against than sinning. He was "toddled" by everybody when he came here, and the persons who feasted him turned upon him because he wrote of things independently and not to suit his worshippers. He was twice the man Charles Mackay is, and worth what he was back again. He gave the North about the first intimation of the magnitude of the rebellion.—Portland Argus.

The New York Times says there are eighteen steamships now engaged in the pursuit of the Alabama. Sixteen of these are screw propelled and two of them paddle steamers. Thirteen of them have been at sea some weeks, engaged in hunting up the buccancer, and five of them are under orders to sail and will start speedily.

The Promise of the Morning.

We stand to-day in the broadening twilight of great events. There is a solemn hush of expectation in the air, and the hearts of true men are stirred with a vague foreboding of good to come. In the morning skies the fore-running shadows that herald the day are flushed with a tinge of a light, before unseen. We hope that in its rosy folds lurks the welcome promise of a purer day, and not the angrier redness of tumult and slaughter. As in the morning twilight we know that the day is surely coming, but cannot foretell whether its hours shall be serene or stormy, so as we approach the solemn threshold of a new political dispensation, we cannot say whether the great Disposer of national destinies will permit us to pluck peace from amid the flowering blooms of accomplished justice, or whether we are to suffer, unto farther purification, the penalty of violated law and tardy retribution. Conscious at last of right, we are sure of ultimate victory, but of what lies before us in the immediate future, God only is cognizant.

A most encouraging symptom is, the desperation and madness which all the foil creatures which hate the day exhibit, as the light grows less uncertain. Like the ghosts which must vanish with the sunrise, they shudder at the first grey beams that mottle the east. Before the coming revelations the false lights which have been misleading the people begin to pale their ineffectual fires. The evil spirits rage sorely, for their time is short.

The rebel chieftain sitting sad and desolate at Richmond, in the midst of a deluded people who are indulging in futile rejoicings over a barren success, can find no better way of relieving the fearful forebodings of his sinking heart, than by issuing a frantic threat of vengeance against that power which seems the most dreadful to him. He launches his fulmination against Gen. Butler and his officers, but none knew better than the United States flag to trail in the dust. Moreover, he is an old offender, having for thirty years been clanking in his chains, and loathing with intense and unceasing disgust her compulsory companionship with Yankee Doodle. Besides all this, his proud and pure character is a standing affront to inferior natures which can never be forgiven. How they would delight to humble him in the dust, to tread him in the mud, to jump, and halloo, and whoop over her prostrate form.

Not in the South alone is there trouble in the camp of disloyalty. The pensioned apologists of treason in the North, fearful of the fiat which will be the beginning of their end, catch eagerly at this late sword-of-lath which their master brandishes, and speak of its power and keenness admiringly. The New York World talks of the "great cause for complaint which President Davis had," and of the powerful effect which this mass of raving will "produce in Europe."

If the bloody-minded rebel who penned this document and the wretched hirelings who defend it, suppose that they can thus delay for an instant the lightnings which they fear from the clouds of their own preparing, they mistake the temper of the North and the requirements of the situation. And if their madness runs into bloody deeds, upon their own heads be the forfeit of the crime. The administration of the War Department has never been accused by its worst enemies of hesitation or cowardice, and we are sure it only waits a proper occasion to vindicate the claims of violated law and outraged humanity.

If the blade of enfranchisement which when but half unsheathed causes such consternation among the hosts of rebellion, how can they stand the fierce light of its naked brilliancy, unveiled in the face of day?—Washington Chronicle.

GENERAL BUTLER.—It is understood that General Butler is now on the way from Washington to his residence in this State. His career as Major General has been a decided success. No one has accomplished more towards the suppression of the rebellion. The taking of the city of Baltimore and defending it in the early and most critical period of the war; and his entry into and defence of the City of New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi, will forever entitle him to a high reputation in this country, and among all who value republican institutions. Massachusetts will be waiting in her duty if she does not give him a cheering reception. We hope measures will be promptly taken to receive him as he deserves on his entry into this city.—Traveler.

"INTRODUCING" THE PROCLAMATION.—Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, in behalf of parties in that State, has caused editions of the President's proclamation, in tiny book form, and with attractive covers, to be issued, and has had packages of them franked to various officers in the service from Massachusetts, requesting them to undertake to introduce the proclamation amongst the slaves wherever opportunity offers. We hear that in one or two instances, at least, Gov. A. has received rather curt answers.—Washington Star.

At the annual renting of pews in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, \$3557 was realized from premiums for first selections. The total revenue last year, was \$18,000; this year it is estimated at from \$23,000 to \$25,000.

The number of disabled soldiers who have been discharged from service since the 1st of October last to the 1st of the present month is 5308.

Persons assessed under Uncle Sam's tax law will bear in mind that the per cent. will be added to their taxes if unpaid after Tuesday, the 13th inst.

Specimens of excellent cotton, produced in New Jersey, have been sent to the Department of Agriculture.

Diaries and Almanacs, for 1863, are offered for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

Fall of Richmond and Charleston.

The Richmond Dispatch of Saturday last has an article on "The City of Charleston," which says:—

"With all their blithering about Richmond, we believe that the capture of Charleston would afford even more exquisite delight to the Northern heart than the downfall of Richmond. It is true that the latter is the Confederate capital; but its capture, except in name, would prove a barren victory. If they could take Richmond, that event would be probably foreseen by this government in time to remove from the capital everything of value. Virginia and the South abound with natural facilities for manufacturing purposes, and the workshops already in existence in the interior would be increased and multiplied to an indefinite extent. The government archives could be transferred to another locality without any difficulty, and, in the language of President Davis, the war could be carried on in Virginia for twenty years. After the first inconveniences of the loss of Richmond, our national defence would proceed with fresh energy, and we should still possess the only means of transporting supplies we have ever had—the railroads—for our rivers have been, and still are of use only to the enemy. Moreover, the frequent discomfures which the Yankees have met in their 'On to Richmond,' and the increasing probabilities of accomplishing that object, are beginning to make the grapes somewhat sour in the estimation of those amiable foxes.

"But the Charleston grapes still hang in tempting clusters, and the grudge they owe South Carolina is older and more venomous than that towards Virginia. Their journalists never refer to Charleston without styling it that 'advers' nest of treason,' and breathing forth a burning desire to measure conclusions between their fleet and the bite of the 'adders.' South Carolina committed the unpardonable crime of lighting the flames of this 'unholy rebellion,' and of first causing the United States flag to trail in the dust. Moreover, she is an old offender, having for thirty years been clanking in his chains, and loathing with intense and unceasing disgust her compulsory companionship with Yankee Doodle. Besides all this, his proud and pure character is a standing affront to inferior natures which can never be forgiven. How they would delight to humble him in the dust, to tread him in the mud, to jump, and halloo, and whoop over her prostrate form.

"The condition of New Orleans would be an elysium, compared to that of Charleston, if it should fall into Yankee hands. Three is no indignity its people would not be made to suffer; no atrocity its enemies are not capable of perpetrating. It would be better that not one brick should be left standing upon another in Charleston, better that the whole population should be driven out homeless and homeless to the interior than surrender to the Yankees, and be governed, probably, by Butler the least, who might be sent there as the most efficient agent to make Charleston drink to the dregs the bitter cup which the Yankees have prepared for her lips. But we have no fears of any surrender.

"If Charleston should be destroyed, it will be the loss of a few acres of Carolina soil, leaving intact the strength and independence of the State. We are satisfied, however, that Charleston will drive back the invaders in ignominious confusion, and come out of the conflict with all her banners flying. There is in command of that coveted city an old acquaintance of the Yankees; he who made Fort Sumpter band its proud head, and who first sent the Yankees to the right about at Manassas with a velocity unparalleled in the annals of war. He is a man whose heart burns with an intensity of patriotism more than equal to the ardor of their fanatical passions, and whose military genius is equal to any emergency of the war. With Beauregard at the head of Carolina's chivalry, there will be such an entertainment ready for the Yankees at Charleston which will satisfy their appetites for invasion for generations to come."

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

We copy for the Middlesex Journal, the following army correspondence to the Youth's Companion, which recently appeared in that paper. Besides its interest to the general reader, it has a local interest for readers in this vicinity, inasmuch as the father and son spoken of below were volunteers from this town, enlisting in the summer of 1861, in Co. I, 11th Regt. Mass. Vol., although the correspondence gives no intimation of their residence when at home, or their connection in the army. Consider was a young man of 18 or 19 years of age, and but recently a member of the High School, and his father, Rodney Edmunds, a resident of Woodville District, was well known among us.

"I must here relate one of the most noble incidents which have happened in this war, and which shows that a soldier's life does not blunt all kindly feelings, and that a man may be a soldier and at the same time be a dutiful son. In our Company we had a man named Rodney Edmunds, who when he enlisted brought his son, Consider Edmunds, with him. The son has ever been a most dutiful son, always conceding every contested point to his father, and on this day crowned his filial duty by laying down his life to save his father's. When we formed for the charge the son was in the front rank, the father immediately before him; when we began our advance the father told his son to exchange places with him, as he was invariably in the habit of doing where any danger was to be met. The son remonstrated, but without prevailing. At last, when the father was mounting the breastwork, he suddenly threw himself before his father, who, stooping down to help him up, as he thought, wounded son, received two shots, one in the arm, the other in the leg. No lamentations escaped him—he was as it were, riveted to the spot, unable to realize the truth, and heedless of the injury he himself had received—he had to be forced away from his self-immolated son."

In conclusion, let me recommend to the Journal readers the December and January numbers of the "Continental Monthly," each of which is worth the price of the work for a year.

For the Middlesex Journal.

We have read the statement in several papers, that, "if the Emancipation Proclamation of the President shall not appear to be successful, he will rescind it, and adopt a policy proposed by Congress, from the border slave states." The fallacy of this statement cannot prevail. The President has no more authority to rescind the Proclamation than the humblest citizen.

NO MORE FRENCH IRON-CLADS TO BE BUILT.—The French government, satisfied that the artillerymen are more than a match for the shipbuilders, has decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Rebuke.

The infant is sleeping,
He prattles no more;
The mother is weeping,
Afflicted and sore;
The children are crying,
For "baby is dead;"
The father is sighing
For one little head.

There is grief in the palace,
And mourning and woe;
All, save little Alice,
Their sorrow do show.
Her fair cheeks are tearless;
Her blue eyes are clear;
And trusting and fearless
She stands by the bier.

Her voice is unbroken,
As, lifting her head,
She turns to the living.
From one that is dead:
"Dear mother you told us
That God was on high,
And his arms would enfold us
Whenever we die."

And, father, I heard you
Tell uncle, last night,
Your child was an angel,
In raiment of white;
Then why all this weeping,
This sorrow and pain?
Our Willie is sleeping
To waken again.

With the voice of a prophet,
The look of a seer,
Her words of rebuking
Enchained every ear;
The sobs came no longer,
The eyes knew a balm,
The parents were stronger,
The children were calm.

'Neath the shade of a willow
They laid him to rest,
The sod for his pillow,
A rose on his breast;
And they leant from his going
One lesson of worth,—
There are angels in heaven,
And angels on earth.

Select Literature.

LOVE AND DUTY.

Daylight was fading, and Martha took her embroidery to the window. She walked idly, heavily, across the room, continued her work as though she did not care for its completion, and from time to time looked out on the street in a way which showed plainly that she was weary of it, and uninterested in its passers.

Martha was, at first sight, an unprepossessing woman; a careless observer would have expected to find her an indifferent friend and a dull companion. She certainly could not have been called pretty, graceful, or even tidy; and yet hers was a face at which few could have looked long without feeling curiosity, pity, interest, and still fewer could have understood without some knowledge of her past life. At the time of which I am speaking, Martha was twenty-five. Ever since she could remember, she had lived alone with her mother in the Rue du Colyseé. She had come there after a dangerous fever, which had obliterated the past from her mind.

Mrs. White could not live in England, but in Paris her health was all that her best friends could wish. It was a strange residence for her to have chosen, for she could not speak one word of French; she never shared in any of the gaieties of the natives, or mixed with any of her fellow-exiles. Martha had been educated according to her mother's peculiar notions; she had not been allowed to learn any accomplishments; dancing, music, drawing were all considered by Mrs. White to be merely other words for waste of time; languages, science, history were only a shade better. The two grand requirements in a girl's education were cheapness and morality.

With neither amusements nor friends, the girl might, with a good supply of books, have been her own instructor; but the mother passed her days in working, walking, and eating, and why should not the daughter do the same? She did; but whilst her fingers lazily drew the needle in and out, her fancy busily built castles in the air, which her reason as ruthlessly destroyed. There were times when she persuaded herself that she ought to be grateful for the state of life in which she was placed—that with a good mother to love, and every necessary of life, she had all that was requisite to happiness. There were times when many a wicked man would have been terrified at the girl's rebellious thoughts, when church sermon and her mother's morality had no other effect than to provoke contempt. There were times, more frequent, when she lounged over her work with a mind as vacant as even her fond parent could desire. And day after day, month after month, mother and child sat in the same room, slept in the same bed, and neither ever guessed what was passing in the other's mind.

"How are you getting on with your collar, Martha?"

"Oh, very well, mamma; but it is too dark to see any longer."

"Yes, we will put away our work, love, and look out of the window."

Martha rose to carry her mother's chair across the room, and then placed her own opposite to it.

The Rue du Colyseé is noisy without being gay; it is narrow; its pavement is still muddy when other streets are dry; and it is never free from a greengrocer-shop kind of smell. As the Whites sat at the window, they talked about their servant, their weekly bills, the passers-by, *Galignani*, and the weather.

When Annetta brought in the tea and lamp, Martha moved her mother's chair back to the table, placed fresh wood on the fire, and then proceeded to make tea, waiting upon the old lady, and always taking care that she had everything she wished for, before attending to her own wants. The mother always spoke with much politeness to her daughter, calling her love, darling, and similar terms of endearment; but she was not a lovable old lady; she sat bolt upright in her chair, as though she wore a secret backboard under her dress; and there was a hardness in all she said and did, which quite prevented any one fancying that she had ever bent lovingly over her child's cradle, ever forgotten her dignity in a romp, or ever condescended to do menial work by a sick couch.

The Whites attended the English chapel, which is situated near the Champs Elysees. One Sunday, when Martha was in a rebellious mood, she observed that the gentleman who chanced to sit next to her mother was taking more notice of his neighbor than of his prayer-book, and that her mother perceived that he did so, and was not pleased. Apparently, the old lady never took her eyes off her book, and was absorbed in her prayers; but Martha had studied her mother for many years, and when in her present mood, watched her with the eye rather of a satirist than a daughter. She knew very well that her parent could, whilst humbly confessing herself a miserable sinner, peep out of the corners of her eyes at the sins of her neighbors; and on this particular day Martha saw that though she moved her lips at the responses, the usual distinct sound did not come from them. Martha's curiosity, rather than her sympathy, was aroused; she looked at the stranger, but did not remember to have seen him before. He was a tall, dark, thin man, a man who might easily have been forgotten, had it not been for his nose, but that feature once seen, would be always remembered. It was both the blemish and redeeming point of his face; it was like the portico of a mansion joined to a twenty-pound-a-year cottage, disfiguring, but causing the beholder to expect more wealth inside than he would otherwise have done. The man's face might have been called pretty or effeminate, and he himself might have been supposed to be vain or foppish, had it not been for his nose. That nose must have got him into many a fight at school, and being still straight, it was but fair to suppose that he had been victorious; that nose must have prevented him fancying every woman he met in love with him; in short, if he was a modest, amiable, courageous man, full half the credit was due to that nose. When service over, Mrs. White was for bustling out of church, whilst the stranger was still engaged in his prayers, but Martha, who sat at the end of the seat, was in an unamiable mood, and curious to know what would be the stranger's next move, kept the old lady standing, whilst she picked up books that she had purposely thrown down; thus by the time she had risen, the stranger rose also and followed them out.

"How do you do, Mrs. White? You have not forgotten John Reece, I hope; we lived next door but one to you. I went out to India. Surely you must remember me. Ah! I suppose a warm climate has aged me, and, by Jove, now I think of it, it's eighteen years ago; but I'll soon recall myself to your memory."

Mrs. White, who seemed at first inclined to deny all knowledge of the gentleman, suddenly remembered him, and asked coldly after himself and his friends; he answered all inquiries cordially, and looked several times at Martha, as if wondering who she was, but Mrs. White did not satisfy his curiosity until she reached the end of the street where she lived; then she somewhat rudely bade him good-morning, saying, with a glance at Martha, that she and her daughter lived close by, and did not keep any society. Neither of the Whites spoke of Mr. Reece, but the one felt inquisitive about the meeting, and the other annoyed at it. Mrs. White did not leave the house during the whole week, always making some excuse for not doing so; on Monday, it was going to rain; on Tuesday, she was afraid of the wind. Every day she found some reason for staying at home. Martha, who was accustomed to a daily walk, felt unwell under this constant confinement to the house, and proposed to go out with Annetta. Her mother objected at first, but having no good reason to give for refusing permission, yielded at last an ungracious consent.

The young lady and her maid walked side by side by the Champs Elysees. It was early spring; showy carriages, with high-collared horses, were rushing to the Bois de Boulogne; gentlemen smoking, and ladies gaily dressed, were slow, parading up and down; numbers of both sexes and of all classes were sitting before cafes and estaminets; at one end, the blue sky was peeping through the Arc de Triomphe; at the other, the sun was shining on the fountains, and the trees overhead were robing themselves in their brightest green, to be the crowning ornament of one the most beautiful streets in the whole world.

The gay scene was not wasted upon Martha. A week indoors, with a more than usually dull old woman, made the fresh air, exercise, and life as great a treat to her as they were to Annetta. The simply dressed, healthy looking English girl contrasted well with the French crowd, as with bright eyes and red cheeks she laughed at her attendant's enthusiastic admiration of the ladies' magnificent dresses.

Martha staring at the carriages, John Reece at everything but the road before him, struck against one another, and turning at the same instant to apologise, recognized each other, smiled, and shook hands.

Mr. or rather Major Reece was not a shy man; he turned round to walk with Martha, who in the first instance was too curious and excited, and—though it seems a strange thing to say—had lived too much alone not to feel at her ease. Her intercourse with her fellow-creatures had been too entirely of a business nature to produce shyness; she and they had said what was needful, and then parted. She had never been to an evening-party, never read a novel, never talked or been talked to, because silence was not the correct thing. She was badly educated; alike ignorant of much that is taught in the school-room and of passing events; unaccustomed to think clearly, or to express her thoughts either fluently or elegantly; but she was clever, truthful, and affectionate.

Major Reece was in many respects the complete opposite to Martha; he had been very carefully educated, sent to India at eighteen, placed in his father's regiment, introduced into good society, and well supplied with books. He was a brave, honest, kind-hearted man. He was neither clever nor learned, but he understood the everyday duties of a soldier and a gentleman, and could talk fluently on the surface of every subject of the day. They were to one another as the discovery of a new world; wonder, rather than admiration, preceded love; the woman was the superior, but neither he nor she divined it; he found himself a cleverer man than he had ever been before. He was not the first whose energies had been aroused by love; he never guessed that he only polished Martha's rough ideas, that he did not think them out of his own brain. She, on her side, was more impressed by his knowledge than she would have been by that of a more learned man; it covered a great space, and she was too ignorant to perceive that it was not deep.

They were not boy and girl to be ready to go to the altar after a week's acquaintance. Major Reece took up his residence in Paris; they were first acquaintances, then friends, then lovers. The first connection glided almost imperceptibly into the second, the second into the third, and an offer of marriage was scarcely necessary. Mrs. White was not pleased with the major's visits; he, however, felt more and more anxious to continue the acquaintance; and as Martha was always delighted to see him, and was of an age to judge for herself, he persisted in treating the old lady's hints with the most provoking good temper, and in seeming always to think that he was welcome. Martha was too much absorbed in a new sensation to take much notice of her mother. Major Reece was not only the first man, but the first fellow-creature she had ever loved.

One evening, after the major's departure, she was startled out of a happy day-dream by her mother's calling to her in a strangely unnatural voice, and when she reached her chair, she found her shaking in every limb, and at first unable to speak. Martha was stupefied with terror; she did nothing; but after a few minutes, the old woman became somewhat better.

"Martha," she said in a low piteous voice, so different from her usual decisive tone, that it went to the girl's very heart, "I cannot bear the suspense any longer; it will kill me. Tell me, are you going to leave me, Martha?"

"To leave you, mother!"

"Ay, child," she retorted with increased excitement; "are you going to marry him? Will you leave me in my old age, all alone, all alone?" Hysterical sobs stopped further speech.

Martha threw herself on her knees by her mother's side, kissed her hand, and tried to soothe her without speaking. But the old woman continued to plead her cause with ever-increasing vehemence.

"O Martha, you have forgotten the story I taught you when a child: 'And Ruth said, I will not leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' Now Naomi was only—"

But here the old woman's emotion was too great to allow her to proceed. Martha threw herself into her mother's arms. Both were now equally overcome. Mrs. White was the first to recover her composure.

"Martha, do not mind what I have said to you; I am a selfish, dull old woman. Don't mind me; go to Lydia with your lover; a servant can do all for me that I require. I have not long to live."

"O mother, dear mother!"

"Dear mother!" exclaimed the other bitterly. "No, I am not dear; you do not care for me; you never think of me; all your heart belongs to your new friend. But, Martha, take heed lest there come a day when you may learn how sharper than an adder's tooth is an ungrateful child."

The daughter, left alone, tried to think calmly, and to decide what ought to be done.

How much truth there was in all that her mother had said! What an ungrateful child she had been; and yet, thought she, "I have had such a dreary life, and now I might be so happy." She tried to find a way by which both her own and her mother's happiness might be attained. If Major Reece could only stay in Europe—but she knew that that could not be—he had many depending on him; she could not ask him to sacrifice his own family for the sake of hers—and, besides, her mother disliked him so much—she could not imagine why. At first she had fancied Mrs. White was afraid of him, but that was nonsense. He had told Martha her mother's history; there was much in it to excite compassion, but not shame. And then it occurred to Martha that she had lived twenty-five years with an only parent; that she had never judged her fairly; that she had mistaken her patient sorrow for want of feeling; she had never loved her, and she had felt only joy at the thought of leaving her. Then her conscience spoke plainly, and told her that there was but one compensation for such injustice; but she would not listen to it. Hitherto, her love had been happy, because held within bounds; but now it was a raging passion, which would break down every barrier, which would listen to neither law nor reason. Martha's sound sleep was gone. By day, by night, she argued first on one side, then on the other; indignation always urged her to go, conscience to stay.

The mother did not allude to the marriage, but she watched her daughter anxiously, as though longing to know her decision.

Martha avoided her mother's eyes—they pleaded too piteously.

The major did not always find his visits so pleasant now. Mrs. White had indeed discontinued her rude remarks, but Martha no longer smiled so kindly or talked so frankly as before. If the mother left the room, the daughter was sure to make some excuse to follow. He resolved to have an explanation. As soon as Martha had made up her mind, she gave him an opportunity of asking for it and in her answer told him how much she loved him; asked his pardon if, through her thoughtlessness, she had caused him any pain, but said that now she saw plainly what it was her duty to do—she must stay with her mother.

At first, the major was angry; he had been trifled with; he was worth more than that selfish, stupid old creature; but when he looked at poor Martha's pale face, his anger softened into pity; he reasoned with her; there were some mothers worthy of such a sacrifice, but not hers. He had a cousin who would gladly take charge of the old lady, and make her as comfortable as Martha could do.

"It's no use," she said sadly. "You cannot desire our marriage so much as I do, but if I could act contrary to my conscience, I should not be worthy to be your wife. Good-bye. Give me your hand, John. Let us part friends."

Now that the matter was decided, Martha was not so miserable as before. Her mother's gratitude surprised her. "How fond the poor old lady must be of me," she thought. "Who knows but my marriage might have caused her death, and there would then have been but little happiness for either John or me." Her greatest dread was lest she should meet her lover, and in a weak moment consent to go with him; and when Mrs. White proposed that they should leave Paris for a while, Martha gladly agreed to do so. Neither ever alluded to the major, but both tacitly avoided any place where they would be likely to meet him, and they knew that he did not intend returning to England before his departure for India, both mother and daughter thought that their native air would do them good. Martha was pleased with the journey, amused with every novelty she saw; every red-roofed village between Paris and Boulogne, every patient or despairing sufferer between Boulogne and Folkestone, every green luxuriant meadow between Folkestone and London, diverted her mind from its sorrow. She was an uninteresting sufferer; her strong mind fought with grief as a strong body fights with disease, and she never doubted the wisdom of her choice; she had obeyed conscience, the unerring guide. They hired a furnished cottage at Linton, and a little pony-carriage to drag the old lady up the steep hills. Martha was no longer so entirely under her mother's control as she had formerly been; the days of needle-work were past; she read what books she pleased, wandered alone wherever she chose, even took lessons in drawing, and the old lady made no remark.

The pony they had hired was very quiet so long as he had little food and much work; but when he had plenty to eat and nothing to do, his character changed. He appeared to think that he had a right to decide the distance, and the pace he would go; and when Martha, fancying that his laziness must proceed from weakness, ordered him an extra feed of corn, he shied, kicked, or started at every object he met. One day, as Martha was driving carefully down the Lynnwood Hill, the pony started at a gentleman with an umbrella, got beyond his speed, and overturned the chaise. The old lady's head struck against a sharp stone, and she fainted. Martha was not hurt; she ran to the Lyndale Hotel for assistance, and the people soon placed the invalid on a bed, and fetched a doctor. The surgeon could not give much hope. Mrs. White had received several se-

vere injuries, and was not a young woman. The sufferer was in very low spirits, and in great pain, at times crying, at times delirious. Her temper was never to be depended on; one hour she would reproach Martha as the cause of the accident, and the next express the greatest anxiety about her daughter's health.

One day she called Martha to her side, and asked, with a terrified look, if she had not been delirious.

"Yes, mamma; but you have often been so before."

"Have I? And what did I say?"

"Indeed, I hardly know."

"Ah! that is right. People talk such nonsense when they are that way; it's better not to attend to them."

Martha made no answer. Her mother seemed to be lost in thought; at last she said that a nurse must be hired.

"Indeed, mamma, I am quite strong; and no nurse can take so much care of you as I do."

"My mind would be easier; I am so anxious about you, dear; and besides, a professional nurse would understand the surgeon's directions better than you can do."

"Mr. Wilson says that he would not wish a better nurse than I am."

"Bah! bah! You nearly killed me with your bad driving, and now you want to try what bad nursing will do."

"You shall have a nurse, mamma."

"Ah! dear Martha, you are always good, and you must not mind what I say in my pain."

"O no, mamma; I am sure that I should be ten times as cross, if I were as ill as you are."

"But when can you find me a nurse, Martha?"

"I will ask Mr. Wilson to recommend us one; he will be here soon."

The invalid said no more until she heard the doctor's step, then starting hastily up, she exclaimed: "Mr. Wilson is coming; don't forget the nurse: tell him how anxious I am about you, my darling."

Mr. Wilson did not consider a nurse necessary; there were no very clever ones at Linton, none who would watch the patient so attentively, or carry out his orders so carefully, as Martha did.

But Mrs. White insisted that Martha was killing herself, that every day made a difference in her.

The doctor said that he could not see it.

"Perhaps not, but a mother's eyes are sharper than a doctor's."

As soon as the nurse was hired, Mrs. White proposed that Martha should live in the cottage at Linton, where the air was more bracing than in the valley. Mr. Wilson would not hear of such a thing; the young lady was quite well, and very useful in the sick-room. Martha saw plainly that her presence was always an annoyance to the invalid, she therefore avoided visiting her mother's room except during the periods of delirium. Hitherto, she had paid but little attention to the patient's ravings, but now she could not resist listening to them, and sometimes speculating on their meaning. They were almost unintelligible, and they would have been quite so, but for what the major had told her of Mrs. White's early life.

Martha was now much alone; often whole days would pass during which she neither left the house nor entered the invalid's room. Those lonely hours she passed in fancy with her lover in India. She felt less solitary when she thought of him; though in another quarter of the world, she seemed nearer to him than to her mother in the next room.

She wondered if he regretted her as much as she regretted him, and what he would say if he could see her now, not allowed to nurse the parent for whom she had sacrificed so much. Was the sacrifice to be for ever? Would he come home some day, and tell her he had made money enough, that she had been a good daughter, and he had been a good brother, and that now they might be happy? She would not mind anything, if only she could look forward to some day being his wife, when she was an old woman of fifty—sixty. Oh, she did not mind how long she had to wait, if only one day he would come! But she never regretted that she had remained with her mother; she could not have done otherwise and been worthy of him. And how many excuses there were for the poor old woman's temper: grief changes us so much—she herself had good cause to know that; and how bitter must have been her mother's sorrow; it was now eighteen years since husband, sister, and niece had died, and the mourner had never once spoken of them to Martha, yet always raved about them in her delirium.

Mrs. White must have had a wonderful constitution; the injuries or the fever alone would have been sufficient to kill most women of her age, but she battled through both. She would be a weak helpless cripple, but she would live.

Martha now discharged the nurse, and resumed her former duties in the sick-room. Mrs. White made no objection to her doing so, though she behaved to her in a very strange manner, sometimes expressing love, sometimes fear, sometimes dislike, and sometimes anxiety about her health.

"Are you sure that I shall live?" she asked one day. "The doctors often make a mistake, and I feel so weak. Don't let me die without knowing it. But—I have been a good mother to you, haven't I, Martha?"

"O yes, mamma. I know how much you have suffered. Major Reece told me."

"What did he tell you, child?"

"O mamma, I know you do not like to speak of that sad time. Forgive me, but I often think of it; it makes me a better daughter."

The old woman watched her silently for a while, and then said quietly: "Never speak of that again, either to me or to any one else. And now, give me my drink; I think I can sleep."

The patient had battled, through the fever, but it seemed doubtful whether she would rally from its effects. Her constitution had apparently exhausted its last strength in fighting with the disease. Mr. Wilson was afraid that he had been too hasty in promising life. "Has Mrs. White anything on her mind?" he asked.

"She suffered a sad loss, but it is now eighteen years ago."

"Oh, my dear Miss White, this would be a miserable world indeed if eighteen years' old sorrow could affect the health."

Martha made no answer.

"It appears to me that your mother dreads something. Your lawyer or your doctor has not a fair chance unless he knows everything."

"Poor mamma is very much afraid of dying."

"Item; that's bad. We must talk cheerfully to her."

The jolly little round man had never talked any other way to anybody in all his life. Martha did her best to imitate him, but the sick woman still continued weak and low-spirited.

One night Mrs. White was tossing on her bed, Martha lying quietly on a couch unable to sleep, when her mother called her. She was instantly by the bedside, and, even by the dim light of the night lamp, was scared at the expression of the sick woman's countenance.

"Turn the light away, Martha; I have something to say to you. But why do you look at me so? I'm no worse. Oh, I shall live; I'm not going to die. Does the doctor say I'm going to die?"

"Dear mamma, you will live, if you will only talk to me about your sorrow, nor keep it so much to yourself. It is brooding over that which prevents your getting well, and why should you not speak freely to your own child?"

"Ah! I have been a good mother to you. Who could have been a better mother than I have been?"

"Oh, no, no, poor mamma. You have been a better mother than I have been a child."

"Yes, that's true. You are the cause of all my illness. If I have done you a little wrong, you have repaid me a hundredfold; and you don't reproach yourself one bit for what you have done. And—I have always taken such care of you; your own—that is, no woman could have taken more care of you than I have done."

"Oh, dear mamma, pray, do not talk so; you will make yourself worse: see how excited you are becoming. Forgive me if I have ever seemed to blame you."

"Blame me! you are always blaming me. You don't speak, but you look. Do you think I can't see as well as hear? As if I hadn't always taken the greatest care of you; as if many a woman wouldn't have let you die in that fever, but I—I saved you—the doctor said that I did. I nursed you night and day, and only—I. The sufferer paused; her excitement increased."

Martha gazed earnestly at her, then taking her hand, and still looking fixedly on her face, said: "You have done me some wrong; you yourself have told me so. Now, be frank with me. You shall never hear, see, feel one single reproach from me. Your life, my forgiveness, perhaps God's, depend upon your confession. Oh, why should you conceal anything from your own child? Can a daughter be a hard judge of a widowed mother?"

"Ah; but if I am not your mother—if I am only your aunt—if your mother's money went first to you, and then to me—if it was my child, not Nelly's, who died in that fever—if I hadn't a penny in the whole world—if Nelly made me promise to be a mother to you—and if I couldn't stay with you unless I had money to live on—and—and—and what I have suffered has been enough for ten such little sins. There was that major—I endured when he came courting you—I felt sure he would have found it out, and that you would be much better without him. Oh, it's not all honey being married. I shouldn't have shut you up as I did, if I hadn't known I was able to provide for you—for I should have left you everything when I died—you can see the will—I made it years ago—the money is just as much as when I first had it—it's not one penny less—not one penny." Mrs. White sank back exhausted.

Martha hardly comprehended what she had heard; she stared stupidly at the bed. A low moaning groan from the invalid first recalled her to consciousness. Almost mechanically, guided by instinct rather than reason, she smoothed the sufferer's pillow, forced herself to think of the doctor's directions, administered a strong sleeping-draught, and darkened the room.

Mrs. White was soon asleep, and Martha lay down on her couch to reflect on what had occurred. It was only by degrees that she comprehended how much she had been

injured; it was not she alone who had been sacrificed, but her lover also. But now—and how her heart bounded with joy at the thought—now there was no just reason why he and she should not marry. She would go out to India—she would surprise him: how amazed, how delighted he would be to see her; and she laughed as she fancied first his astonishment, and then his joy. It never occurred to Martha that the major might be disappointed, instead of pleased at her unexpected appearance. Then she turned her thoughts to the poor wretch on the bed by her side, and her heart, made yet more generous by its great happiness, felt more pity for the sinner, than hatred of the sin. No need to expose the crime: the aunt might still pass as the mother, and still enjoy the money she had so dearly purchased. Only John should know the whole truth, and how her conscience had been deceived into giving the wrong verdict.

So, when the sick woman awoke, Martha seated herself by the side of the bed, and spoke words of pardon and hope; promised that the wrong should never be alluded to; that no disgrace should follow the confession; that all should be as though the sin had never been acknowledged, except that both would be so much happier, the one living married in India, the other in plenty and with an easy mind in England.

When the doctor called in the evening, he found his patient considerably better, but Martha looking a care-worn old woman, for the *Times* of that morning had contained a paragraph stating to whom Major Reece had been married.

Martha busied herself in the sick-room; her nature was too noble to take revenge on a suffering wretch. She never spoke of her faithless lover; her woman's pride taught her how to bear his desertion with dignity. But she knew that henceforth her life must be passed in seeking the happiness of others; there could no longer be any hope of her own.

An agent having sold their furniture, and let their apartment in Paris, they bought the little cottage at Linton, where the bracing air kept the invalid alive for some years. She was often cross, but sometimes penitent, and even kind and grateful to her niece. Martha's attention was unflinching, and her nature so affectionate and benevolent, that she not only forgave, but at last even learned to love her helpless enemy. When Mrs. White died, her only mourner was the woman she had so deeply injured. As Martha sat alone by the fire after the funeral, and thought of the desolate old age which would so surely be hers, tears rolled down her cheeks, more bitter than those often shed by a death-bed. But though hope was gone, courage still remained, and Martha resolved to pass the remaining years of her life in work, not useless regret. The old people of Linton liked to speak of their sorrows to sympathising Martha; the little children declared she was the best story-teller they had ever listened to; the parents were sure that her tales did more good than either school or punishment; the young folks felt no bashfulness in confiding their love-secrets to her; and the doctor and clergyman believed her to be the best nurse and peace-maker they had ever known.

Year after year passed on, and her most eventful days were those in which she read how her former lover had gained or lost a child, or how he had obtained promotion and honor. Her life seemed less dreary when she knew of his happiness; she felt their separation most keenly when she read of his sorrow.

One wet winter evening, she returned home, and found an old gentleman waiting in her parlor, whom—though it pained her much to confess as much—she did not at first recognize.

"Fifteen years ago we parted as friends, may we not meet again as such?"

"O John!"

"Go and take off your bonnet, and we will have a cup of tea together as we talk over old lang syne."

When Martha was alone in her room, she buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. What a fool she had been! The man whom she had all but worshipped, who had been ever invisibly present with her, even as a god, came to call on her as he would on an ordinary acquaintance, and alluded to their parting in a neat speech. But her good sense and strong love were not to be conquered by mortified vanity, and she had regained her composure before she returned to her visitor.

He sat some time, asking questions and listening to her account of what had occurred since they parted. Martha told him everything except Mrs. White's confession; on that she was silent, rather out of consideration for him than the deed. She longed, but did not dare to ask how life had passed with him; she looked earnestly at his face, and tried to guess from his lines if his marriage had been happy, and if his children were well.

He rose as if to go, but when she gave him her hand, held it tight. "Martha," he said, "when, fifteen years ago, I asked you to become my wife, I was neither so great nor so good a man as you fancied; but we loved each other sincerely. I should have made you a kind husband, you would have been a happy woman. You were a heroine when you refused to marry me; but I—I was a very ordinary, everyday man. Don't deceive yourself; don't fancy me better than I

am, Martha. Perhaps you buoyed yourself up with the hope, that duty being done, happiness would still remain; that was silly; we cannot give up and keep. When first I went to India, I meant to wait for you, but I was ordered to a very lonely station; I scarcely ever saw a European. I am a hero; I don't take my country's money and run away on the day of battle, but if I think the fight has been unnecessary, I grumble at a scratched finger. When I met Annie, I began to think that I might be writing to no purpose; that the old lady might outlive me; or you, Martha, might grow into such a plain old woman as I could not love. I never felt afraid that you would not have me, and do not be angry with me for my confidence; I relied on your constancy, not on my merit. Annie and I were very happy. During the thirteen years of my marriage, though I saw ways respected, I never regretted you. I saw you have a *Times* on the table, so probably you know of my poor children's deaths, but you do not of my wife's. She died at the birth of her last child, and the newspaper printed the baby's death instead of its mother's. When I discovered the mistake, it was no longer of any consequence; all my friends knew my real loss. Only one of my children died during its mother's life, the other two since her death. When I lost little Tommy, our doctor, who is an old friend, said to me: "My poor Reece, your children are too delicate to be reared by a man or a nurse, they want a mother's care." My wife had then been dead twelve months, and it was then that I first thought of you, Martha. I inquired how and where you were living, and when I heard, wondered if you would not be happier with an old friend, than all alone in the world. I came to see you—one who knows you so well as I do, can easily read your thoughts. You still love me; but are you sure that you do not think too highly of me to be happy as my wife? Would it not pain you to be daily reminded that your idol of gold is only brass? Could you bear to see half my love given to children who are not yours, and to feel that sometimes when your husband is present, his thoughts are by his first wife's grave? If you can bear all this, Martha—but not unless—then come, and save my children."

They were married a month after the above meeting.

As a party of three took their places at a table d'hôte, a shrewd observer remarked to the lady by his side: "I never saw those people, but I am sure that the old couple made a love-marriage in their teens, that they might claim the 'fitch of bacon' that the young man is their last-born, and has had a delicate childhood."

"Your last guess," replied the lady, "is the only lucky one. I chanced to be present at their marriage. Colonel Reece was a gray-haired widower; the bride was an old maid at least forty; and the young man, on whom she looked so fondly, is by the colonel's first wife, and considered to be very like his mother."

Statistics of the British Empire.

We copy the following from a correspondence in the *Philadelphia Press*:

The British Empire is now (January 1, 1863), the largest in the world, as regards territory, population, and riches.

Ten years since, Russia possessed more territory, though three-fourths may be said to be sterile, 8,256,397 square miles. England's possessions, in the four quarters of the world, were then 7,599,821, with a population of 161,665,098—Russia having 65,331,668, the Chinese Empire, the third largest in territory, being 5,000,000 square miles, with an estimated population of 250,000,000, some putting the number as high as 300,000,000, but it is supposed that the immense and other destructive wars, which have been raging in that Empire for many years, must have reduced the population at least one fifth, whilst England's possessions in British India are many hundreds of thousands of square miles, and the Indians now under English dominion number 150,000,000, are twenty-one distinct nations, speaking as many languages. Every known language is spoken in the British Empire and on which the sun never sets.

The kingdom of Greece, 13,214 square miles, has lately been offered to England by the unanimous votes of the Greeks themselves who have elected Prince Alfred as their monarch, but the crown has or will be declined by the English Government. To sum up, England has the largest empire, the largest population, the largest navy, the largest debt, the highest credit, and is by far the most wealthy—lending to all nations, whose banker she also is. Her statesmen, lawyers, merchants, bankers have the highest reputation in Europe and elsewhere. Some of the banks of London have over \$90,000,000 on deposit—her monetary transactions are on a stupendous scale; \$790,000 in silver have lately been exported to India alone, and at a late meeting in Lancashire over \$670,000 were subscribed in three hours for the relief of the poor usually employed in the cotton trade, the Earl of Derby giving \$25,000, to which, it is reported, he has since added \$25,000 more. England's public institutions are vast and magnificent, and literature, with the arts and sciences, are ever progressing with rapid strides. Notwithstanding the continuous tide of emigration to all parts of the globe, the population of the United Kingdom, according to the last census nearly reached that of the United States, England "proper," being about 4,300 square miles larger than Pennsylvania, but London alone contains a population as great, or nearly so, as the whole of the Keystone State. It is a curious fact that, though it is said to be almost always raining in London, the depth of rain on an average of ten years, is in Philadelphia exactly double that of London, the former being 45 inches, and the latter 22 inches. The vicinity west of Manchester is the only place in England where the depth of rain is equal to that of the "City of Brotherly Love."

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1863.

Union Festival.

The Union Festival which was held in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, for the benefit of our sick and disabled soldiers, was an entire success in every respect, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather. The Hall was very neatly decorated and evinced much taste on the part of the decorators. The tables were well supplied with fancy articles, engravings, &c. The ice cream and oyster rooms, were well patronized, and also the supper room. The audience were at intervals entertained with instrumental music by the Woburn Band, singing and speeches; all of which were highly relished. A neat poem, composed and read by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, and which pleased his hearers much, was, after its delivery, put up at auction and realized the sum of four dollars. A letter, full of patriotism, from Rev. John McCarty, was read, stating his inability to be present. We may say in this connection, that the Rev. gentleman had previously made a donation of ten dollars, in aid of the object of the Festival. Every one connected with the management of the Festival, deserves the highest praise for the manner in which the various matters connected with the affair were connected and carried out, resulting as they did so satisfactorily and successfully. We understand that a thousand admission tickets were sold, and that the net proceeds of the Festival will amount to \$500 or more.

A QUESTIONABLE PROCEEDING.—Our neighboring and usually decorous town of Stoneham was the scene, last Saturday, of a very unenviable transaction, the details of which are related by a correspondent in another column, and to which we do not now intend to refer, but to the policy of the deed. Lynch Law, not being a New England institution, is much out of place when made use of there, and is far better adapted to the state of society South of Mason & Dixon's line. The burning of "witches" in a New England village amid the superstitions of the sixteenth century, was more justifiable than was the "riding-on-a-rail" of a citizen in the town of Stoneham last Saturday; and we believe that if the people of Stoneham were allowed to live that day over again they would act differently. If this man Glines was a deceiver, he was amenable to the United States alone, and not to any particular body of citizens. In all communities where the majesty of the law is upheld in its purity, it gives greater satisfaction to submit whatever grievances we may have to its arbitrament, than it is to take the law in our own hands and administer it in an unjustifiable and doubtful manner. In short, there is no excuse whatever for lynch law when exercised in New England.

SHERIFF DEPARTMENT.—Charles Kimball Esq., Sheriff of Middlesex County, organized his Staff of Deputies, on Thursday of last week, for the ensuing term. No change was made except in the appointment of Jonathan Rice, of Marlboro', to fill a vacancy. The vacancy in Stoneham remains to be filled. On Tuesday last, Sheriff Kimball and his Deputies, partook of an excellent and sumptuous dinner, at Charlestown, and the inner man fared princely.

RETURNED SOLDIER.—Private Adam Plant, of Co. D, 12th Mass. Regt., of this town, has been discharged for disability, and has arrived home.

Sergeant Joshua Rundell, of this town, a member of Co. F, 22d Regt. Mass. Vols., who was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mills, has been discharged, and reached home.

Corporal William B. Smith, of Co. F, 22d Regt., of this town, who lost a thumb at the battle of Fredericksburg, has arrived home on furlough.

Private George W. Dean, of this town, a member of the 6th Mass. Battery, has been discharged on account of sickness, and has returned home.

Captain John P. Crane, of this town, of Co. F, 22d Regt., arrived home last evening, on a furlough of thirty days. Captain Crane has been an inmate of the hospital for some time past.

The following letter has been handed to us for publication:

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va.,
Jan. 14th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:—We still live in shelter tents, but we raise them by putting several logs together, and then stretch the tent over them, and build a chimney. We have obtained four new axes to a company and they are in constant use. We had a review on Jan. 5, by Gen. Burnside. It has heretofore been the forerunner of some movement, but it may not be so now. The time for the rainy season is close at hand and in a few weeks the roads may be impassable. Why the pleasant season has been thus allowed to pass by, I cannot tell. It is only the hope of yet seeing better days, and the surety that this is a just strife, that has hitherto sustained me. I feel that a God, who ruleth all things well, will at length bring good, yet abundant gain in return for such an awful conflict, with the loss of so many valuable lives and the ruin of many a once happy home.

New-Year's was a joyful day for our officers. They rode about intoxicated to a lamentable extent. One major rode along in such a state, that he was laughed at by some privates. He got off his horse and began to fight, but was knocked down, when he ran for the brigade headquarters. Our officers, with one exception, indulged in singing and shouts through the night, and next day required to be respected as sober and worthy men. Should the truth be told about certain men who got promoted through powerful influences, Massachusetts would sneer at them on their return; and return they will, for they do not advance far enough at a battle to get hit.

Yours, &c.,

JETERSONVILLE, Ind., Jan. 12, 1864.

Editor of Middlesex Journal.—I think that if the real character of the negro slave could be better understood by all the real friends of the Union, Constitution and whole country, the means for putting down rebellion would be far different; that instead of emancipation proclamations for freeing the negroes from work, we would have some way provided whereby the slaves of rebels which are captured by our armies could be used for the service of the army. I think that we have a right to their services like that of other captured property. If we capture the guns or horses of the rebels we use them to help put down rebellion, but not so with the slave; the moment he is captured he is set free, and freedom with the slave is freedom from work; the right of compelling him to work being past, he is of no future use to the army, but may idle around and take food and raiment as hundreds of thousands are now doing at the expense of the nation without any compensation therefor. Thus the administration by giving up the right to the services of near four millions of slaves of rebels has greatly weakened its legitimate powers to put down the rebellion, and given such hope and confidence to the rebels that our victorious army meets a determined foe at almost every point where we have sufficient force to attract their attention. About the time of the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, the writer was in Columbia, Tennessee, when our army had possession of the two great railroads leading from Nashville to the Tennessee river, and those from said river to the Mississippi river, and the people there, as well as such great speakers as ex-Gov. Neal Brown, said that secession was played out. But how is it now? tens, if not hundreds of thousands of Union lives have since been sacrificed by disease and implements of death in the hands of rebels, and now those great railroads are mostly in the hands of rebels. I was told by citizens of Nashville, who said they were the "best union men God ever made," that the act of emancipation in the District of Columbia, increased the rebel army two hundred thousand; and from what I learn, I should think that the proclamation of emancipation has or will increase it that number more; and when we consider that by it we are to lose the services of such a vast number of slaves (for by it they are free and cannot be compelled to work), it appears to me that the lives of thousands more of white Union men must be sacrificed before this accused rebellion can be put down. But I think that if a law could be legally passed and enforced to take one emancipated slave for the life of each Union white man who has been sacrificed in consequence of the war, and also all the slaves of rebels, and compel them all to work to put down rebellion, it would soon be crushed and show its hideous face no more. Respectfully, S. S. R.

PAPER FROM WOOD.—The Boston Journal was printed on Thursday last, on paper made from wood. The proprietors seemed much pleased with the result of the experiment. The paper made from this material presents so clear an appearance, that had we not been told of its substance we would not have known. It is refreshing in these days of high prices, to know that paper can be made from other substances than rags.

Two boxes, filled with a variety of things that will make the recipients think of home, were sent to our soldiers on Tuesday—one to the 32d and one to the 39th.

A Lady communicates to the *Harrisburg Union* the conclusion, resulting from long investigation, that diphtheria is mainly caused by the want of a sufficient quantity of common salt in ordinary diet.

PROMOTION.—Corporal Dudley Nason, of Co. F, 22d Regiment, of this town, has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

The absurdity of the so-called spirit photographs (of deceased persons) was satisfactorily exposed at a late meeting of the New York Photographic Society.

Gen. Tom Thumb and Miss Lavinia Warren (the female lilliputian) are to be married on Tuesday, Feb. 16.

The Tax Law—What it Requires.

The following convenient summary of the Tax law is given in Thompson's *Reporter*:—Bankers (not incorporated banks) pay a license of \$100. Bankers receive deposits, discount, and pay checks and drafts.

Brokers pay a license of \$50. Brokers buy and sell specie, uncurrent money, stocks and exchange.

Banks that do any brokerage business as defined above, must take out a broker's license, \$50.

Land warrant dealers must pay a license of \$25.

Bond and Mortgage.—Stamps are required for each instrument; one for the bond and one for the mortgage.

Income Tax.—This tax is to be paid on the income of the year commencing January 1, 1862, so that on the evening of the 31st of December, everybody should have a clear record of their income gains or profits for the year. And as many sources of income, such as dividends and railroad bonds and stock, insurance stock, savings bank interest, &c., (they having already paid the income tax), are not again taxed, it therefore becomes necessary to have a clear record of the sources of income, that there may be no dispute with the assessor.

The income tax for the year 1862 is payable on the 1st of May, 1863.

A man in business must make up the net profits of his business for the year, and pay the tax on the amount, less \$600.

A man may, outside of his business, spend all end even more than his profits in business; nevertheless he must pay tax on all net business profits except the \$600. And so with a salary; all over \$600 must be taxed, though personal or family expenses consume it all.

Checks, drafts, and orders for money, whether at sight or on time, if for sums of \$20 or under, are not required to be stamped.

Notes of hand, due bills, &c., if for sums of \$20 or under, are not required to be stamped.

Certificates of deposit, for any amount, require stamps; 2 cents for \$100 and under; 5 cents for all over \$100.

All checks and sight drafts for sums over \$20, require only 2 cents for any amount.

Time drafts and notes require stamps in proportion to the amount; 5 cents and upward.

Foreign drafts, if single or solo, whether at sight or on time, are on the same scale as inland time drafts and notes of hand; but if drawn in sets, the first, second and third must each be stamped according to the scale of foreign bills in sets: 3 cents and upward.

The payer is required to stamp bills made abroad at the time of accepting, if on time; and at the time of paying, if at sight.

The party attaching or first using the stamp, is required to cancel it, by putting his initials and the date upon it. The penalty for not doing so is \$50; but in case the maker of the instrument omits to cancel the stamps, the party receiving it, or the payer, may cancel it. This, however, will not relieve the maker from the penalty.

After naming a few "certificates," such as shares of stock, deposits, &c., the law says, certificates of any other description than those specified, ten cents."

A great many papers in common use will be necessarily changed in form, from a certificate to an assertion of fact. A thousand dodges to avoid the tax will be adopted; but, as a general thing, good business-men will pay the tax on their money transactions rather than trust to a dodge that may or may not stand in law.

FASHIONABLE INNOVATIONS.—ALARMING DEMONSTRATIONS AMONG THE LADIES. For some time past, says the New York Post, there has been an evident inclination among the ladies of fashion to revive the absurdities or dress of olden times, at any expense of comfort and beauty. The "sky-scraper" bonnets have assumed proportions of singular extent and inconvenient shape. The dressing of bonnets is becoming a study of no ordinary complications. White ostrich feathers are the prevailing ornament for the bonnet, and have a very pretty effect. Immense bows of white muslin are also coming in vogue. They are worn at the throat, and are ingeniously constructed so as to cover the breast, being furnished with wide tape which depend from the bows at lengths to suit the wearer. These bows are eminently suggestive of mourning garbs, and thus our young ladies are assuming the appearance of those dangerous creatures, "widows," for which see the warnings of Mr. Samivel Weller, Senior.

But far beyond crinolines, beyond "pages" beyond "sky-scraper," and beyond "widows" bows, looms up a new horror. It may be literally said that "horrors on horrors" head accumulate. A number of the leading fashionable ladies of this city have decided to revive the obsolete custom of powdering the head and have appeared at several parties and social gatherings with hair done up in old style, and then thickly bedusted with powder. Of course, by this process of application all the heads approximate a similar hue. Red hair becomes like snow—"though thy hair be as scarlet, it shall be as wool." Black hair becomes a dirty whitish gray. And after the evening is over often a whole hour is occupied in washing the hair, and freeing it from its powdery guise. The days of askecloth and ashes seem to have been revived.

We understand that the innovation has elicited no little opposition, but that the ladies who have the matter in hand—or rather, on head—are determined to carry it out. It is probable that if successful they will follow it up with those disgusting "beauty patches" once in vogue. After that the ladies will, perhaps, demand that the gentlemen wear ruffles, red coats, swords and curled wigs. We sound the now of alarm.

BILLHEADS.—We are ready to furnish business men, either in Woburn or adjoining towns, with billheads in any style and quantity.

State of Society in Richmond.

We copy the following satiric article from the *Richmond Examiner* of the 9th inst. Certainly the Confederate Capital must be a delectable place of abode, especially to the F. V.'s, and cannot be far behind the national capital in some, though few respects.

On the habitable globe there is no place so delightful as the Capitol of the Southern Confederacy. For a permanent residence, it will compare with the cities of Arabian romance. HARBOUR ALAUGHTIN would go mad with joy if he could become a citizen of Richmond. A six months residence in one of our hotels or boarding houses, would afford SCHREIBERAZADE material for a story that would keep the Sultan awake for the remainder of his natural life, even supposing that life to be prolonged beyond the brief days of MITHUSALAH, or more extended years of the gods of Hindostan. There are people of rude tastes who talk eloquently of the great Capitols of Europe. There are men who love to live even in Paris. Human nature is very strange. But persons of refinement and of culture, the world over, could they only be apprized of its incomparable attractions, would fly with the speed of ravenous eagles to Richmond, as the most desirable residence perhaps in the whole Universe.

We speak calmly, for we desire to excite no anticipation that cannot be superabundantly realized. Consider the innumerable delectations of this Metropolis. It is the seat of the Confederate Government. So careful has the President been in the selection of his associates, that there is not a member of his Cabinet who is not profoundly versed in the sciences and in ancient languages, while many of them speak Coptic familiarly. The lowest messenger in the most obscure Department has history at his fingers' ends and the philosophy of abstraction in the palm of his hand. A purity of life, a dignity of manner, an elegance in conversation, a depth of thought and an urbanity of disposition, mark each and every member of the Administration and all of their subordinates, to a degree which has never been approached in the annals of political society, and which renders an acquaintance with them a happiness almost unspeakable. Free and cordial association with nature's so lofty and so endowed cannot fail to ennoble all who come in contact with them. It is enough to move one to tears to think of the unapproachable supremacy of the morals and manners of Richmond in the great future which awaits us.

But it is not in high official circles only that the delights of Richmond life and society are to be found. The affable, rapid and concerted race of F. V.'s has been submerged under an inundation of fresh adventurous spirits from all parts of the Confederacy and elsewhere. The fantastical days of the WICKHAMS, GAMBLETS, RANDOLPHS, LEIGHS, and WINTHS have passed away forever; we rejoice in a new era and a miscellaneous population, troubled with none of the ridiculous airs of the so-called gentry.

The olden times have passed away, and glorious are the new.

Here is the sweet Baltimore plug, adorning the corners of our principal thoroughfares. Here are the useful and industrious *exquisite* of the Departments at Washington.—The new man, the garrotter, is here; though we see him not, save in the prints of his fingers on the throats of unarmed citizens. In the palatial stores on Main street, once inhabited by Yankees devoted to the Union, we find brawny Italians vending apples at half a dollar a piece, and nondescript Southerners selling minute plugs of wretched tobacco at twenty-five cents. Stout Marylanders occupy rooms on the cross streets, and there throw away blockade boots and shoes with reckless liberality. Able-bodied refugees, from God knows where, swarm in our collars and abandon themselves with a noble self-approbation to the traffic in putrid oysters mixed with mean whiskey. Substitute agents follow their unremunerative vocation in nameless places; extortioners roll in the wealth accumulated from everything that the earth produces or the hand of man can fashion; bawds, arrayed in the silks of Tyre and Sidon and in the jewels of Samaraund, illumine and perfume our sidewalks; gamblers erect their sumptuous towers on every hand, whilst, as if to crown this splendid concentration of social ornaments, the verminous deserter parades his rags in ostentatious defiance alike of civil and of military authority.

The variety of our people is not their only charm. We are told that the worn out race which once inhabited this city were distinguished for their gentle manners. No such efficiency characterizes the lusty and enterprising population of the new era. The spirit of freedom is broadly manifest in them. It is beautifully exemplified in the Italian fruit-corer, who with difficulty refrains from kicking you out of doors if you refuse to pay him a dollar an ounce for his peanuts. The small tailor, suddenly becomes rich, as speechless with dignity in the contemptible operation of mending your clothes. The cobbler, once too happy to half-sole your shoes, scowls at you furiously if you approach him on any such mission, now that leather is worth its weight in gold. The saddler, the gas-fitter, the grocer, the tallow-chandler, the merchants in coal and in wood—in fact, all who have sought to sell, indulge the insolence of pecuniary independence to a degree which makes intercourse with them infinitely exhilarating. The entire absence of obsequiousness on the part of our modern shop-keepers is one of the most encouraging features of the new times in this Confederation.

An exceedingly low estimate of the fascinations of the life in Richmond would be formed if the account should not include the nominal prices of provisions, the astounding healthfulness of the air, and the abundance of the precious metals. Space does not permit us to dwell at length upon these engaging features of Richmond existence during the Second War for Independence. When a poor man is compelled to buy off of opulent millers at a price which would stagger a millionaire, and when beef at sixty or eighty

cents the pound, removes every mole in the jaw of a man's head and reduces his blue-jaw to the circumference of a cambric needle, (if he have the hardihood to attempt to chew,) every candid mind must confess that the journalist, who is generally presumed to be indignant, has little scope for the exercise of his powers beyond the mere recording of the markets and the latest sales at auction. The eloquence of bare quotations transcends the abilities of any editor, however gifted, and throws him at once into that vast herd, whose empty stomachs are an ample excuse for their gaping astonishment at the unprecedented altitude in the charges for the commonest necessities of life. And if it were possible for the half-nourished, body to withstand the encroachment of disease, it would be a consolation to the citizens of Richmond to know that he dwells in a perfect storehouse of maladies, and may take his pick at any hour of the day or night of the deadliest calamities that afflict the human frame. To be the prey of the most lingering and loathsome contagions, is surely not altogether desirable, but, amidst his acutest agonies, cannot find abundant solace in the reflection, that he can pay his incompetent doctor in shillings, and that when he dies, as he certainly will, he will be buried in the suburbs of Richmond among a countless throng of one-legged soldiers, courtesans, garroters and blacklegs.

Extracts from Southern Papers.

THE SITUATION IN THE WEST.—The *Petersburg Express* has conversed with a gentleman direct from Vicksburg. He says that our troops there are in excellent spirits, and the generals commanding feel fully competent to repel any attack of the enemy by land or water.

Several trains of Yankee prisoners were passed captured at Murfreesboro', en route for Vicksburg. They have been paroled, but not exchanged. Parties who participated in the fights near Murfreesboro', say that our army retired to Tullahoma in perfect order, and brought with them everything of value. All the prisoners, cannon and small arms captured, were brought safely away. The prisoners taken say that the slaughter in the Abolition army was perfectly appalling, and nothing approaching it has been witnessed since the war commenced. Rosecrans has received a blow from which he will not recover in six months.

General BRAGG left Murfreesboro' because the whole country had been exhausted of everything that could contribute to the support of man and beast. At Tullahoma he has ample supplies, the best of water, and the topography of the country is more favourable to successful defence than almost any other locality in Middle Tennessee. Our army is in excellent spirits, heavy reinforcements are daily arriving, and it may strike another blow much sooner than is now anticipated.

TULLAHOMA—BRAGG'S POSITION.—It is a matter now of public interest to know the position of Tullahoma, to which place General BRAGG has fallen back with his army. Tullahoma is in Coffee county, Tennessee, situated on Rock creek, and offers admirable means of defence. It is 71 miles from Nashville, and 32 from Murfreesboro', and lies immediately on the Nashville, and Chattanooga railroad, where it is intersected by the McMinnville and Manchester road. As a base of operations and as a position of defence, we understand that the place offers great advantages.

OYSTERS are beginning to come into the market in small quantities again, but the supply is considerably below the demand. The price has also advanced to one dollar per dozen raw.

A TROJAN HORSE.—General Sumner dispatched twenty-dracoons on a foraging expedition to Falmouth. They had not proceeded beyond our lines, when a guerilla band captured both wagons and teamsters. As soon as word came to headquarters of the division Gen. Sumner ordered ten wagons to be filled with armed soldiers, and to proceed to the same place where the rebels had carried off their booty and to lie concealed in the bottom of the wagons. The ruse was successful.

The guerillas, some forty in number, came upon the party dismounted, and proceeded to capture, as they supposed, a great supply of horses and wagons, when our soldiers, concealed as in the Trojan horse, came out and captured every rebel and his horse, and soon returned to camp with the enemy, and a few prisoners, horse and wagon, which had a few hours before been taken from us. The incident created quite an amusing sensation.

A HEAVY TAX.—One of the severest demands of the new tax law is that requiring a ten cent stamp on every ticket for the sale of wood, coal, hay, lumber, &c., &c. When we remember that these are all articles of necessity and always purchased by the poor in small quantities, often a quarter of a ton of coal, and a foot of wood, the tax becomes onerous in the extreme. And yet the law is rigid and its officers must do their duty. The only probability of relief lies in a change of the law. And the sooner a numerously signed petition got up from those who have to pay this little, but proportionally heavy tax, the better. The farmer can bring in for sale all the products of his farm except wood, without a license and without a stamp. Is the distinction founded in justice?

WE ASSENT IT BOLDLY.—There are no other Medicines so reliable, effectual and convenient as HOLLWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT, always ready for use. They are invaluable to the Soldier exposed to Wounds, Sores, Fevers and Bowel Complaints. They never fail. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot. 229

Gen. McClellan will be in Boston in the early part of next week.

PERSONAL.—Secretary Chase will arrive in Boston to day.

CONSOLIDATION OF REGIMENTS AND COMPANIES.—Senator Wilson's bill to authorize the consolidation of regiments and companies provides as follows:—

When the numerical force of any two regiments of volunteers, or of militia of the State arm, from the same State, in the service of the United States, shall be less than the maximum prescribed by law for one such regiment the President may direct the consolidation of these two regiments.

From the two regiments thus consolidated shall be selected, by the president, the officer of the new regiments, such selection being made on the recommendation of a board of examiners to be appointed for that purpose, and the remaining officers shall be mustered out of service. The consolidated regiment so formed shall retain the numbers or designations of the two constituent regiments, and the regimental colors. When a single regiment of volunteers or of militia of the same arm, from the same State, is reduced to one-half the maximum prescribed by law, the President may direct the consolidation of the companies of such regiments, provided that no company or battery so formed shall exceed the maximum prescribed by law. When such consolidation is made, the regimental officers shall be reduced in proportion to the reduction in the number of companies or batteries, and the regimental and company officers of the new organization shall be selected as heretofore prescribed, and the remainder mustered out of service.

In contrast to this bill we find the following in the *Boston Herald*, written by its correspondent with Gen. Burnside's army:—Some of the smallest regiments are probably the 1st Delaware, 4th Ohio, 5th New Hampshire, 65d Pennsylvania, and 19th Massachusetts. But small as they are, there is not a man in them who would not greatly prefer fighting under their old numbers than to fight under new organizations. By all the boys there, as well as in other old regiments, consolidation is regarded as a great wrong if their glorious identity is to be obliterated. They would like to fight—if they must—under their old banners, but the colors which have waved on many bloody fields can never be unfurled again to carry into action, and have been or are about to be replaced by new colors, under which they hope to march to win new victories and to achieve new glories. To lose the honorable name which the soldier has won, as in the gallant 5th or the glorious 10th, is to be deprived of the noble incentives which actuate the veteran soldier.

A correspondent of the *Herald* states that private letters have been received from England, announcing that there are now at sea 40 vessels that have been fitted out and loaded in British ports, with a view to break the blockade of the Southern ports. These vessels are laden with arms, ammunition, clothing, shoes, medicines, &c. It is also stated, that a large amount of Confederate bonds secured by a pledge of cotton at 7 cts. a pound, has been sold in England at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound sterling, and that by these sales \$7,500,000 sterling, have been realized by the Confederate Government.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent would acknowledge in the first place, that he has neglected attending to the duty of furnishing local items from this vicinity for your paper, so long that the matter now taken up again seems very much like a new business. The little events that occur in our small democracies, called towns, in these exciting times, are sometimes significant and important. To the future historian they will prove valuable because they will show how the current of popular feeling flows.

As the "immortal Daniel" once said: "We live in a most extraordinary age." An event has recently happened, or been made to happen, in our quiet, retired village which is rather above the ordinary course of our undisturbed life. I refer of course to the "riding on a rail." The name of the rider, as I have it from Madame Rumor, is Glines—Orison Glines—

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XII: : No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

Old Folks.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May!

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow!

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

Select Literature.

THE PERILS OF AN EARLDOM.

I arrived at Paris a perfect stranger, and took lodgings at Maurice's famous English hotel. Having been shown to my apartments, and made some change in my toilet, I went out for a short stroll in that great and magnificent city—that heart, as it were of the world. I had some letters of introduction, but, as I had not yet presented them, I believed myself wholly unknown to a living soul in that metropolis—except, it might be, to the officers who had read my passport at the gates, and the clerk who had seen me register my name—and that either should have fixed that name in their recollection was something that my modesty had not permitted me to taken into consideration.

Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I had gone but a few steps from Maurice's 42 Rue de Rivoli, toward the beautiful palace gardens nearly opposite, to hear myself addressed as follows:

"Will Monsieur Henry Neville have the kindness to answer me a few important questions?"

I turned to the speaker, and saw at a glance he was a total stranger to me—that I had never, to my knowledge, looked upon his face before. He was a middle-aged man, of rather prepossessing appearance, with gray hair, eyebrows, and moustaches, and was dressed as a plain substantial farmer.

"I will do myself the pleasure to oblige you," I replied in a polite and courteous tone. "Permit me first to remark, however, that you have a little the advantage of me, in that you already know my name."

"Monsieur will please know me as Eugene St. Medard."

"Did you ever meet me before?"

"It is Monsieur that has now become the questioner," rejoined the Frenchman with a peculiar smile, and a kind of a formal bow, half dignified, half polite, as if the questions were only to come from his side.

Somehow I felt a trifle vexed and nettled at the look and tone, and remarked, a little coldly:

"I take it for granted one has the same right to interrogate as the other."

The features of the stranger grew grave, as one who feels a little annoyed, and his reply was impressive, without being exactly stern.

"If Monsieur will be kind enough to waive his right in this instance, it may save us both time and trouble."

I scarcely know why—perhaps something in the look, tone and manner—but the idea now suddenly occurred to me that I was speaking to a man in authority—and I said respectfully:

"Proceed, Monsieur St. Medard."

"Thank you, Monsieur. You are an Englishman?"

"I am."

"You are distantly related to the Earl of Malvern?"

"So distantly, that his lordship could never get near enough to know our family," I replied, pleasantly, not a little surprised that a French stranger should know so much about me, and wondering all the while to what result his questions might be tending.

"You are an only child?"

"Yes."

"Your parents are dead?"

"Yes."

"You were left a small inheritance, which you have lately converted into money and brought with you, thinking it not unlikely you might take a fancy to settle on the continent?"

"All true, Monsieur; but your knowledge of me and my private affairs astonishes me."

"Let that pass. The family of his lordship, the Earl of Malvern, has been unfortunately—no near of kin remain to him."

"Two profligate sons of a deceased sister are the nearest, I believe."

"They are both dead, Monsieur."

"Dead!" exclaimed I, with a start, for this was news to me.

"One died of heart disease in Germany—the other was stabbed to death in Rome."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"Good heavens! this astonishes me still more! I had not heard of this."

"I know it."

"It seems to me you know everything," said I with a stare of wonder.

Monsieur St. Medard smiled and continued:

"You are now the heir presumptive, Monsieur?"

"If what you tell me is true, I am!" exclaimed I, almost startled at the thought of being so near an earldom—for the then lord was old and feeble, and might drop off at any minute.

"Do you know who is next of kin after yourself, Monsieur?" inquired my strange interrogator.

"I think I have heard it is one William Byerly."

"Right. Do you know him?"

"Something by report."

"Personal?"

"No."

"Did report speak favorably of him?"

"I am sorry to say it did not."

"From what you heard, do you consider him an honest man?"

"I do not."

"As you alone now stand between him and an earldom, after the death of the present lord, would you consider your life safe in his hands?"

"Before I answer this question, will you permit me to ask some two or three?"

"Proceed, Monsieur."

"Are you William Byerly?"

"No."

"Are you related to him?"

"No."

"Are you a friend of his?"

"No."

"Do you intend to use my reply in a legal way?"

"No."

"Is your object in these questions friendly to me?"

"Yes."

"Then I will venture to say, that I should not like, under present circumstances, to trust my life in the hands of William Byerly, provided there were a single chance of his escaping detection in case of wilful murder."

"Very well. May I now proceed?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You will please answer to each statement of mine as if a question were directly put. On your way to Dover a fellow traveler made your acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"You first saw him at Tunbridge?"

"Yes."

"You first noticed him while you were taking some refreshments at a restaurant?"

"Yes."

"He came up alongside of you, having a carpet-bag in his hand, and made some commonplace remark about the weather?"

"Yes."

"I continued to answer, getting more and more astonished every minute. What could it all mean? Had every action of my life been noted? and for what purpose? My strange interrogator proceeded:

"This stranger was dressed in a blue coat, with bright metal buttons, nankeen trousers, a buff vest, a parti-colored neckerchief, a white hat, and black boots?"

"Yes."

"He had reddish hair, reddish whiskers, a florid complexion, and wore a green patch over his left eye?"

"Yes."

"After some commonplace remarks, he ventured to ask you which way you were travelling?"

"Yes."

"You replied you were going to Paris?"

"Yes."

"He was delighted to hear it, because he was going there also, and it was very pleasant, in a foreign country, to have a travelling companion from one's native land?"

"Yes."

"On the whole, he made so favorable an impression upon your unsuspicious mind, that you were quite pleased to have his company?"

"Yes."

"On your way to Dover he gave you some account of his past life—of his trials, struggles, disappointments, and successes?"

"Yes."

"He was an inventor—a man of genius, who had lived to benefit mankind and himself?"

"England owed much to him, and so did France, and so, in fact, did the whole world?"

"His statements were to that effect."

"Very well, Monsieur, as I have shown you that I know the nature of your conversation, it is not necessary that I weary you with detail. This man, the inventor, was going to Paris to take out a patent for a new motive power—one that was destined to revolutionize the world. He was sorry he could not show it to you then; but until his papers should be filed in the proper department, he could not trust his own father with the secret."

"All correct, Monsieur."

Now, most unfortunately, as it appeared on reaching Dover, where you were to take the regular steam packet for Calais, your new acquaintance, in some way unknown to you, received the startling intelligence that his father was lying at the point of death, which would require him to post to London immediately; and would you, in whom he had every confidence, do him the favor to take

charge of a small box, containing some important papers, and, on your arrival in Paris, open it, and deliver them to their proper address?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said I, becoming most interested.

"Curiosity, Monsieur," continued the Frenchman, "is not one of your failings. I am happy to say, or you might not now be living to hear what I have to reveal."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated I—"what is coming now?"

"That same box, Monsieur, is an infernal machine, intended to destroy your life the moment you opened it!"

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, with a thrill of horror—"can this be possible?"

"I will prove it to you. Get it and come with me before a Commissary of Police!"

"Pray, Monsieur, who are you?"

"A secret agent of police."

I hastened to get the box, handling it with great care, and together we proceeded to the nearest Commissary, when, with my permission, it was split open, and lo! to my astonishment and horrified gaze was revealed a row of small loaded pistols, so arranged that had I unlocked and opened the box in an ordinary way, they would have been discharged into my body.

On my subsequently asking for an explanation concerning this mysterious affair—how so much connected with myself and others had become known to the police of a foreign city—I was gravely, but politely, answered:

"It is not allowed us, Monsieur, to reveal our sources of information. We are happy to have thwarted the plans of a villain, and saved your life."

I never knew who that villain was, though I always suspected Byerly of having a hand in it. I do not know that my life was ever again attempted, but certain it is that I never again permitted intimacy from an unknown stranger.

On my accession to the title and estates, which occurred the following year, I did not forget to reward Eugene St. Medard, alias Henri Pouget, Secret Agent of Police, as I thought he deserved to be rewarded for the preservation of my life, and to this day I have not ceased to wonder over the perfection of the French system of police.

With the exception of substituting fictitious names for real ones, the foregoing may be regarded as the authentic narrative of an English nobleman to an American friend.

WHOLESALE MARRYING.—When the crop is abundant, and the channel open between the cotton-fields of the South and the cotton-mills of Lancashire, or between the great wool fields of Australia and the woolen-mills of West Yorkshire, the curates in the great parish churches of Leeds and Manchester are distracted, at the holidays, by the rush of weddings. I have seen, I suppose, forty couples wedded by a sort of wholesale process, in the parish church in Leeds, and it was a very curious and pleasing sight to see.

And there is a legend of a clergyman, in what is now the cathedral of Manchester, who had so many weddings on Easter Sunday—was, in fact, so hurried and badgered by weddings—that when he had married one great company in exceeding haste, after a while a number came filling back, with very blank faces, and said, "Please, Sir, we've gotten' wrong lassies. We were wed stannin' all about." To which the old gentleman replied, with great asperity, "I cannot help that. You should have sorted yourselves before you came; now you must sort yourselves as you go home."—Rev. R. Collyer.

THE VICINITIES OF AN AUTHORESS.—It appears that Miss Braddon, the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," first took a liking to music, tried it, and was pronounced a failure; then essayed a small part on the stage, ditto, ditto; and finally collapsed into pen and ink, and with great difficulty got a small sketch, called "The Artist's Story," passed for the Welcome Guest.

Subsequently she undertook to divulge "Lady Audley's Secret," and was so successful in attracting the public attention, that she now takes her place beside George Eliot and the authoress of "East Lynne." Any publisher will give her two thousand pounds to write a book, and—not too fine a point on it—her fortune's made.

From the time when Milton got five pounds for "Paradise Lost," down to the success of "Lady Audley's Secret," publishers have been wretchedly slow to detect genius. We know how "Waverley" was rejected, buried for years in a trunk, and how eventually it hung fire; how Byron was condemned by Brougham and Jeffrey, and how Dickens had to implore old Black, as a favor, to admit his "Sketches by Boz" into the Evening Chronicle. We have read Currier Bell's own tale about the rejection of "Jane Eyre," by scores of wise-aces; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe has recorded the snubbings which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had to undergo before any one could be got to print it.

Thackeray once thought of burning "Vanity Fair;" and now we have Miss Braddon, who was pronounced a failure by everybody, and in everything, bursting out upon the town like a meteor.

THE RING-LEADERS OF THE WORLD.—The young ladies who lead their lovers on by hopes of marriage.

What creatures may be said to live on their relations?—Why, the aunt-caters to be sure!

Running an Engine in the Rebel Service.

The engineer, Charles Little, refused to run the train on during the night, as he was not well acquainted with the road and thought it dangerous. In addition, the head-light of the locomotive being out of order, and the oil frozen, he could not make it burn, and he could not possibly run without it. Col. Williams grew angry, probably suspecting him of Union sentiments, and of wishing to delay the train, cursed him rather roundly, and at length told him he should run it under guard adding to the guard already on the engine.

"If any accident occurs shoot the cursed Yankee." Little was a Northern man. Upon the threat thus enforced, the engineer seemed to yield, and prepared to start the train. As if having forgotten an important matter, he said hastily, "Oh, I must have some oil," and stepping off the locomotive, walked toward the engine-house. When he was about twenty yards from the cars, the guard thought of their duty, and one of them followed Little and called upon him to halt; but in a moment he was behind the machine shop, and off in the dense woods, in the deepest darkness. The commotion soon brought the Colonel and a crowd, and while they were cursing each other all around, the fireman and most of the brakemen slipped off, and here we were with no means of getting ahead. All this time I had stood on the engine, rather enjoying the melee, but taking no part in it, when Col. Williams turning to me said:

"Cannot you run the engine?"

I replied "No, sir."

"You have been on it as we came down."

"Yes, sir, as amateur of curiosity."

"Don't you know how to start and stop her?"

"Yes, that is easy enough; but if any thing should go wrong, I could not adjust it."

"No difference, no difference, sir, I must be at Bowling Green to-morrow, and you must put us through."

I looked him in the eye, and said calmly, "Colonel Williams, I cannot voluntarily take the responsibility of managing a train with a thousand men on board, nor will I be forced to do it under a guard who know nothing about an engine, and who would be as likely to shoot me for doing my duty as failing to do it; but if you will find among the men a fireman, and send away this guard, and come yourself on the locomotive, I will do the best I can."

And now commenced my apprenticeship to running a Secession railroad train with a rebel regiment on board. The engine behaved admirably, and I began to feel quite safe, for she obeyed every command I gave her, as if she acknowledged me her rightful lord.

I could not but be startled at the position in which I was placed, holding in my hand the lives of more than a thousand men, running a train of twenty-five cars over a road I had never seen, running without a head-light and the road so dark that I could only see a rod or so ahead, and, to crown all, knowing almost nothing about the business. Of course I ran slowly, about ten miles an hour, and never took my hand off the throttle, or my eye from the road. The Colonel at length grew confident, and almost confidential, and did most of the talking, for I had no time for conversation. When he had run about thirty miles, and everything was going well, Col. Williams concluded to walk back on top of the box-cars, to a passenger car, which was attached to the rear of the train, and occupied by the officers.

This somewhat hazardous move he commenced just as we struck a stretch of trestle-work which carried the road over a gorge of some fifty feet deep. As the locomotive reached the end of the trestlework the grade rose a little, and I could see through or in a deep cut, which the road ran into, an obstruction. What it was, or how far ahead, I had almost no conception; but quick as thought—and thought is as quick as lightning in such circumstances—I whistled for the brakes, shut off the steam, and awaited the collision. I would have reversed the engine, but a fear that a reversal of its action would crowd up the cars on the trestlework and throw them into the gorge below, forbade; nor was there wisdom in jumping off, as the steep embankment on either side would prevent escape from the wreck of the cars when the collision came. All this was decided in an instant of time, and I calmly awaited the shock which I saw was inevitable. Though the speed, which was very moderate before, was considerably diminished in the fifty yards between the obstacle and the head of the train, I saw that we would certainly run into the rear of another train, which was the obstruction I had seen.

The first car struck was loaded with hay and grain. My engine literally split it in two, throwing the hay right and left, and scattering the grain like chaff. The next car, loaded with horses, was in like manner torn to pieces, and the horses piled upon the sides of the road. The third car, loaded with tents and camp equipage, seemed to present greater resistance, as the locomotive only reached it, and came to a stand still.

My emotions during these moments were most peculiar. I watched the remorseless pressure of the engine with almost admiration. It appeared to be deliberate, and resolute, and insatiable. The shock was not

great, the advance seemed very slow, but it plowed on through car after car with a steady and determined course which suggested at that critical moment a vast and resistless living agent. When motion ceased I knew my time of trial was near; for if Col. Williams had not been thrown from the top of the cars into the gorge below, he would soon be forward to execute his threat—to shoot me if any accident occurred. I stepped out of the cab on the railing running along the smoke-house so as to be out of view to any one coming forward the engine, and yet to have him in the full light of the lantern which hung in the cab.

Exactly as I had surmised—for I had seen a specimen of his fierce temper and recklessness—he came stamping and cursing; and jumping from the car on the tender, drew a pistol, and cried out, "Where is that cursed engineer, that did the pretty job? I'll shoot him the minute I lay my eyes upon him."

I threw up my six-shooter so that the light of the lantern shone upon it, while he could see me but indistinctly, if at all, and said with deliberation, "Colonel Williams, if you raise your pistol, you are a dead man; don't stir but listen to me. I have done just what any man must have done under the circumstances. I stopped the train as soon as possible, and I'll convince you of it if you are a reasonable man; but not another word of shooting or you go down."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," he cried.

"Put up your pistol and so will I," I replied.

He did so and came forward, and I explained the impossibility of seeing the train sooner, as I had no head light; and they had carelessly neglected to leave a light on the rear of the other train. I advised the choleric Colonel to go forward and expend his wrath on the conductor of the forward train, that had stopped in such a place, and set no signal-man in the rear, nor even left a red light. He acknowledged that I was right. I then informed him that I was an officer in the Ordnance Department, and was in charge of a shipment of ammunition for Bowling Green, and would have him court-martialed for the threats he had made. This information had a calming effect on the Colonel, who at heart was really a clever fellow.—From "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army."

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The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
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Every kind of JOB PRINTING done short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1863.

Excise Tax Statistics of Woburn.

We have been furnished, by the Assessor for Woburn and Winchester under the United States Excise Law, with the following statistics of Woburn, for the months of September, October and November:—

The total value of Boots and Shoes manufactured by fourteen manufacturers, was \$16,454.43, and on which a tax of three per cent was collected, amounting to \$1393.93.

Amount of Curried Leather manufactured by eleven manufacturers, was \$79,390 pounds, on which a tax of one cent per pound was levied, amounting to \$793.90. Amount of Enamelled Leather, 169,926 feet; tax—five mills per foot, amounting to \$849.73.—Of Damaged Leather, 4983 pounds; tax—five mills, amounting to \$24.91.

Nineteen Butchers were taxed for slaughtering 589 cattle, at thirty cents each, amounting to \$176.70. Thirteen calves were slaughtered,—tax, five cents each.

Several persons pay a tax of \$35.59. The whole tax paid by the above for three months, amounts to \$2652.22. Add to which \$1720.90 paid for Licenses, and we have the sum of \$4373.12, paid by the Town to ward carrying on the war.

The largest tax among the Shoe Manufacturers, was paid by Nichols, Winn & Co., amounting to \$412.64. The largest paid by the Tanners and Curriers is \$1821.97, by Choate & Cummings; and the next is \$1293.36, by J. B. Winn & Co. Andrew Deersborn slaughtered the largest number of cattle, 91, for which he paid a tax of \$27.30.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A sad and afflicting accident occurred in Wilmington on Tuesday afternoon. It appears that Mr. George Gowling and wife, of that town, were skating on Brown's Mill Pond, and that Mrs. G. in passing over some thin and insecure ice, broke through. Mr. G. immediately sprang into the water to her assistance, but was prevented from rendering any aid by his skates becoming entangled in her clothing, and both were drowned. A lady, Mrs. Holt, who was skating with them, immediately proceeded for help, but as none was near at hand, a half hour elapsed before the bodies were taken from the water, when all endeavors to revive life proved without avail. By this sad accident, four young children are made orphans, and Wilmington loses two of its most upright and beloved residents. Mr. G. was a member of the Board of Selectmen, Superintendent of the Congregational Sabbath School, and was respected and honored by all his townsmen. The funeral took place from the Church yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

OSTER SUPPER.—An oyster supper, pleasant in all its points, was given by Niagara Engine Co. No. 1, of this town, on Wednesday evening, to their friends. The toasts given were appropriately responded to, and at about nine o'clock dancing was commenced and was continued for some time with spirit. All present fully enjoyed themselves, and the managers deserve credit for the manner in which they catered to the enjoyment of their guests.

THE FIFTH.—No letters, save one, have been received from this regiment for a period of two weeks, and from this one (dated the 9th) we learn that the regiment had received marching orders, and expected to move in a few days; that it had received two months pay, and that the paymaster would not respect their allotment papers.

THICK STOCKINGS.—A private letter received from Orderly Sergeant Charles Merriam, of the Union Guard, and dated Jan. 16th, makes known the fact that the stockings which had been sent by the ladies of our town, to that Company had been received, and that there were three pairs for each man. All questions regarding these stockings are now answered.

Hon. Horace P. Wakefield and Geo. H. Conn, Esq., have our thanks for documents furnished us.

The following copy of a petition was sent us by a correspondent at Fortress Monroe. He says, in a note accompanying, "I send you a true copy of a petition from an old Kentuckian, who had secreted it about his person, and was very anxious to have it forwarded to Washington, which I was happy to do. The man, who came by the last flag of truce boat, was obliged to reiterate their letters in their boots, stockings and underclothes. This petition explains itself and is affirmed by all with whom I conversed. I hope the poor fellow's prayers will be heard."

LIBBY PRISON, Sunday morning, Dec. 14th, 1862.
To the Hon. Messrs. Wadsworth and Dunlap, Members of Congress for the State of Kentucky:

Dear Sirs:—We write to you in behalf of a number of citizens belonging to your State, who have been in this Military Prison from eight to twelve months, and we hope you will use your influence to have us speedily released. We have suffered untold hardships, and are now, as we have been, without sufficient food, and many of us are without shoes or stockings, and have hardly clothing enough to cover our nakedness, or shield us from the cold weather. It is truly horrible that our cases should be so neglected by our government, because we suffer and hope on for our sake.

In the name of all that is just, and for humanity's sake, lay our several cases before the Government, and have us exchanged. Many of us are old men, past the prime of life, and our aged helpmates at home are suffering for the necessities of life that our feeble assistance could furnish were we at home. Our former Commissioner, Mr. Wood, while he was in office, and just a week before he was removed, visited us, and told us that there was no charge against any of the Kentuckians, but that of being strong Union men, and he promised to effect our release in a few days. Since then we have not heard one word of our leaving. Boat after boat of true goes away, taking people from nearly every State away to freedom, and we are left behind. As Representatives from our State to the U. S. Government, will you not endeavor to have us released? We think you will, and your petitioners will ever pray.

Lewis Payne, Geo. Payne, William Halcom, J. H. Halcom, Noah Reynolds, John H. Taylor, Andrew Taylor, all of Letcher County, Ky.; John Owens, John Ingram, Oliver P. Sorrell, Addison Neff, Daniel Connally, Dial May, Thomas Waller, all of Floyd County, Ky.; Fredrick Steinhart, Pulaski County, Ky.; Henry Veers, Carter County, Ky.; Thomas Ward, confined in Castle Thunder for attempting to escape, Wolf County, Ky.

LETTER FROM KINSTON, N. C.—On our outside may be found a private letter from a person well known in Woburn, giving a vivid description of the battle of Kinston, N. C. It will be read with unusual interest, as it gives an idea of the many inconveniences which a battle entails upon the community in which it occurs.

"TEMPERANCE," Winchester.—On mature consideration, we have concluded that it is better to suppress your remarks on a recent peculiar transaction in your town. We are afraid that nothing would be gained by their publication, but that the deep feeling respecting the affair would be again "harrowed up" in all its intensity. It is always better, in small communities, to avoid, if compatible with justice, too much publicity in many matters possessing only a local importance.

THE Annual Ball of the Gen. Worth Engine Company of Stoneham, came off at the Town Hall in that place on Wednesday evening. The music was furnished by Gates' Quadrille Band, and a joyous time was spent by all present.

Rev. David Souder, whose letters from India to the children of the different Sabbath Schools, have recently appeared in this paper, was drowned a few months ago while crossing a river in that distant land.

Brigadier General Porter has been found guilty by the Court Martial, sitting on his case, on all the charges preferred against him, and has been dismissed from the service.

DISCHARGED.—Private Alvin Hosmer, of this town, a member of Co. F, 32d Mass. Regiment, has been discharged for disability, and has returned home.

QUAKER COUNTERS.—In the autobiographical notes made by Haydn, the composer, during his first visit to England, we find the following memoranda:—"When a Quaker goes to court, he pays the porter for taking off his [the Quaker's] hat; for the Quakers take off their hats to no one. Their taxes are paid the king thus:—at the proper time an officer enters the house and takes away, in the Quaker's presence, articles equal in value to the tax. No sooner is the pretended thief out of doors with the property, than the Quaker calls him back and asks how much he will take for the stolen goods. The officer demands only the amount of the tax. And so the Quaker pays the king his taxes."

OLD RAGS COMING.—At the time of the great rise in old rags and paper stock agents were sent through Maine, the British Provinces and Canada to hunt up and purchase all that came within their reach. The result is that they obtained a large quantity of the much needed article for the manufacture of paper which ought to soon reduce the price of that article. One schooner lying at Eastern Packet Pier landed on Wednesday an entire cargo of several tons of rags which were obtained "down East" and in the Provinces.

Little boys should be seen and not heard, as the chap said when he could not say his lessons.

Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half price, when you die?—"I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

Letter from Co. K, 39th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 39TH MASS. REGIMENT,
POOLESVILLE, MD., Jan. 24, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Another year has rolled by, and this war still drags its slow length along, apparently as far from a conclusion as when it began twenty months ago, but we must "fight on, fight ever," and not give up the ship as long as a plank is left. The army will do its duty faithfully and willingly, and the people must do theirs.

The "glorious" 39th has had another "fight" (without seeing any rebels) just to help the war along and keep moving. Let me give you a short description of the battle. Very early in the morning of December 30th, so early, Mr. Editor, that probably you had hardly reached a sound sleep, the first four and sixth companies of our regiment were waked up and ordered to fall in as quietly and quickly as possible, with guns, equipments, haversacks and canteens. Of course this was done as ordered, as in about five minutes we were reported to the Lieut. Col. without arousing anything, "not even a mouse." This done, and having added to our force a section of the 10th Mass. Battery, he led us on a rough road, in the dark, to Conrad's Ferry our old "fighting" ground. The battery, with two companies supporting it, was placed upon a hill commanding the opposite side of the river; and the other three companies were sent to the Canal bank. Our company was chosen by the commander to take the right, and therefore were sent across the Canal—an old flat bottomed boat comprised our mode of conveyance, and ere we reached the opposite side we had many visions of a watery death, for our "ship" had many air holes, and every man should have manned the pumps. We landed on what would have been called an island had the river been high and marched into one end of a rifle pit that had been there dug, and immediately out of the other, and into a good position which commanded the ford, where the rebels were expected to cross. We waited for several hours, watching and waiting for them to make their appearance, but they would not gratify us, and after remaining in our position as long as our officers considered necessary, we retired a disappointed bevy of men. Had the rebels attempted to cross, we would have given them a cross fire, which might have astonished them somewhat.

The weather is pleasantly fine, and the roads are in good condition for this season of the year. There is scarcely any frost in the ground, and some farmers have commenced ploughing. Think of that, Messrs. New Englanders, when hovering over fires made of coal at \$9.00 a ton! The winter grain is looking well, and bids fair for a great yield. There is one field near our camp, of thirty acres, covered with wheat, and also another consisting of a hundred acres.

Our camp here is situated on a plain of about 400 acres, so level that one would think that man had made it so and not nature. Sugar Loaf Mountain, distant nine miles, can be seen plainly; some of our cavalry are stationed there.

Some of the cavalry that are with us, seem determined to have revenge upon some of the inhabitants of this place, especially upon a Mr. Higgins, who keeps a country store. They went in a body a night or two since, to clear his store out. They began by throwing stones, clubs of wood, &c., at the door, and succeeded in entering the store, but the noise made soon attracted the attention of the guard which was stationed near by, and they soon came and dispersed the rioters. I do not consider the cavalry much in the wrong, as it is said that this man Higgins informed Major White, the commander of the force which made the raid in this vicinity a short time ago, when to enter the place, and that a clerk of his told him where our cavalry were on the night of the raid; and it is further said that both of them took a position behind a fence and fired several times at our men. Higgins is not to be found now. Some of our companies have to sleep upon their arms and with their equipments on, in order to be in readiness to protect Secech property, should any one be inclined to trouble it.

We are stockading our tent, and intend to make ourselves comfortable, even if we do not remain twenty-four hours.

TUESDAY, Jan. 6, 1863.

We have broken the monotony of camp life, and have had a sham fight between three companies of cavalry and our battery. The sight was heartily enjoyed by all the men. It was a splendid spectacle to see the cavalry charge upon the battery, which, as soon as the cavalry got within a few rods, poured into them volleys in quick succession, scattering them in all directions and enveloping riders and horses in a cloud of smoke. They practised this on a number of positions, until two men were hurt. One of the cavalry being thrown from his horse, the powder burning all the hair from off one side of the head, and also burning the man's leg and hand, but not seriously. And a man attached to the battery had his arm burned from the same cause, and he was at once taken to the surgeon's quarters, where his wound was dressed.

Col. Davis has resumed the command of the regiment, he being superseded as acting Brigadier General, by Col. Wilson, of the 10th Vermont, on account of seniority of commission. There was only one day's difference in the two commissions. The regiment is glad to have him back again. He appeared last night on dress parade, and after going through the general exercises, each company gave him three lusty cheers. In the evening the commissioned officers secured the services of the N. H. band and gave him a serenade. He responded in a neat and touching speech. Long may he wave.

Until something to write about turns up, I remain, yours, &c., L. F. J.

"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?"—"I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—Having just returned from that "nest of traitors" New York City, and having been wearied, incensed, and disgusted at the many doubts there spoken for the final welfare of our cause; at the sneers and open contempt expressed for the Administration and the half uttered hopes of a cringing peace policy; I at last find myself in dear New England and feel compelled to "cool off" by giving vent to my feelings through the columns of some paper. Please indulge and bear with me. While absent I was continually plying with these questions. What are we doing and what have we done? How far advanced during the past year? and why not have peace on any terms, for the rebels can never be conquered? I could scarcely restrain my feelings of indignation while answering these questions and felt much more like using the "Knock-down" argument than any other. Peace on any terms! For what have we sacrificed the lives of thousands of our "dearest and noblest," given them up as offerings to appease the God of battles, while, our hearts bled and we were agonized at the thought of bidding them "farewell" perhaps forever?

For what have we poured forth our hearts, best treasure, given of our earthly possessions and still stand ready to offer up ourselves, if need be? For an ignominious peace? No, Never. Every noble spirit now still in death would rise up in accusation against us, and the air would resound with the spirit cries of those who have given up their young lives for the triumph of right, and the final liberty of their beloved country. Every father's blessing, bestowed as he sent his only and best beloved son to the field of battle was fraught with expressions of safety, for him and his country. Every fond mother's kiss is given with hopes for him and prayers for the welfare of our common country. Every sister's caress is rendered doubly dear, as she predicts the speedy triumph of our cause and his own much wished for return. Every true-hearted maiden sends her lover to the battle field, cheered by her words, loving and turning with patriotism. Every "God bless you" given with a hearty grasp of the hand, conveying sympathy dear to the heart; every "Good bye" spoken, though tears be in the voice and moisture in the eye, are expressions full of meaning and bespeak an earnest desire for the triumph of right. Not for peace on any terms! No, No, Never. This answer comes back throughout the land. For the sake of liberty, of justice of right, for the perpetuity of the greatest and best Government ever known on the globe, it can never be. We must solve this question now or never and by force of arms. Disgraceful compromises have been tested too long—persuasion has availed nought—entreaties have been thrown away—leniency has been treated with contempt or an imposition on our clemency. We have exhausted all peaceable and citizen-like measures and all to no purpose. We must scatter these to the winds and apply ourselves determined to the crushing out of this wrong and the speedy overthrow of the rebellion and every military power within our reach.

We can, we must do it. Every one of us should apply his energies to the task; if not in the field of carnage, in the wider field at home, with voice and pen denounce those traitors to our country, who cry, Peace, Peace—who fetter the Government and will work more ruin than thousands of our enemies. Let them be shown in their true light and let us, one and all, put our shoulders to the wheel and work for the next few months in earnest. We have done much, we must do more. 'Tis true our prospect of immediate success is not as bright as we could wish. But let us not despair. 'Tis always darkest just before the dawn, and as every cloud has a silver lining, so the dark cloud of our present national difficulties and reverses is lined with the silver lining of success to our arms, the triumph of right, and the death of that hideous monster Slavery. More activity of the Gov., more unity of action, and more rigid war measures are necessary to secure this. Let every one give his mite and we shall soon see a righteous peace brood over the land, leaving our country an everlasting union of lakes and of lands, of hearts and of hands. If other defects crowd upon us and the sun of victory seems obscured by the thick clouds of fraud, inactivity and ignorance, and traitors seek to entrap us in their net work of compromises, let us still stand by the ship, for God is at the helm and will at last pilot her into the smooth waters of peace and restored prosperity. M. S. G.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A very able lecture on the "Lying pretences of the Rebellion" was delivered in the vestry of the Universalist Church last week on Friday evening, by Theodore D. Weld, Esq., of New Jersey. Though the walking was very unfavorable, an appreciative audience was present. Mr. Weld has but few equals in presenting and enforcing an argument, though he possesses not the power of former times. For many years the partial loss of his voice has prevented his appearance in public until quite recently.

We learn that our townsman, Geo. O. Carpenter, Esq., has sold his beautiful residence on Chestnut street, and purchased a residence in the city of Boston, where, with his family, he has been boarding for a few weeks past. Mr. C. is an active, energetic man, and the loss of his influence will be sensibly felt in many circles. M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Obituary.

Mr. John Gould, who died in South Reading, on the ninth instant, a brief notice of whose decease appeared in the JOURNAL of last week, was born in South Reading on the 18th of March, A. D., 1786, having consequently reached the age of 76 yrs. and 10 mos. nearly. He was of respectable and honorable ancestry, the son of John Gould, Esq., and Mary (Sweetser) Gould, the grandson of William and Hepzibeth (Smith) Gould, and the great grandson of Major Gould, of Ipswich. Mr. Gould, upon arriving at adult age, went forth from the paternal roof in all the vigor of youth, health and manly beauty, with the most hopeful prospects of future prosperity and happiness. He early removed to Baltimore, Md., where he resided till about 1820. At the attack of the British upon Baltimore during the late war with England, he patriotically joined the defence, was in the battle of North Point, and came near being taken prisoner, and only escaped that fate by his superior agility in running—as he himself used frequently to say:

"He fought, bled, and ran away,
And lived to fight another day!"
Upon his return to South Reading in 1820, or thereabouts, he engaged in the business of shoe manufacturing, but not being successful therein, and becoming poor, he was disheartened and discouraged, and, for a number of years, was seen travelling the downward path of intemperance. By this course of life he lost the confidence of his parents, and at the death of his father in 1835, it appeared that he was excluded by the provisions of his father's will, from the paternal inheritance. Mr. Gould was no longer on at grog-shops or tipping saloons, and was seldom seen in public, when under the special influ-

ence of the syren, yet it was well known to his friends that he indulged in private, more and more in the intoxicating draught, and that the habit was beginning to tell, with fearful power upon his health, his dignity, and his general character. In 1840, when the Washingtonian reform swept over the land with its healthful and saving influences, Mr. Gould was among the first to inhale its breeze and rise on its wings. With his whole heart and soul he joined that heavenly enterprise. He dismissed at once and forever his habits of inebriety; and, from that time to his dying hour, touched not, tasted not, handled not the poisonous beverage. Mr. Gould possessed good natural talents and more than ordinary mental capacity; he had received a good common school education; was very fond of general reading, and having a retentive memory, he was consequently well informed and intelligent; he respected honesty and integrity, and despised knavery and meanness. He possessed, by nature, by inheritance, great firmness and very strong prejudices. The influences which were sufficient to control him as to lead him for awhile astray from the straight track must have been powerful and fascinating. But he was enabled to return to the right way and "to continue therein"; and for more than twenty years he proved that his conversion from intemperance was sincere and thorough. Let the light of this fact ever shed brightness upon his memory.

From this time, he gradually regained the confidence of his friends and a respectable position in society. He was public spirited, and ever ready to support public improvement. He was an ardent friend of freedom for all. He loved more than any other institution the cause of Temperance, and labored by word and deed for its prosperity. Having naturally a poetic gift ("poeta nascitur"), the Promethean spark was kindled anew by his burning zeal for Temperance, and often at home and abroad, he has edified his friends and the public by his somewhat quaint and homely, but stirring and humorous effusions.

Among the Sons of Temperance he has long been known by the sobriquet of the "Temperance Poet Laureate"; and he was always ready to sing:

SLEEPINESS OF ENGLISH CLIMATE.

For five or six months in the year the climate in England must be absolutely weary to one accustomed to the bright sunlight and brilliant starlight of the mornings and evenings in America. From November to April it is, as a general rule, not fairly light till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and dark so early that the gas has to be lighted at four, and often at three, P. M. But there is an advantage in this duller atmosphere, not *per se*, but in reference to the habits of the people of the two nations. The English climate has a quieting, soothing, in a certain sense, torpidifying, influence on the brain and nervous system. The climate of America is more exciting and inspiring. This fact, *per se*, is wholly in favor of the American climate. But as the people of both nations are habitually addicted to stimulating viands, it tells in favor of the English. The English, because of the sedative influences of their climate, can bear artificial stimulus much better than the Americans. Not that it is useful; it is only less injurious. The fact that the American lives under circumstances continually exciting his nervous system, while the English live under just the opposite influences, explains, we think, the more destructive effects of tea, tobacco, and alcoholic beverages on the former than on the latter. An Englishman can drop to sleep much more easily than an American. This is strikingly noticeable on the cars. As soon as the train is fairly under way, the passengers generally begin to doze, and many of them fall asleep. An American commences reading a book or a newspaper; and sleeping on a rail in this country is a rare exception instead of a general rule. An English gentleman who had travelled considerably in the United States, remarked to us, in allusion to the different habits of English and American railroad travellers:—"In your country, pedlars go through the cars, and sell cakes, candies, fruits, books, papers, and toys, as they do in the streets of our cities, and the passengers eat or read. We go to sleep." The great secret of the superior health of the English is, the greater amount of quiet sleep. The Americans, as a nation, are wearing out prematurely for want of rest.—Dr. Trail.

A NOVEL THANKSGIVING SERMON.—A thanksgiving sermon of unique character was preached at Yonkers, New York. Six congregations were united on the occasion, completely filling the First Presbyterian church, and six pastors, representing the two schools of the Presbyterian church, the Dutch Reformed, the Episcopal, the Baptist, and the Methodist Episcopal churches, took part in the services, and joined in preaching one and the same sermon! The text of the discourse was Eph. 5, 20, "Giving thanks always, for all things, unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Dutch Reformed pastor introduced the sermon, and very naturally divided it into six parts. Each part had been assigned to one of the preachers, and at the end of an hour the large congregation had heard, with evident satisfaction, a well joined and interesting sermon, preached by six ministers of as many denominations. At the close of it a collection was taken up for the suffering operatives at Lancashire, England.

COME TO THE FIELD, WITH SWORD IN HAND,
And leave the drunken reeling,
Come join with us the Temperance band,
And help us fight the devil.
Show us the way, we long to fight,
Let us be hastening on,
Our motto, "Death or Victory," write—
We're sons of Washington!"

After his real reform became an established fact, it was made known, that a memorandum, signed by the father and mother, witnessed by the sisters and dated sometime subsequent to the date of the will, had been made, expressing the desire of the parents, that, if this son should reform, he should be admitted to his share in the estate. Upon the strength of this memorandum, although the original paper containing it, had been destroyed, yet an attested copy thereof having been preserved by the friendly foresight of a brother-in-law and former comrade in arms, Mr. Gould instituted proceedings for the recovery of his lost inheritance. He at length succeeded and came into possession of a comfortable estate. In 1853 or '54 he was married for the first time, having been, as he was wont to say, for a long time half married, that is, he explained, he had got his own consent, but that of no one else. But his improved condition and circumstances, both personal and pecuniary, soon secured the other and better half, and he was at last wholly married. His wife was Miss Lucy Washburn. They have had no children. His widow survives. E.

For the Middlesex Journal.

At a meeting of Rantoul Division of the Sons of Temperance of South Reading, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in the exercise of His wisdom and justice, to remove from our midst Bro. JOHN GOULD, while a member of this Division,
Therefore Resolved, That the members of Rantoul Division No. 134, feel it a duty incumbent upon them to express their deep regret and heartfelt sorrow at the loss they have sustained in the death of Bro. Gould, and to bear testimony to his worth as a man; his kind and conscientious deportment towards all; his decided opposition to everything which would tend to increase the evils of Intemperance; and his firm, faithful devotion to the principles of Temperance, daily manifested by his life and by his regular attendance of the meetings of the Division.
Resolved, That the members of Rantoul Division tender their sympathies to the relatives, and while utterly unable to express in words the sorrow they feel, in being thus deprived of the society of one, whose possession of so many virtues, could not render him otherwise than an affectionate Brother; Yet they would assure his friends that his associates mourn his loss as deeply, as if united to them by the ties of kindred.

Resolved, That the Recording scribe forward a Copy of these Resolutions to the relatives of our deceased Brother and also to the "Middlesex Journal" for insertion.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LYCEUM.—The exercise appointed for last Monday Evening, was a debate upon the question, "Whether or not Oliver Cromwell was a Christian Patriot?" but instead thereof, business took precedence and occupied the evening until a late hour. After reading the records of the last meeting, a call was made for the reading of that portion of the Constitution of the Lyceum relating to the election of officers, and also upon the Secretary for his authority for calling the last meeting on Tuesday Evening instead of Monday Evening. It appears that the Constitution provides that the officers shall be chosen at the first regular meeting in the quarter. That the regular evening for meeting was on Monday Evening, Jan. 5th;—that the Secretary having good reason to suppose that the hall would be used on that evening by the Baptist Society for a meeting, informed the acting Chairman of the Board of Directors of the facts, and he consented that the meeting, should be held on the following (Tuesday)

evening. Notices had been previously posted up that the meeting was to come off on Monday Evening, and about noon of Monday the notices were altered to Tuesday. The Constitution provides that a majority of the Board of Directors may call special meetings whenever they deem it necessary. Certain of the members believing that by the course pursued they were prevented from voting for officers and that the postponement of the meeting, from Monday, and the calling of the same on Tuesday, was unauthorized, and the election of officers consequently illegal, called upon the President at this time for his decision. He decided that the meeting was properly called and the proceedings legal.—An appeal was at once taken from his decision. Several persons having joined the Lyceum this evening, the President decided that none but those who were members at the previous meeting, would be allowed to vote on the question. An appeal was taken from this decision. After much discussion as to an appeal being debatable in which however the whole subject matter was considerably gone into, it was decided to be parliamentary to allow debate. Several of the members then relieved their minds of the heavy burdens which they seemed to bear, and in the warmth of their excited feelings bore down heavily on each other. In the warmth of this altercation, the previous question was moved and carried. A vote was then taken on the first appeal which stood six in favor of sustaining the President's decision, and fourteen against him. The President decided that he was sustained on the ground that a majority of the old members present had so voted. This at once raised a storm of indignation, especially among the new members who persisted in claiming their rights. Another discussion ensued, which was finally terminated by the President deciding, that he should allow the new members to be counted in the vote. An appeal was taken from this decision, but it was unanimously sustained. The vote on the illegality of the last meeting, was then again taken, and resulted as before, fourteen against the President's decision and six in its favor.—It was at last decided that this meeting had voted that the last meeting was illegal and the proceedings void, and of no effect. Mr. Young the President of the last quarter, then assumed the chair, and declared the first business to be the election of officers for the present quarter (this being the first regular meeting). The Lyceum proceeded to ballot with the following result: President, W. F. Young; Vice President, S. H. Lynde; Secretary, J. A. Safford; Treasurer, A. Thompson, 3d; Directors, A. Norton, N. N. Gage & E. A. Wadleigh. The Lecture Committee resigned their office, and Messrs J. A. Woodbury, Sumner Richardson & J. T. Stone were chosen as the Committee.—Before the close of the meeting, President Young stated that he accepted the office only for the evening and declined further service. After balloting, Josiah F. Stone, Esq., was chosen President and accepted the position in a brief speech. This closed the business of the evening. Nearly all of the members of the Lyceum were present on this occasion and several of our prominent citizens enrolled their names as members. The three old members who were said to have jumped overboard at the last meeting for fear the ship would founder, got on board again without any injuries, and the ship is again under way with full canvas set. It is hoped that prospering breezes may attend her future voyage so that no storms may again arise to check her progress or threaten her destruction, but under the guidance of her new commander who is skillful and experienced and his associate officers, aided by the old and new crew, she may go on her destined way and accomplish her mission. To this end, let there be no assumption of unjustifiable authority or the part of officers or crew, but let each do his part of the work according to the rules laid down for his government, and all will be well. Arthur Gilman will lecture next Monday Evening.

WAR TRENCH.—Private Wm. H. Shedd, Co. F, 22d Reg't who enlisted in the Regiment at its formation and was wounded in one of the battles some time since, has been honorably discharged from further service.

TAXES.—Those in arrears for taxes are informed that money is wanted to meet the current expenses of the town that will accrue before the expiration of the municipal year, Feb 25th, and that the Collector will advertise the property for sale upon which the taxes are not paid very soon.

RELIGIOUS.—Deacon O. R. Clark has accepted the office of Sup't of the Orthodox Sunday School and will enter upon his duties to-morrow.

SAD EVENT.—Last Tuesday morning, a little daughter of Mr. Ira G. Hatch, about three years of age, accidentally fell into a pail of boiling water, which had been left temporarily standing on the floor, and was so badly burned that she died in about five hours. It seems that the mother had the water on the stove in a kettle, being too heavy to take off, she had dipped a pail full out and set on the floor while she emptied the remainder. While engaged in the latter operation, the little girl, who was running around the room, backed into the pail and received her death wound. The father is one of our nine month volunteers in the 45th Regiment, and is thus suddenly bereft of a little one who was the light and joy of his home.

SKATING.—Several of our young people of late, while engaged in skating, have fallen through the ice, but escaped with only a thorough wetting. The frequent changes in the weather have not made the ice in some places very secure, and great caution should be exercised in going upon it. Skaters must not be too venturesome, as it is better to forego the privilege, desirable as it may be, rather than endanger their lives, as several have during the past week.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—The meeting this week was at the residence of Hon. O. B. Clark, and was well attended. It is in con-

tinuation of the same.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XII: No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Snow at Fredericksburg.

Drift over the slopes of the sunrise land,
Oh! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,
Drift to softly, soft and slow!
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forest of pine, where the sobbing winds
Are tuning their memory bells!

Into the forest of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes,
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
Not shapen with loving care;
But the souls let out, and the broken blades,
May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
Oh! delicate snow, and cover
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love
On the warrior heads below!
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul
As she watcheth and watcheth for One
Who will never come back from the sunrise
land
When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lie the high of heart,
Drift—white as the bridal veil—
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
Who steth afar, so pale!
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
Who stretcheth despairing hand
Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
That crimson the Eastern sands!

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
Oh! delicate snow, and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified
Husband and son and lover!
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the striven souls
And their manly righteousness!

Select Literature.

UP THE ALABAMA.

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of our colder climate) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the State, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long melodious booms—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay, into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semitropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odor of the orange blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Cretaceous or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. Thus a point on the Mississippi, which the French named Le Bois Brule, is known to all the best men as "Bob Rully's Woods."

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman, tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first hardest, and so ghest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to load and receive freight, take in wood, and feed the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight pence a month, and found, in a rough fashion, bacon for food, and for his bed a dry goods box or cotton bale. He went to work, as he so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a cry

heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said,
"Here is thirty-four thousand dollars." Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me, in the Planter's Bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow.

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom, but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid-channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank notes at the bottom of his cloth-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by any such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and messes.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks, Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and not long after captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats.

The Alabama flows through the richest cotton country in the world. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water as much of the state as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course, from Mobile to Montgomery, was north-east, and we were often steering for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of color it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to be free, that they will not "strike the blow."

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles, to their mother's house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of places and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as only the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with

its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. They may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht Wanderer took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomey, and distribute them, as an experiment, among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomey. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son, who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:

"Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schocker, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1811; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn."

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny.—From the London "Once a Week."

THE PRESIDENT PRAYED FOR AT FLORENCE.—A letter-writer from Italy tells a story of a display of the right sort of "Americanism" by one of our countrymen in Florence. The church of England has a congregation there, the expenses of which are paid by an admission fee of two pence, demanded of all who enter the church. The receipts from this source being insufficient to provide for the support of the minister and sexton, the vestrymen (all English) had to make it up from their own private purses. One of the members resigned, and an American gentleman was requested to take his place. Knowing very well the object of the proposition, our countryman determined, at least, to make the best bargain that he could and consented to serve, on condition that a prayer for the President and his Cabinet should be inserted in the service along with that for the Queen and Royal Family. The terms were accepted; the new vestryman was installed in office; the worthy clergyman and the vigilant sexton are now provided for; and public prayer is constantly made for the American President and his ministers on the banks of old classic old Arno—all the results of a good Yankee bargain.

The smallest woman may fill the largest heart.

Good words and good deeds is the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

Death and to-morrow are never here—they are either not come or gone.

To gain wealth does not make us happy; to lose it makes us miserable.

Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

The heart that soars upward escapes little cares and vexations; the birds that fly high have not the dust of the road upon their wings. It is difficult, if not impossible, for men to love and be wise; even the heathen gods, when they were in love, made fools of themselves.

How all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Thoughts on Home.

The dreary winds may whistle round
My dwelling, far and near,
I'll heed them not for those I love
Are seated by me here.

How many happy thoughts combine,—
One word, and it is home,
Where all our care and grief was hushed
And all our joys were one.

The weary traveller as he goes,
Thinks of his boyhood's home,
Where happy hours were by him spent
As round the fields he roamed.

And thus through life the thoughts will be
Turned to our childhood's home,
Thinking of happy hours we've spent
Which never can return.

LUCILLA.

"The War and Slavery, and their Relations to each Other."

A short time ago we received a printed copy of "A discourse delivered in the Old South Church, Reading, Mass., December 28, 1862, by Rev. William Barrows." The peculiar view taken of the subject by the Rev. gentleman, no doubt somewhat surprised his hearers; and as we are living in momentous times, when every man has a right to his opinions, be they ever so much at variance with those entertained by the people at large, we give our readers the benefit of the main points of the discourse, the justness and correctness of which time alone can establish.

Slavery is not the Main Cause of the War.—It is the popular impression that slavery is the cause of the rebellion, and that the present conflict, in its last analysis, is a conflict between freedom and slavery. So it is said. If there had been no slavery, there would have been no war; and if slavery is done away, the war will cease.

I think the cause lies deeper. Thirty years' talking on the vast curse of slavery—and we have never overestimated it—has made the popular impression that any great national evil, among us, can spring from nothing but slavery. This is a popular delusion. For there have been civil wars and revolutions, when there was no slavery for a cause. So this one may spring from another cause. The conflict, so far as labor is concerned, lies not between free and slave labor, but between the products of the two. Ours is a manufacturing, and theirs is an agricultural interest. We both wish foreign trade. But national legislation that will protect one will expose the other. They wish to sell high and buy cheap. We wish to do the same. But what one section wishes to sell, the other wishes to buy, and vice versa. If Congress protects Southern products by a duty on the same when imported, it makes those articles higher for us; if it protects our manufactures by a duty on the same when imported, it makes them higher for the South. Hence there is a contest, not between free and slave labor, but between the products of the two. No amount of fighting will adjust that difficulty. For it is a difficulty inherent in our differences of latitude, and, consequently, of natural products. Freeing the slave will be no remedy, since the products of the two sections of country will remain the same. So, after all, legislation, and not the sword, must settle it, so far as products and prices are concerned. Change all the slave to free labor to-day, and we are just as much at variance on this part of our difficulty. The idea, therefore, that the removal of slavery will make one, is a delusion. Such a remedy does not strike deep enough.

Slavery a Means, not a Cause of the War.—I agree that the South has made the slavery question the ostensible cause of the rebellion. But only because it was the most available question on which they could raise an issue and make an appeal to arms. No one thing would so readily and totally consolidate them in this struggle. So I doubt not they rejoice that we have made so much of slavery, and are joining issue with them on it, rather than on the rebellion itself. They cannot struggle for independence with half the force with which they can rally to fight emancipation. It is as the doubling of their army, if it can be believed through the South that this is a war for emancipation. So when our public men mention slavery and emancipation ten times, and rebellion but once, they render good recruiting service for the Southern army. At the same time we are pressing a measure that is no way adapted to remove our difficulties, even if perfectly successful, and every slave freed. The philosophy of the caucus and the platform and the politician does not appreciate our difficulties.

Other Causes.—There is another cause of the rebellion, lying far deeper than slavery, and of which indeed slavery is but a fruit. The type of Southern civilization is feudal and medieval, and so is adverse to republicanism. It is in the Colonial blood of the South, being more Norman than Saxon, to have a government of aristocracy, oligarchy, or monarchy. The temper and preference of the South do not favor democracy and the masses. A common and equal interest for all the whites, as our common school system, cannot be made popular with the governing class. Their feelings partake more of the families of the lords and barons of ante-colonial times, of which so many of the Southern colonists were offshoots. So they have little sympathy with the genius of our Government, as a Government of democracy and equality, according to our Northern interpretation and use of it. They spurn vulgar contact with the great working class. So Roger Sherman, who left a shoemaker's bench for a seat in Congress, was sneered at by Randolph for having worn a leather apron. The answer he returned was most fitting. This Southern feeling has been very strong, and one of the strongest elements in producing the rebellion. They have long wished a government separate from our Northern theory and practice of fraternity and equality; which feeling the removal of slavery cannot remove, making them homogeneous and cordial with us. It is with them an inherited and hereditary national characteristic, and cannot be wisely ignored or slighted, while we attempt to conquer a peace and restore amity.

New Light on an Old Question.—As the war has progressed, we have progressed in our knowledge of the slave, his condition, his relations to the war, his wishes, and his probable future. Concerning him there has been a general disappointment, and this has been joyful or sad, according to the previous theories of men and the type of their philanthropy. In all this terrible struggle, the slaves have been strangely quiet. This cannot have arisen from ignorance of national policy and acts, North and South. They have probably been as well informed of the leading measures and movements of the two parties, as the people on our northern and western borders. The causes of their quiet, as from long personal observation it seems to me, are three. It is well that they be profoundly regarded, for the double reason that they will be powerful for a long time to come, and because a certain stamp of popular feeling has forced the slave question into a position of undue prominence and importance in this war. The slaves are in a position to create great uneasiness in the Southern mind, and so draw largely from their military force in the field; and they have had the favorable opportunity to combine and rise in large sections and masses. But neither of these things have they done. The number of contrabands is exceedingly small, when we consider how many were abandoned of their masters, how many were intentionally permitted to become fugitives that they might act as spies, and how many more might have escaped if they had been inclined. But I referred to three causes of their quiet.

The Slave sees no way of improving his condition by a Violent Change in it.—It is perfectly evident to us, and I think must be to the slave, that nobody wants him but the South. The North gives him a cold hand at the best. The legislation of some of the free States is most violent and unjust towards him. Even our own State, with all her official and unofficial, and Faneuil Hall sympathy for the oppressed, cannot provide for five hundred contrabands through one winter. Looked on as a northern laborer and neighbor and citizen, the North is opposed to the negro. Removal from the country is out of the question, for any large portion of them. They must live and labor where they are. For whom shall they labor? The present owners of southern soil. For to dispossess the owners of real estate in a population of eight millions, and constitute a new class of owners, is preposterous, absurd, impossible. Those slaves, if freed, must live among and labor for their present employers.

But if they take their liberty violently, can they afterward live there peaceably? Suppose we aid them in a servile insurrection and succeed, vast numbers of both masters and slaves must be slaughtered. Can we afterward make the bloody remnants of the two parties settle down happily and profitably together? Such a scheme is the wildest dream.

The untutored negro has good sense enough to comprehend this, and so is quiet. And he will remain so. The first day of January will be the same as the last day of December to him. True, he is in a terrible condition. Yet, so far as he can see, his master is the one whose good-will he should think the most of, as a matter of policy. He sees no way in which he can change his condition for the better. And we would be sensible, if we could pause in our thirty years' talking long enough to do a little practical thing, that we have as yet proposed no practicable plan by which the negroes can improve their condition. To free them by their insurrection and our bayonets is possible; but it would sacrifice a large proportion of them, and the most of their more promising ones. It would leave the survivors simply freed, without a country, without a policy of living, and without friends except the North, who have always given them the cold hand, when it has descended from theory to practice.

I know it is said that they can support themselves, because by their labor they have supported and enriched the South. But they have done it under management. The labor of the Lowell and Lawrence operatives has built those cities. But how long will those

*So says the Richmond Enquirer: "The experiment of universal free labor has failed; the evils of free society are insupportable; free society is impracticable in the long run; it is everywhere starving, demoralized and insurrectionary."

Since these lines were written, a Confederate Proclamation has foreshadowed the very thing I have here said. It has ordered that all slaves captured with arms in their hands shall be put to death.

equality, according to our Northern interpretation and use of it. They spurn vulgar contact with the great working class. So Roger Sherman, who left a shoemaker's bench for a seat in Congress, was sneered at by Randolph for having worn a leather apron. The answer he returned was most fitting. This Southern feeling has been very strong, and one of the strongest elements in producing the rebellion. They have long wished a government separate from our Northern theory and practice of fraternity and equality; which feeling the removal of slavery cannot remove, making them homogeneous and cordial with us. It is with them an inherited and hereditary national characteristic, and cannot be wisely ignored or slighted, while we attempt to conquer a peace and restore amity.

I agree that, under management, the South would thrive much better under the free labor of its present slaves. But the practical difficulty, under present pressure, is to make a forced and bloody separation between masters and slaves, and a forced change from slave to free labor, and afterward provide the management of the freed laborers. Shall we change the present owners into future managers? What! by an insurrectionary and war process, under the direction of our Government? It is absurd. Peaceably we might; but by force, never. Shall we establish a system of Government managers for counties and plantations, and for the city and family services of the freed blacks?—And by this shall the former owners of the slaves and the continued owners of the real estate, in the chafed and hostile mood in which the bloody revolution of the entire system must inevitably leave them, become the managers? No Government, short of the sternest military despotism, could do this. Shall we dispossess all the rebel owners of Southern property, and by Government sale introduce there new owners, that will favor and attempt to carry out this new scheme? In other words, shall we kill and crush and dispossess and disfranchise and drive into exile the larger part of eight millions of free whites? The thing is impossible, inhuman, and unchristian. It is worthy of the days of Tamerlane, the Saracens, or the French Revolution. The Christian world would not and ought not to allow it. Yet forced and sudden and general emancipation, must mean something like what I have indicated; if indeed its advocates have any definite plan beyond the simple freeing of the slaves.

All these things the slaves comprehend, more or less; and nothing hopeful opens to them. They can see nothing to be had by violence, better than their present condition affairs, as it is. So they are quiet, and will remain so, in advance of our army.

That the leading rebels deserve some of these terrible inflictions, as exile, disfranchisement, poverty or death, I cordially agree. But the policy of punishment is one thing; the policy of the restoration of the Government, and peace and prosperity afterward, is another thing.

So have the experiences of the year and of the war been teaching us their lessons. We must be dull scholars, in a most expensive school, if we are not wiser.

Emancipation as a Leading Policy and End in the War, must Consolidate and Strengthen the South.—For no one issue will unite them like this. They are, as we must, that a forced emancipation is the utter breaking up of Southern society. It means the destruction to a great extent, of State constitutions and statutes, and municipal laws. It is resolving society there into its territorial state, and putting it under the laws and management of Congress as one of the territories. And it was a clear, far-reaching and wide-sweeping proposal made in the Senate a year ago, to reduce all the rebel States to the condition and hold them as a territory. The good sense of the Senate recoiled from so revolutionary a process, and rejected the bill. But the South understand that this is doom in the emancipation process. Of course it makes them a unit in resistance. It develops and unites with a fearful intensity all their energies. And this will explain a fact that is constantly surprising us, that whenever we meet them their ranks are full, united, well officered, well fed, fairly clothed, well equipped and terribly in earnest. So is our emancipation policy impotent among the blacks, but most potent among the whites, of the South.

Emancipation when Proclaimed and made Unalterable for any rebel territory, will leave no Temptation to Loyalty and Peace.—No permission, no bonus is offered for loyalty. Rebellion after that day is the unpardonable sin, and hath never forgiveness. A party for the Government can never be started for that district. We cannot adopt the good policy—"Divide and conquer." If they give up, they lose; if they fight on, it is no worse. There is no gain in repentance—no loss in continued sinning. Must not such a policy protract the war exceedingly, if not indefinitely? With an area of territory equal to our own, fruitful, and rich in all the staples of national wealth, will not six or eight millions of whites, and three or four millions of blacks consolidated in it, and familiar with all the vantage ground in it, extend this war from sixty days to ten years? With such a policy I fear that our present sacrifices of wealth and men and life, will prove but as the first sheaf in a wide harvest-field. While it becomes one to criticize with great self distrust and hesitation a policy so popular, I cannot refrain from expressing the opinion, worthless though it may be, that our work would be shorter and vastly more economical of precious life, if we would proclaim the loss of all property to rebels whom we overpower on the line of the army, and the saving of all to those who yield before we come up with them.

Emancipation by Insurrection and the Bayonet must Sterilize much of that Good which has been here said. It has ordered that all slaves captured with arms in their hands shall be put to death.

Emancipation by Insurrection and the Bayonet must Sterilize much of that Good which has been here said. It has ordered that all slaves captured with arms in their hands shall be put to death.

THE GRAYE.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compassionate throes that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? The best thing a man can take with him to the grave is—CHARACTER.

NEVER SULK.—Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than to wire it down to turn sour and acid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

them must perish, while the survivors are left to settle down among an exasperated people with whom they have had a bloody and victorious struggle. This is no hopeful state of things for the freed man. It will be another depressing and mournful fact in the very bitter and sad history of the African. The great fact is, and I can but name it and pass on, the terrible evil of slavery are moral evils, and moral evils must remove them. It is not the province of the sword to do it, if they are still to dwell among their former masters.

We are that the Great Question concerning the Colored Man in this country has not yet been Grappled with.—The great question so far has been, What shall be done with slavery? But there is a vastly greater question: What shall be done with the free negro? It has been easy to answer the former and say, Abolish it. This was the only safe and Christian answer that could be given. Slavery was an enormity and an iniquity that must cease, yet under economical and moral forces, in their time of working. But if abolition is to be compelled by military force, with no moral preparation in the other party, or willingness in the master, and the two still be left together on some kind of equality, and in mutual dependence, the question, What shall be done with the freed negro, assumes a stupendous importance. No temporal question in this country equals it. Its difficulties are fearful. Philanthropy does not anticipate and propound and grapple with them. They do not seem to be thought of. And this question is forced on me: Will American anti-slavery fail the poor African in his hour of need, as English anti-slavery has? I am not willing to believe that failure is an essential element in anti-slavery, as soon as there is a chance for it to become practical. I have more faith in the gospel. That practical opportunity, as it seems to me, we had when this rebellion opened. By striking simply and singly at rebellion, with the entire force of the nation, we could have crushed it. And while we said no more of slaves than of any creature or thing that the rebels used against us, but converted all against them as fast as we gained possession, slavery would have been smitten with a deadly blow. Under the chances of war, and forfeit when touched by the rights of war, it could not long have survived the death of its great ally, the rebellion. Ostensibly started in the interests of slavery, the suppression of the revolt must have resulted in the overthrow of this system of evils and sorrows. I hope the opportunity is not yet lost. If the nation will return to its legitimate purpose, to put down the rebellion we may yet save the nation, and at the same time inflict a mortal blow on slavery, and keep it within our reach for others and the final one, when the highest good will warrant. But if we persist in making emancipation the main issue, I fear much the result will be, a short life to our nation and a long one to slavery. In our theoretical and political strategy the monster may elude our grasp, and through the gap of disunion, escape to more southern and wider fields, for the devastation of newly conquered states, stretching away from the Rio Grande to the equator.

In conclusion, Mr. Barrows, said:—But I weary you. I never gave an address more reluctantly. Nothing but a stern sense of duty could compel me to it. For weeks I have struggled against the public utterance of these views. I comfort myself, however, with the hope that I am in the advance of a better public sentiment. Failing in this, hope I comfort myself with the fear, (if indeed there can be any consolation in a fear,) that the mournful failure of the new popular policy, and the failure of the Government to suppress the rebellion, will prove that I was right.

We must await the issue under an overruling and all-wise God.

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at length overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty, but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed all of us."

THE GRAYE.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compassionate throes that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? The best thing a man can take with him to the grave is—CHARACTER.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

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Poetry.

Vespers.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PATIENCE OF HOPE."

When I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweet, methought, shall die the day
The valley and the hill along!
How sweet the summons, "come away!"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I that sit beside the water's flow
As idle as the leaves that float;
I that in autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But I! methinks the day is brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet, accepted, free,
And blest my Lord, I come to Thee!

What matter now for promise lost
Or blast of spring or summer rains?
For broken hopes and wasted pains?
What matter now for purpose crossed,
For broken hopes and wasted pains?
Who? If the olive little yields,
What if the vine be blasted? Thine
Thou own upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine!

Thou lovest still the poor—oh blest
To poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confessed,
I love the rich in loving Thee.
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands,
Thou surest to be filled from thine!

Select Literature.

THE UNION SOLDIER.

The little village of his birth reposes in quiet beauty on the banks of the Merrimac. Its small extent of territory nestles among the green hills of the dear old Essex county. Here stands the church at whose altar the aged pastor has long administered to the spiritual welfare of the farmers; and not remote may be seen the arsenal of Freedom's power—the school-house. The streets and modern houses—shaded here and there by the trees of a New England forest—look, calm, and ample—and the open hospitality of its citizens, extend a constant welcome to stranger and guest.

It was here that the hero of twenty summers had been nourished and prepared for the stern scenes soon to be exemplified in the famous battles of the country. Here had been taught him that, after devout reverence for the God of his fathers, his first duty was to his country. He had learned that patriotism was the noblest feeling which can animate the bosom of mortal; and that he who does not turn with grateful emotion to the land which has given him birth, and afforded him protection through infancy to the years of ripening manhood—which has extended to him the means of moral and intellectual freedom, continually holding over his head the protectingegis of impartial law, would be a sad recreant, and unworthy of even the meanest of mankind.

From this home went forth, among the earliest volunteers for the civil war now desolating our fair land, one whom we will call William Fane. Hundreds of sons have, indeed gone out from under the roof-tree, around whom cluster the fondest associations; and he history of William may not unfitly represent many of them. He was no superman, such as exist only in the brain of teasing fancy. And yet he was the pride of appreciating townsmen. There was much in him to win the confidence and esteem of those who knew him. His form was erect and manly. His arm strong and his step firm. From beneath his heavy brows, indicative of active perception and organic power, beamed out a mild blue eye. Over the high, reverential forehead was parted the light, silken hair. He had never been known to do an unworthy act. On the contrary, kind deeds had often gleamed in their radiance along his pathway. The inebriate, the profligate, the bondsman, may a fallen son of earth, bore in the deep recesses of his heart the sure pledge of received kindness. Such an one forsook all to fight the battles of the nation. On that beautiful morning when he gave the farewell to the home of his boyhood we seem to see the blue of the aged side bestowed upon him; we behold the tear trickling down the mother's cheek, as she says, in choked utterance, "Do your duty, my son!" and we hear, too, the good-bye of younger friends, as he hastens on to where his soldier comrades await his coming.

And he has gone. The sunset hour has again come. The birds are in the stall, and the stars shine out in the blue vault. The songs of the night-birds and the shrill note of insect tribes echo in the woods. Outward nature performs her ceaseless course. But there is a vacant chair at the homestead table. And when at the hour of sleep some noble poem is read from the Holy Book, as the household is gathered in its wonted way, the circle seems broken. One manly voice is not heard. But the God's benediction is sought for the young warrior. The sire prays that his arm may be strong to do battle with the wicked who have risen up in force against their country. Even as perfumes of precious wood ascend from golden censers, and are lost to mortal sight, so thanks go up to the Most High that the family has been granted the privilege of sending to the armies of Freedom the only remaining son. And when the thought comes, that soon he may be in the foremost ranks, and in the midst of the dead

and dying; that he goes where, perhaps even now the very earth trembles with moving squadrons and the loud-voiced cannon, more fervid grows the utterance that the Father, from His cloud-girt throne will come down in His power, and, from danger on the right and on the left, save harmless the dear son, bringing him through blood and death to his home.

Turn now from the home-scenes to one of our Southern States—to the Old Dominion. A mighty host is gathering in battle array. From the valley of the Southern Mississippi comes up the strength of the land, with gun and sword and blood-red plume; from the Gulf of Mexico, where roses bloom in perennial beauty, comes rank upon rank, the flower of the race; and from where the Gulf stream wafts its soft breeze to the shore, move on regiments, following the strange, new banner. Nor are these all, countless though they seem. From the North land, from the whispering pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire and the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, from the mighty lakes of our northern boundary, from where the gathering drops in sweet union give birth to the Father of Waters, and from all the free land of the colder North,

"Like a deep sea wave
Where rises no rock its pride to brave,
High swelling, dark and slow,"
swell southward in sublime spectacle the pennoned battalions of Freedom and Union, invincible in grandeur of soul and heaven-born purpose. Here on a common field, and drawing near each other those who are pulling down with felon hands the temple of free government, reared by the fathers. The long, serried ranks, with flashing bayonets; the warriors on their proud-moving chargers, bright ensigns and waving banners portend that, ere the western clouds shall reflect back in gold and purple the rays of the setting sun, a terrible contest will have taken place. Again and again the shrill bugle will have sounded the charge, and respondent lines rushed on with wild enthusiasm to victory or death. Night will look down upon many a brave dead man. In mingled confusion, war-horse and rider will meet the gaze throughout the extended plain. But the scene need not be forestalled.

The sun moves on through the heavens. "Calm and patient, Nature keeps her ancient promise well." But the psalm of earth is already interrupted.—Cannonading has begun. Peal on peal booms over the flower-tinted vale. Now for a brief period, silence reigns. Then again, more terrible than before, the following thunder rolls along the entire line of the foe. Our staff officers fly to distant parts of the field with the orders of their superiors. Brigades change places. The stronger points are weakened, and weaker ones made stronger. Working and reserved forces are disposed in the most available positions. Corn-field, woods, and stream, become elements of strategic combinations. Every man is in position, and feels that upon his valor may hang the result of the contest. William, too, is there. The aged man's son—the last remaining boy. We wonder if there is a thought in his bosom of home.—Yes! yes! Faster than the prancing war-horse, faster far than the screaming ball as it tears through the air, flies homeward one thought of that stern Puritan father, and of that mother, who simply said as he went forth in opening manhood's pride on that bright morning: "Do your duty, my son." Would that the parents could but look upon their boy, as upon that deadly day, he stands with comrades in the ranks! His countenance shows no stolid look, no cold indifference to the stern summons of Death that may await him. But an earnest zeal beams forth from the blue eye. The lips indeed quiver, but not from cowardice. "That is a brave man," said Wellington, noticing the trembling lip of a soldier, who with others moved on to take the deadly battery. Thus beheld William, the almost unknown hero. Save only the stained uniform, he has no badge. His royal marks are in the memories of his companions. "Our duty, my brothers," he has often repeated: "be firm." And with the embattled host he now awaits the commands of his officers. His company is in the centre. On right and on left the war god has raged with awful destruction. Deeds of heroic valor have been performed that shall glow with peerless beauty on the pages of the future historian. And though the stronghold of the enemy is not as yet altogether ours,

"Deeds of eternal fame
Were done—no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in this arm the moment lay
Of victory."

Now fly the golden moments. A single mistake may lead to glorious defeat. The gallant men of the centre are set to work. The bugle sounds the onward movement of the divisions. Shoulder to shoulder the solid phalanx goes forward.

"Nor obvious hill,
Nor straightened vale, nor woods, nor stream dis-
vours
Their perfect ranks."

Steadily advance the heroes of the republic. The "rough edges" of battle near each other. O dreadful interval between! The first line of the enemy is already gained. From behind abattis uprise the rebel horde, pouring out their deadly volleys, and filling the heavens with commingling flame and smoke. Then and there fell the patriots. Loyal blood flows like water, and living lines melt down

like snow-flakes in seething cauldrons. But the glorious spirits are not disheartened. No dismay. "Do or die" flames out from the blue field of their banner; and with wild cries they rush forward, through the opposing wave of shot and shell. The bloody tide baptizes them with renewed and holier fire; and in irresistible might they gain the chosen position. The work and its devilish engines of war, is their possession, and over all floats out once more the star-spangled banner. To the ears of their living and dying companions, on the field behind, come wild hurrahs, and the heaven-reaching shout of victory. On right and left the embattled host takes up the sound; and among the arches of heaven, in answering chorus, victory is echoed back to the earth.

While the waves of war have wildly surged backward and forward, and charging trumpets blown, the sun has gone down in the west. Night is coming on,

"And over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victors and vanquished."

Far and wide gleam the camp-fires. Friend and foe are mingling on the crimson war field, caring for the wounded. In the thick-est of the slain lies the body of William—pierced in the bosom with the deadly ball. His life went out as the shouts of the victori-ous squadrons rent the air. In a common grave, with unnamed demigods that on that day gave up their lives to the unity and free-dom of their fatherland, lies his mouldering clay; but the spirit is not there. Borne thither on the bright wings of immortality, it has a home in the celestial city. There, there shall be no hunger, no thirst, no long marches, no battle-cry; but blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and praise, and might, unto our God, for ever and ever.

"Tell my father," said the dying boy to his surviving comrade, "that I have no regrets for joining the army, I die for my country; and mother, tell her I feel I have done my duty."

Thus died William. Thus are dying my-riads. There is scarcely a village in the land where may not be found those who weep for the slain. Father, husband, son and brother, have been snatched away in the bloom of health and the vigor of manhood. Liberty is making such demands upon her sons as she never did before. Alas! that it is only thus that peace can again revisit us. Among the Alps two hundred thousand riflemen are ever ready to spring forth for the defense of the free of Switzerland. In the American Re-public near a million have drawn their swords, and sworn that they shall never again be sheathed till traitors sink to dishon-ored graves.—Proportionate has been the number of those who have crossed the stream of death. But song, and oratory, and history, shall enshrine their memories for unborn generations. And while winds blow, or rain-bows span the vaulted heavens, their names shall be writ in letters of living light with those who fell at Marathon and Thermopylae, at Buda, and on Bunker Hill.—From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

IMAGINATION.—A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment, also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but the prison of the soul?

A very worthy and pious old dame, had several books lent to her which she could not read, so she got a little girl to read to her. The curate of her church lent her "Pilgrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Having read them alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the curate called upon her, and asked her how she liked "Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when he replied: "It's a marvellous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday underwent?"

A drop of the blackest ink may diffuse a light as brilliant as the light of day.

He who loves a lady's complexion, form and features, loves not her true self but her soul's old clothes.

As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

There is no magic in the wool of the rich man's velvet against the malady slumbering under the poor man's fustian jacket.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset, and as much silver in the moon, as anybody.

Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trifling when she made them.

He who openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, may expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they don't think of him.

NEW-YEAR'S SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE

Baptist Meeting-House, in South Reading,
January 4th, 1863,
By REV. D. W. PHILLIPS.

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.—
JAM. OF JEREMIAH, 3:22.

This confession of the Prophet formed the turning point in his inward life—the transition from darkness into light—from a feeling of the most bitter abandonment and desolate loneliness into a state of sweet and hopeful tranquility. It furnished him with the true key for the interpretation of the providences of God. The moment that this great truth fully possessed him, he passed from a great straits of soul into a large place.

This beautiful song—from which our text is taken—so abounding in the rich fruit of chastened experience—is marred, in our version, by a frequent use of the wrong tense. In this way the transitions from the most opposite states of feeling, are made so suddenly as to spread over the whole an unnatural and unreal appearance. The chapter reads in our version, as if the Prophet wrote just as he felt at the time of composition. But such was not the fact. He is here relating to us the experiences through which he had passed at different seasons. The bitterness of soul—the fearful despondency—yes, the despair, which he pours out, in the first part of the chapter, he did not feel at the time of writing. It was what he felt before he remembered and duly considered that it was of the Lord's mercies they were not consumed.

From his new standpoint his earthly circumstances presented no new aspect. Jerusalem was still as desolate as ever; the temple was in ruins; the instruments of Divine service were exhibited as trophies of victory before idol-gods. The many who had fallen by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence were still mouldering in their graves. The best of what was left of the nation were still in the land of the Medes and by the rivers of Babylon. The whole country of the Hebrews,—in the graphic language of the Prophet,—sat as a desolate widow bereft of her children.

All this wore a very hard look; and harder still was it to taste these calamities. The Prophet's heart sank within him as he thought of these things. But when at length he remembered that it was *of the Lord's mercies* they had not been consumed, root and branch, and their name blotted out from among the nations, peace returned and he began to celebrate the praises of Jehovah. He saw and felt the beauty of the Divine holiness—he remembered what great things the Lord had done for his people ever since the days of Abraham—what unspeakable obligations they were under to God—and how unthankfully and how perversely they had conducted themselves. After doing so much by instruction, admonition and warning to save them, the merciful God was at length painfully compelled to have pity on his own great name, which his people had made a by-word among all nations. The Prophet realized that they deserved utter destruction, and that it was wholly of the Lord's mercies that anything, or anybody, was spared. Afflictive as their condition was, it might justly have been unspeakably worse. They had no cause for complaint, but every reason for humiliation, thankfulness, and hope.

The New Year opens upon us in darkness, in humiliation and fore-bodings of great and unknown evils. The prophecies of our wisest statesmen, and most renowned military chiefs, have all come to nothing. Our seers have seen vanity and nothingness—God has made foolish the wisdom of this world. On both sides of the Atlantic, the dailies—the weeklies—the monthlies—the quarterlies—speculated, theorized and predicted, about our affairs; but He, who sits in the heavens has laughed at them. That little cloud which was seen two years ago ascending, as a man's hand, from the sea, and which a few thousands of our mechanics and farmers, dressed in soldiers' uniforms, were to ally by a grand parade, is still rolling up more and more massively,—black and yet blacker. How many times have we passed the crisis. How many times have we broken the backbone of the rebellion. But it lives still.

We begin at length to realize our folly. Our seers now see no visions. If any of them have a dream to tell, we are all too much in earnest to give them any heed. We are beginning to believe that there are Americans who really intend to destroy their own country—and that their number and resources are very great, and their determination very intense.

We have seen hundreds of thousands, of all ages, from fifteen to fifty, leaving their peaceful occupations, and rushing on to the fields of deadly strife. Unnumbered thousands of them, without a coffin or a shroud, sleep in death. A frightful number of those who still live, are broken in health and maimed in body. Every death clothes with sorrow and mourning a circle of loving hearts.

On a superficial view the events of the past year seem truly appalling.

But let us remember that it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed. True our hopes a year ago have not been attained. But if God had dealt with us in severe justice far more than our worst fears would have been realized. At first sight we are strangely impressed with the little, or no progress, that our armies in Virginia have made. Such armies, in such a cause, we

feel, ought to have been prospered more. But take a nearer view; listen to the almost universal profanity of officers and men; consider the petty jealousies and self-seeking of so many high in authority, and the readiness with which so many defraud the government; the almost total suspension of Sabbath and sacred worship,—bear in mind the fact that of all these mighty hosts of young men, only a small minority, before they enlisted, showed any regard for Christ and his gospel; and that they were in that condition because the churches of Christ, in no part of the free North, had adequately felt their responsibility in regard to them. What claim, think you, have such a people on the help of the holy God? Where the heart has been honest, what glaring mistakes have been committed! At one time, golden opportunities to crush the rebellion have been unaccountably neglected. At other times, holocausts have been offered up to appease public ignorance and restlessness.

Why should God be merciful to the Free States? The majority, in not a few of these States, have no true notion of the necessary elements of genuine liberty, and have no sympathy with them. The crusade, a few years ago, against all foreigners indiscriminately, as those who had no right here and as enemies to the country, was painful and mortifying. But to me that was nothing so trying as the sight of so much wicked ignorance and perverse stupidity of such multitudes of American-born citizens ready to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

When you consider these things, and such as these, which crowd upon us every day, need we wonder that the holy God, whose mercies we have so abused, should not have done more for us than he has?

I do not think that God is dealing with us now for all our national sins. That cannot be the case unless he designs utterly to destroy us. It cannot be that he purposes to punish us for those sins which the very punishment is adapted to multiply. The war has been but one cause, and that is abundantly manifest. It is Democracy and Despotism—both of which were planted side by side in this country at the beginning, and have been growing up together until the land has become too narrow for them that are now marshalling their hosts for the battle. One of these might have so outgrown the other as to extinguish it without a shock. But the parallel and rapid expansion of the two, for so many generations, rendered the conflict that we now experience, inevitable. The compromises entered into by the "saviors of the Union," postponed the deadly collision till both had reached such colossal development as to be able to muster millions of armed men, under whose tread the whole world sensibly trembles. If either of these tendencies had been wanting on this continent, this war would have been impossible. But as God made and willed man to be free, we hold that liberty has a right on earth, and is in no sense involved in the guilt of this war. The manifest and acknowledged guilty cause of the war, is slavery. All other causes to which some ascribe the war, are the effects of slavery. It is not owing to the latitude and the soil that manufactures and commerce do not flourish in the Southern States; nor is the proud, domineering temper, so characteristic of that section, the effect of the blood, but of the training peculiar to castes in society.

Some allege that we have had very quiet, happy and prosperous times so long as slavery was unopposed. Is it not then plain, these men reason, that slavery cannot be the cause of our troubles, but something else, something newly come up, i. e., anti-slavery? These persons confess that slavery is wrong; yet they say that the wrong, the sin, is not the cause of our ills, but opposition to it.

One thing is abundantly manifest—that the moral nature of those who reason thus, is very benighted. They must be strangers to truth, justice and a good conscience. Jesus came to save his people from their sins. He knew, beforehand, what the consequences would be of his testifying against the sin of the world. He came to send fire upon the earth, to set men at variance with one another; yet he was wholly innocent. He said that if he had not come and spoken to the people they would not have had sin. But after he had spoken, he asserted that they had no cloak for their sin. If all his disciples had taken a different course, if they had united together to make a cloak of slavery—instead of, if it had remained the creed of the majority of the people, and if it were likely to continue so, that to slaveholders belonged the right of ruling in this land, and that they should have it, there would have been no rebellion.

Our Lord was hated by the world, because he testified against it. If we are his true disciples and followers, we shall, we must, testify against the sins of the world—not testify against its sins in general, while we apologize for them in particular—but testify against its iniquities by name, kindly, pityingly, yet intelligibly and earnestly; and if we so testify, the world will hate us as it hated him. All slaveholders hate the free states—hate New England more than the rest, and Massachusetts more than the rest of New England, because there is far more of Christian intelligence and a stronger sense of right here than in any other state of the American Union.

I deplore contention and war. These are great evils, but not the greatest. Truth and righteousness are of more importance than union and peace. If there is no God, no moral law, if death is an eternal sleep, and if worldly prosperity is the highest good, then, let everything be sacrificed to quietness and gain. But if there is a moral Governor and righteous Judge to whom we must give an account, then let those beware who let sin go unrebuked and unrepented of.

Our afflictions and sorrows are great; but we deserve far more. It is very afflictive to take away the husband, the father, the brother, from the loving family circle. In the cold and the storm, in sickness and death, they cannot return to administer to those at home. The anxieties felt by their relatives and friends about them, day and night, as they are marching under a heavy load, or sleeping on the cold, damp ground, or fighting, are, indeed, terrible to endure. Yet let us constantly pass between them, and while life lasts there is a blessed hope of reunion. But slavery has taken away from their families, if slaves may be said to have families, more husbands, and fathers, and sons, and brothers, than this war has taken, or will take for many years yet to come. And when they are once gone, the separation is as complete and lasting as if death had taken place. War spares females, children, the infirm and the aged. Slavery spares neither sex nor age. War is wasteful; slavery strips its victims of all things. War is very demoralizing; but slavery is far more so. We all have been implicated in the guilt of slavery. I say, we, for the majority are the nation; and the majority of the nation have always been for slavery. If the friends of the institution had been united, they would have carried the last Presidential election.

If we see and realize our guilt, we shall not complain on account of the evils we suffer; for we shall then be persuaded that if God had dealt with us as we had dealt with his own responsible creatures, he would have taken from us all our liberties. It must be exceedingly wicked in his holy sight, for us to seek our own quietness and prosperity at the expense of all the rights of millions as nearly related to him as we are. But He does not so deal with us. Not only shall we be saved through his mercy from utter ruin, but he will most abundantly deliver us for his great name's sake. Our deliverance will be wholly through his grace.

We have been in the habit of apologizing for our fathers; we have justified them in doing what we acknowledge to be evil, in order that good might come. We have said that if they had not given to slavery such guarantees in the fundamental law of the land they could not have formed the Union; as if for the sake of union they had a right to commit any enormity. We perceive now that God in his providence most severely blames them. But we have no right to blame them; for if we had been there we should have done worse than they—if we may judge by our own works. To the aggressive and remorseless power of slavery we have made the greatest sacrifices of truth, justice and mercy.

Though the French possessions in the valley of the Mississippi were not primarily purchased for slavery, all that was then valuable of it was given up to that power; and as soon as the remainder became of any importance it was most fraudulently opened to the same. It was for the sake of slavery that an exterminating war was waged against the Florida Indians. In the same interest the aborigines were cruelly treated in Georgia, and removed from all that was dear to them on earth to the far west. It was for slavery that Texas was separated from Mexico and admitted as a State into the Union. The consequent war with Mexico and the acquisition of extensive territories from that weak and distracted country, were all designed for the strengthening of slavery.

To these high handed deeds of wrong there was no opposition offered, worth naming, by the christian church. It seems probable that if slavery had been more wise and moderate, if the nation had been content to sin more decently, the disciples of the holy and merciful One would have remained asleep unto this day.

But God has most wisely ordained, as a fundamental law, that evil doers shall grow more and more bold and reckless—deceiving and being deceived. This fact has been abundantly manifested in our history as a nation. Deeds of wickedness, more and more daring have been thickening along the path we have trodden. The successive administrations became more and more blindly subservient to the slave power. The fugitive slave law; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the open support of border ruffianism by the Government; the attempt of President Buchanan to pilot through Congress a fraudulent constitution for Kansas, were the means, under Providence, that roused us from our guilty slumber.

Nor can we say that it was a few persons away there in Washington, that did these things. We all knew, or might have known, before we elected Mr. Buchanan, that he was a most vile and wicked man. The "Ostend Manifesto," which was his successful bid for the presidency, proclaimed him to be a man destitute of all truth and righteousness. He did nothing worse, as a president, than he had promised to do in that manifesto. We cannot lay the evil that he did upon him; we, beforehand, made it all our own. Now

for any of us to say that we did not vote for Buchanan is contemptible trifling. We all elected him. The nation is an unit, I again repeat, and the majority is the nation. So does God now regard the matter in his dealing with us.

It is dark with us now; but it has been much darker than this. When the party who had always controlled the destinies of this nation saw that they were becoming the minority, and that the power was slipping out of their hands, they openly rebelled. That was indeed a dark day. The new President had to slip, by night, into the national capital, as if he were a felon, fleeing from justice. He found the treasury enormously in debt though we had been for years in profound peace. The small army was scattered in the most remote stations; all the national vessels, with one or two exceptions, were either on the other side of the globe, or dismantled; most of the munitions of war had been conveyed into the rebel States; all the national forts in those States, with three exceptions, had been basely surrendered, as well as all other public property. The capital itself was closely besieged, and for a long time had no means of communicating with the loyal part of the country. Traitors abounded in every department of the Government, judicial, civil, military and naval. In all places of trust, honor and emolument, they were the majority.

Until Sumter was bombarded, the loyal part of the community seemed stupified and paralyzed, making no preparation to meet the storm. When the first call was made for volunteers, not a Slave State responded, except with insults. The Governor of Maryland became nobly loyal, and he alone of all the Governors of Slave States proved himself to be a true man. The Legislature of Maryland were intensely rebellious, and were it not for Gov. Hicks and Gen. Butler, the State would have seceded. The Governor of Kentucky and the Senators in Congress from that State were disloyal. For a long time the State professed neutrality, while actually furnishing the rebels with thousands of soldiers and immense supplies. Were it not for the mighty and magnanimous Holt, and a few others of less note, that State would have drifted out of the Union. Missouri went further than Kentucky. Gov. Jackson was more intensely rebellious than Magoffin, and he was aided by one of the ablest rebel commanders, Gen. Price. Had it not been for such men as Gens. Lyon and Pope, Missouri would have succeeded in cutting herself wholly adrift from the Union.

You all remember well that very dark day,—so dark that a darker cannot come after it, unless the rebellion should actually succeed, and the Union be broken to pieces. In contrast with that dark day, let us survey our present condition. True the rebellion is not subdued. Our fellow townsmen did not return in three weeks, having accomplished all, as one of our orators assured them when they left for the seat of war. The three months of Secretary Seward, and the year of Gen. Scott, have long since passed, while the rebellion is more gigantic to-day than at any previous period. We have met with many reverses. We have felt exceedingly humiliated. Multitudes have been slain. Richmond has not been taken.

But is it all dark? Let us see. The rebels have indeed done great things. They have raised and equipped immense armies. Some of their generals have shown great capacity for command. They have fought splendidly and gained many victories. But Fort Sumter is to this day not only for the fact that there the rebels first opened the mouth of the slaughter, but also because it is the first and the only Government fort that they have taken by force of arms. And not only so, but Fort Sumter remains the only trophy of victory which they have succeeded in taking and holding. Their independence has not yet been acknowledged by any foreign power, and the prospect that it will soon be is not as threatening as at many former seasons. The tide of feeling in England appears to be turning in our favor, and the Proclamation issued the first day of the year will do much to commend our cause to the christian conscience of the fatherland.

On our side, though we have lost many battles, we have steadily gained. The four Slave States—Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware, are now loyal. The invasion, in strength, by the rebels, of Maryland and Kentucky, and the cold reception they met with from the citizens, have sealed the position of those States. Missouri, which went further than they in the way of rebellion, is now in a better condition than either of them. She has washed herself clean in her own blood from the foul crimes of border-ruffianism and disloyalty. Her loyal citizens, aided mainly by the men of the North-west,—men, who in power of endurance, in rapidity of movement, and in bravery on the field of battle, have never been exceeded, and seldom equaled since the world began,—with the help of these men, Missouri has driven her invaders beyond the Boston mountains. And those left at home did not betray at the polls the cause of humanity and justice, as that class have done in several of the Free States. Think of Missouri as she was when Buchanan and David Atchison ruled, and think of her as she now is,—and Missouri is larger than all New England.

Of the States that seceded the following facts are worthy of note. Virginia, the

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stoughton.—E. T. WHITFIELD.
Rochester.—JOSIAH HOBBS.
Roxbury.—THOMAS RICHMOND.

S. M. FITZGERALD & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1863.

THE CHARLESTON BLOCKADE.

If the reports which reach us, through rebel sources, regarding the recent attack upon the vessels comprising the Charleston blockade, bear any resemblance to the truth, in the matter, we may expect to have some diplomatic correspondence upon the subject at an early day, or as soon as the matter is brought before the Governments of Europe. If the blockade of Charleston has been legally raised—though the details of the manner in which it was done, are so mixed up and contradictory, that it is almost impossible to come to any intelligible conclusion—European traders will not be slow to take advantage of the opportunity, and thus the rebels will obtain just such things as they most need. Four weeks must elapse before we can receive any definite information from Europe, respecting the light-in which the subject will be looked upon there. Until such information is received, it will be well for all to keep cool,—especially the Charleston rebels, who, it appears, went into ecstasies when the news reached them.

The following opinion of a legal gentleman of New York, may be worth something in clearing up the minds of those who have become somewhat puzzled in endeavoring to understand the points of law involved:—

"It ought to be added, in order to allay the popular apprehension which is likely to be excited, that the only questions which can arise under this misfortune, if it be such, will relate to the adjudication of prize cases. Admiral Du Pont has a fleet of iron-clads invincible to the whole rebel navy, and with or without them, has undoubtedly, day before this, re-established the blockade, if it has ever been broken. We do not hear whether any vessel flying in Charleston harbor seized the opportunity to escape; but if not, the rebel exploit can have but one effect. If the news which went to Europe by yesterday's steamer is believed, European vessels may be dispatched on the strength of it for the port of Charleston. When they arrive, they will find the entrance barred by a blockading fleet. There is no shadow of pretense that they will have or can have the right to enter the harbor in presence of a fleet able to prevent them. The rebels will gain no supplies whatever. But if these vessels shall have sailed during the time between the announcement of the raising of the blockade and the issuing of the proclamation by our Government re-establishing it, they may or may not be liable to capture and condemnation. Whether they are or are not liable will be decided in the courts to which they are sent if captured. It will probably be wise to give such instructions to the naval commander on that station as shall avoid any possible difficulty or question. But the public may clearly understand that these cases will be the only source of dispute. No person will venture to say that we cannot resume an interrupted blockade by such measures as would establish one in the beginning. We cannot doubt for a moment that, in a matter of this importance, our Government, though unaccountably remiss in the Galveston case, which, in its main features, is similar to this, will act with promptness and wise discretion, and that disputes or even diplomatic negotiations will be wholly avoided."

TABERNACLE.—The exhibition of Tabernacles, together with the accompanying concert, was again given in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday afternoon last. The children were out in full numbers, and as many tickets were sold as on the previous occasion. Some parts of the Thursday evening entertainment were omitted, but their places were occupied by good substitutes, which proved quite as acceptable. The net proceeds will amount to \$200, instead of \$150 as we said last week.

In reporting Thursday evening's proceedings, we neglected to say that Miss Houston tendered her services voluntarily; and that several patriotic pieces were rendered by her in a truly artistic manner, and highly pleased the lovers of good music.

Charles C. Woodman, Esq., of this town, is at present engaged speaking for the Republicans in New Hampshire.

SABBATH SCHOOL STATISTICS.—Paragraphs have been going the rounds of the papers purporting to give the size of different Sabbath Schools; and as they are incorrect, the *Congregationalist* of this week publishes a table which gives the attendance in about forty schools connected with the Orthodox Church in this State, on Sunday, January 11, 1863. In this table the school in Woburn appears to rank eight from the highest. Below we give the names of the eight highest, together with the attendance:—

Woburn, 376; Shawmut, Boston, 402; Maverick, East Boston, 422; Winnisimmet, Chelsea, 436; Broadway, Chelsea, 488; Phillips, South Boston, 506; Winthrop, Charlestown, 505; Berkley St., Boston, 650.

EXCISE TAX FOR DECEMBER.—The Excise Tax assessed in the Town of Woburn, for the Month of December last is as follows:—On Curried Leather, \$2402.37; Boots & Shoes, \$465.37; New Licenses, \$140. Making in all the sum of \$3007.74. Assessed in the Town of Winchester, for the same time: On Curried & Enamelled Leather, \$95.18; on Machinery manufactured, \$38.16. Making in all \$133.34.

SURPRISE VISIT.—On Tuesday evening last, Niagara Engine Co., of this town, were very agreeably surprised at their house, while about closing up the business of their regular meeting, by the sudden appearance of quite a large number of ladies, who had evidently come with the determination of having a good time—and they had it. They spread an excellent collation, and invited their outwitted friends to partake thereof. Dancing, &c., passed the evening off pleasantly and joyously to both parties.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—Sergeant Theophilus F. Page, of this town, a member of Co. G, 2d Mass. Regiment, who was wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain, has received an honorable discharge, and has returned home.

Private Amos E. Cutler, of this town, of Co. B, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, has been discharged for disability, and arrived home this week.

VERY COLD.—On Tuesday a sudden change came over old King Winter, and he treated us to a severe taste of his unconquerable powers. Wednesday the thermometer stood at 14 below zero, in Woburn. At St. Albans, Vt., and Rouse's Point, N. Y., it was 30 below. Friday, the 5th day of February, 1863, was probably the coldest day we have had in this century.

LARGE MAILS.—The mail which left Newbern, N. C., for the North on the 2d of January, consisted of 37,000 letters, and of this number the Fifth Mass. Regiment sent 2200.

THE EXPRESS VESSEL which leaves today for Newbern, N. C., carries out a "variety box" for the Phalanx. It was forwarded under the auspices of Mr. G. R. Gage.

WE have received from our correspondent "N. A. R.," a lengthy letter, which we cannot find room for this week.

HOME MONTHLY.—We are in receipt of the February number of this *bijou* family magazine. It is made up of original and selected matter, which will be of value to all that can read it.

HOW TO HELP THE REBELS.—If you are a merchant or speculator, do your best to drive up the price of gold; and if you can, at the same time, remark to your friends that "greenbacks will soon be used for waste paper," it will be well. Tell them, too, that "money is plentiful, such as it is," and give it to be understood that you have no confidence in any investment's except gold or real estate. Such hints will produce their effect upon those who think you a shrewd fellow; and if you persevere long enough you may even help to produce a panic in the money market, by which you can make a fortune at the expense of the workmen, who use Treasury notes.

Be careful always to express distrust of the upright intentions of the Government. Interpret every act of the Administration as an attack upon the liberties of the people. You cannot openly say that you think Davis more honest, or more loyal to the Union, than Lincoln; but you can act as though you thought so; and you will find many of your friends disheartened by this behavior. It is most excellent help for the rebels.

Lastly, if any one should tell you boldly, that our armies have been generally victorious, that our soldiers have fought more bravely than the rebels, that the balance of success is greatly on our side; that we hold at this time all that we have ever captured, and that the enemy is powerless to resist whenever we advance; if he should tell you that our Treasury notes are better than any other kind of paper money in the world, that government stocks are the best and safest investment in the country, and that a barrel of flour costs the working man no more in "greenbacks" than he paid in gold before the war; if, finally, he should assert that the Administration is honest, and that its intentions are pure, that the President is a true lover of liberty and devoted to the Union, and that if he or his agents make mistakes, they ought to be treated as the errors of a friend, and not as the acts of a treacherous enemy—if any one should say this to you, there is still one reply for you to make—call him an Abolitionist. That word is a favorite with the rebels; you can do no better than adopt it.—N. Y. Ev. Post.

THE 109th regiment of Illinois, of which all but one company went over to the enemy, it is stated, with the exception of that single company, belonged to that sneaking brood of traitors denominated the Knights of the Golden Circle. They enlisted for the special purpose of getting allotted and armed and in a position to desert and go over to their friends the rebels.

Letter from the 5th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGIMENT, 7 Newbern, N. C., Jan. 29, 1863.

Mr. Editor—How true is the saying that "man is the creature of circumstance." Could you peep into the quarters of the Phalanx this evening, you would credit me when I say that I am now wielding the pen in consequence of the arrival of the "Frye," laden—not with "hard-tack" and "salt-junk," but with "goodies" from home and loved ones. In consequence, I say, for so barren of news have been the past two weeks, I had not intended to write at present, but thinking that our kind friends at home would be glad to hear of the arrival of their packages, I am prompted to write a few lines. Should they not be of general interest to many of your readers, I humbly crave pardon for encroaching on their patience and add that to those who have husbands, sons or brothers in the army the choicest bit of news is to receive tidings of their comfort and welfare.

This must suffice for a preface.

Very many have been the illustrations in the papers of the receipt of boxes from home in the camp, but verily a master-hand is required to picture the opening of packages from the North by soldiers in the South. The choicest linings of art fail to give an idea and I am sure words fail.

From early morn the discharged cargo of the Frye has been teamed to the several camps and the 5th has been peculiarly favored, there being 304 boxes and barrels sent to the regiment, of which the Phalanx had 75. You can imagine how jolly a camp is ours this eve.

While the grateful aroma of pies, cakes, sauces, preserves, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*, burden the air, barrels and kegs go creaking along the streets and fragrant Havanas vie with the bright new moon in illuminating the shadowy night, while the smoke curls in graceful wreaths as if in mockery of the faithful pipes, now for a time, disposed.

Thanks, many thanks, to the donors for their kind remembrance!

At present our tent is fairly—very acceptably, however—crowded with boxes and barrels, there being no less than four of the latter filled with apples, and boxes to every occupant, nearly. It is somewhat amusing to see the same unpacked, and we were particularly pleased to see the consternation pictured on the face of one of our Corporals at drawing from his box a plump and long *Bologna*, of which he is not particularly fond. He thanks the friend (?) who sent it, however, and has transferred it, even now to the *sharsh* mercies of his brother non-coms, who care for it very tenderly.

Beside private property, that sent by the "Phalanx Associates" has arrived in safety, and, like all the rest, in excellent condition, notwithstanding the rather rough and long passage.

But why should I "lengthen out a closing tale?" save to wish,

"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light."

Permit me to add, merely as a "night-cap," that "hard-tack" is below par, and constantly depressing.

By the way, as "a fair good night" I will state that the 5th is "in trenches" preparatory to a reported attack, via Kingston. This is not generally credited, although Gen. Foster is making the place as strong as possible in view of making it a "base" in the future. It is said that eight guns are to be mounted on the ramparts and that we are to practice in artillery drill. This is an *outré*, remember. One hundred and thirty men are detailed from the regiment to work in the trenches, which are quite extensive and will not be completed under a week. They partly flank our encampment, and are sixteen feet in depth from base to rampart.

The mustering troops have sailed from Beaufort, and the great expedition has sailed for—where? Rumor says several places, but let us wait with patience for the result.

The health of the regiment is excellent; indeed, it is said that the 5th is the healthiest of any at this post, which will be cheering to its friends.

We are having beautiful weather, and every thing betokens spring with its glad and cheerful influences.

But I should have ere this, said my *L'envoy*, so I will my adieu, O. W. R.

THE HYMNAL KNOT TIED WITH A TELEGRAPH WIRE.—The Syracuse Standard states that a marriage by telegraph took place on Tuesday afternoon last, between a young lady in one of the principal villages on the Oswego railroad, and an artillery soldier, on duty near Washington.

The chaplain of the bridegroom's regiment telegraphed the material question of the marriage ceremony to the lady, viz:—"Do you take—to be your husband?" directing her to answer, "I do," and to authorize him to propose a like question to the gentleman. In two hours after the lady received the Chaplain's first message, she received a second announcing that the soldier and she were man and wife. This telegram is her marriage certificate. It is understood that the parents of the lady were opposed to the union, and that this method was taken to outwit them. The time for the ceremony had been fixed by correspondence beforehand, and the lady was in waiting when the first message was received at the telegraph office.

THE attention of farmers is again called to the advertisement of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's Poudreite. This Company manufacture all the night soil from the City of New York into a dry, inodorous powder, and at a price far below any other fertilizer in the market. They have been in successful operation for twenty-three years, with a steadily increasing demand, which is a sufficient test of the value of their manures.

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND.—For over forty years, Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the Armies of Europe with his PILLS & OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only Medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, Sores, Wounds and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 16, 1863.

Editor Journal—I got a pass from the provost marshal of Washington, for Fortress Monroe, and took passage on board the steamer Georgia, a boat chartered to take horses to the above place. A ride down the Potomac is one of the most interesting that the traveller can enjoy. The views are varied, the waters clear, and at this season of the year are covered for a hundred miles of the way with millions of wild ducks, that mock with sportive indifference the unarmed observer. On my arrival at Fortress Monroe, I sought out our old townsman, Major John A. Bolles, who showed me many favors, including a visit to the immense fortifications that surround this place on all sides. The position of this place is such, that its defense has received the constant care of the government, and it presents the greatest combination of science and labor that modern warfare and high engineering can unite. Its embrasures look grim with iron muzzles and death-dealing cannon. Its casemates defy all opposing force of shot and shell, while its bastions, thick with monster guns, challenge all the navies of the world. I was favored with a pass from here to Newbern by Gen. Dix, through his staff officer, Major Bolles. I came by Norfolk, through the waters where the unfortunate Monitor, in her fateful conflict with the Merrimack, achieved such lasting fame. But now she in her turn has gone to an ocean grave, where her former great exploit will redeem her from forgetfulness.

Norfolk, like all else in Virginia, shows the dark cloud of slavery resting upon its deserted streets and unoccupied dwellings. At this place I was fortunate in meeting General Foster, who was up with a special boat upon business connected with his command. I took passage on board, and steamed up the Elizabeth river 16 miles to Chesapeake canal; through this, 20 miles into North river and Currituck Sound 30 miles; thence through Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds 140 miles; thence up the Neuse 45 miles to this place, 260 miles distant from Norfolk. Until we reached the Sound the waters were muddy and putrid to the smell, and filled with slime and floating logs, while monster tortoises basked in the sun, and foul buzzards flew screaming through the air. The banks were lined with rushes and decayed vegetation, with no green or interesting object to change the unsightly picture. The water covering the Sounds is shoal; the banks, when within view, present nothing but an unbroken woods, extending far back, and reflecting gloomy shadows of their vacant history upon the surrounding water. White gulls, fish hawks and grey eagles float alone in fierce confusion, ever and anon darting below, with hungry zeal to catch some unguarded prize, which, when plucked is borne high aloft amid the struggles of a hundred claimants. The Sounds are the home of many species of fish, that are said to be of delicious flavor and rare beauty, but little skill is shown in the manner of taking them from their native element, so that the fish are killed with rapidity; while Yankee enterprise would turn their shining scales into more shining dollars.

One thing is noticeable during this distance of 260 miles—an entire absence of houses; not more than 10 miserable looking huts mark the way, and they the abodes of extreme poverty and destitution. I am now speaking of the Eastern part of North Carolina, in extent about 250 miles, in width from 30 to 70, being that portion that has been reclaimed from rebellion. It is by far the least valuable portion, for it is two-thirds covered with water and swamps, that no art can reclaim or cultivate. The artificial productions are tar, turpentine and shingles; the natural productions, mosquitoes and bed bugs. The former, so tenacious of life that they enter houses through smoky chimneys rather than through open doors; the latter, so ferocious, that when they can't get blood they eat fat and drink turpentine. The whole soil is light and unproductive. The population scattering and degenerate, with no enterprise but to support life with the least effort of the hands. The cultivation of the mind is a point that they neither aspire to, nor comprehend; and were it not for the great principle involved in the issue, this part of the State in its present condition, is not worth the value of one life spent to restore it to the Union. This State is strongly secession (all denials to the contrary notwithstanding) and since the emancipation proclamation it is doubly so.

"Men convinced against their will,
Are of the same opinion still."

Force of arms will close the lips, but will not change the heart. There is scarcely a carpeted house in the State but what the floors have been stripped, the carpets cut up and given to the soldiers for blankets, and in every other manner have they contributed to encourage and feed their soldiers. I am now speaking of the middle and western part of the State, which is much more wealthy and intelligent than the eastern part. Provisions are not half as high as in Virginia. Wheat, corn, beef and pork are lower than in New England. On the taking of Newbern, last March, North Carolina had but 46 regiments, now she has 94 in the field, at home and abroad, beside a few union regiments. Some counties have as large a population and more wealth than all we now hold of the State. Her soldiers are brave and haughty. Let me give you a specimen of two companies.

One, of 96 men, called the Edgecomb Blues, the poorest of which, when raised was worth \$10,000; this company was at the battle of "Big Bethel," commanded by Capt. Bridges, who was there mortally wounded and brought back to the depot at Beaufort, where he made his will, giving \$250,000 worth of his property to the rebel cause, and \$50,000 of his relatives. "The ruling passion strong in death." The other company is called the "Pedee Wildcats," 100 men, all wealthy and bearing their own expenses. Not one of them less than 6 feet tall. The Captain is 6 feet 6, the 1st Lieutenant 6 feet 4, the 2d Lieutenant 6 feet 2.

The interior of the State is developing rapidly. There are several cotton and woolen mills in full operation, all at work night and

day for the government; one powder mill making 4000 lbs. of powder weekly, and by a simple discovery in science, the slaves are making large quantities of saltpetre; also a few salt springs that are being worked successfully; while new life has been given to agriculture by the wants of the army. Slavery is here seen in its full condition. The blacks are low, dirty and ignorant. With the exceptions of some instances of freedom that are now being developed, their physical condition is below the beasts. Their domestic affections are strong, and could the sunlight of learning open upon their understandings to guide their freedom of thought and action, and to open their impulses of ambition now slumbering with the weight of slavery, they would rise up in two generations a sublime and living record, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

There are several camps of contrabands here that I have visited. Their tale is one of wrong and outrage. They are, at present, in a sad condition, and must continue so for some time. Were it not for the partial support they get from government, life even to them must be intolerable. The native white male and female population now left here, have not one characteristic of enterprise or thrift. Their persons are slovenly; their manners awkward, and their whole condition of social and business life as primeval as New England two hundred years ago.

My special visit to this place was to see an only son—a member of the 43d Regiment. Also to see the Winchester boys in the 45th, who are generally well and happy, and who perform every duty as becomes good soldiers, and when called to battle will do honor to the town they represent. They are encamped, with many other regiments, two miles below the town, upon a sandy plain of a thousand acres, with view of Newbern, and between the railroad and the river Trent. The location is as good as could be selected for the drilling and marshalling of soldiers. The living is generally good, and with a few rarities purchased from the sutlers, they are comfortable.

It would be ungenerous to close this letter without referring to the W. M. P., whose quarters I have visited several times, and to whose officers I am indebted for lodging and food, as good as their generosity could furnish at home. This crack company is in the old-service Fifth, and a better drilled and more splendid regiment never trod the field of glory.

N. A. R.

SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.—Freemasonry, said Benjamin Franklin, I admit has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself, but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualifications which are conferred after due course of instruction and examination; they are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support of the whole world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned, let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still these credentials remain, and are available for us as circumstances may require. The good effects which they produced are established by the incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have softened the aspirations of tyrants; they have subdued the rancor of malice, and broken down the barrier of political animosity and sectional alienation. On the field of battle, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of most hostile feelings, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason.

A BRAVE OFFICER.—The government of India has resolved to construct an international telegraph of its own, and Col. Patrick Stewart has been selected as general superintendent. According to a London journal, this officer is famous in India for personal daring, for unvarying success, and for a habit of getting killed. In 1858 he accompanied Lord Clyde as Director General of Telegraphs into Oude, and however fast the Commander-in-Chief might march, by evening the electric telegraph was ready in his tent to communicate with Calcutta. One day Lord Clyde received a message from the Viceroy, running thus: "Do not let Pat Stewart be killed. He cannot be replaced." Raising his eyes, he saw the subject of the message sneaking out of camp, rifle in hand, as a volunteer on a particularly dangerous expedition. He was brought back. "Confound you, sir," said the Chief; "what have you to do there? If you're a killed, sir, by George, I'll arrest you!" Once carried off by a tiger, once ripped up by a bear, once pronounced dead of cholera, Col. Stewart has more men of twice his age, and has in India the reputation of making a habit of success.

HARD ON BRIGADIERS.—Orpheus C. Kerr, in one of his letters from Washington, is severe on brigadiers. He says:

"Captain, there's something missing from the rear guard."

Villiam assumed a thoughtful demeanor, and says he:

"Is it a misfire?"

"No," said the Lieutenant, agitatingly, "but we miss two—"

"No baggage wagons?" says Villiam, giving such a start his war horse fell upon his knees. "Don't tell me that two wagons are missing."

"Why, no," said the Lieutenant, with emotion, "it's not two wagons that we miss, but two brigadiers!"

"Ah," says Villiam, fanning himself with his cap, "how you alarmed me! I thought I lost it was two wagons. Let the procession go out and I'll send for two more. Brigs the next time I have a friend going to Washington."

For the Middlesex Journal.

STRATHAM, N. H., Feb. 3, '63.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have been unable to notice events in old Reading for a few days past, I will employ a few leisure moments to notice some things by the wayside, that have come within my observation while sojourning in some portions of the Old Granite State. Having spent several days in a town situated on the map, not more than one hundred miles from New Market, I propose to give a general sketch of its appearance, &c. In this *dearly* town, to which I allude, the most striking observations are quite apparent to any one who has moral discernment enough to distinguish the difference between corruption and purity. The town can boast of several cotton mills, only one of which, however, is in operation at the present time, and some four churches, all of which are not occupied regularly. I may say in this connection, that the Congregational Society have been exceedingly unfortunate in the settlement of their late pastor, Rev. George Blodgett, whom I am told became their pastor last spring. But his ministry was of short duration, he soon after his settlement, becoming involved in difficulties well calculated to excite the most alarming apprehensions as to his fitness for a minister of the gospel; and after a brief period he took leave of absence, since which the pulpit of said society has been irregularly supplied. His wife, whom he left behind, was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. But he will no longer impose upon the credulity of this or any other people. The details of his perambulations are unfit for publication, and no good would be accomplished by making them public, as his career is now ended, he having come to a sudden death by falling between two cars on the New York & Erie Railroad, although some suspect it was not altogether accidental. He entered upon his ministry under the most encouraging auspices, the society having the utmost confidence in him, paying six months of his salary in advance. Now a word in regard to this very picturesque town as viewed from its most lofty summit on "Zion's Hill," where a grand view may be had; and it will be seen at once that it differs widely in its external appearance from the more extensive prairies of the West. It is hilly and undulating, high and low, long and short, and the mind is forcibly impressed with the idea that it was the very last place that was made, and that very little improvement has been made since. Towns adjoining recognize and speak of it as the "Devil's Den." Now in regard to the morals of the place. Profanity seems to be the prevailing disease. It seems to flow out of the mouths of the occupants of the cradle as well as the old grey-headed man of three score and ten. Noticed one man in conversation with another for some fifteen minutes, who during all that time did not utter a profane word, which possibly may be owing to the fact that he was a new comer and had not become acquainted with the customs and habits of the place, and was therefore excusable, not having been initiated. I asked a young lady of the place if there were any institution for seceding in the place, to which she made answer that she believed there was; and I rejoined that I thought it must be so, as there could not be so much profanity about in the art in any other way. We are accustomed to speak of babes as little innocents, but can this be true when the very first connected words uttered by them read something like the following, "dod dam you, mother." But there may be a bright side to this picture, and undoubtedly there are good men and true, and perhaps enough to save the "city," as it is required but a small number of righteous persons to save the city we read of in olden time. Perhaps some may think this picture overdrawn, but in my judgment it is as far short of it as the shadow is to the reality. But I leave this unwelcome theme, regretting that a sense of justice requires me to thus write concerning any town in my native state.

The State election is soon to come off, and will be warmly contested by the two political parties in the field. The Republicans feel confident of a victory for the administration, while the Democrats feel no less confident that they shall succeed in rolling up a majority against it. While the Republicans are active their opponents are scarcely less so. Neither party will be caught napping. Most bitter is the denunciation of the general government by the so-called Democratic party, and the whole vocabulary of expletives becomes exhausted in their fulminations against the President. The dismissal of Gen. Porter, "arbitrary arrests," &c., trouble these dear lovers of their country exceedingly, and it is my firm conviction that there are not a few of this party who would rather the Union would go all to smash than that it should be restored without slavery. Hatred to the black man may justly be regarded as the basis of all opposition to the administration either in this or any other state.

Stratham, from which I date this epistle, is up and doing. They (the Republicans) have canvassed the town, and find a large majority in their favor, heartily sustaining the administration.

But I must close here, as the mail will not wait for me.

LENO.

HOW TO READ SHOULDER STRAPS.—The rank and arm of the service of military officers are designated as follows:

The shoulder straps of a Major General bear two silver embroidered stars one on each end of the strap; a Brigadier General has one silver star only; a Colonel has a silver embroidered spread eagle; a Lieutenant Colonel has two silver embroidered leaves, one at each end of the strap; a Major has two embroidered leaves similarly placed. A Captain has two gold bars at each end of the strap; a First Lieutenant one gold bar at each end; and a Second Lieutenant no bars at all.

The cloth of the strap, by its color, distinguishes the arm of the service. For General and staff officers, it is dark blue; for artillery,

infantry, sky blue; for

riflemen, green, and for cavalry, orange color.

Non-commissioned officers are indicated by "chevrons" or stripes on the coat sleeve in the form of a letter V. Corporals wear two stripes; Sergeants three. Orderly Sergeants have a lozenge, or diamond shaped figure, within the angle of the chevrons. Sergeant Majors have the three stripes of a Sergeant completed into a triangle, base uppermost.

For the Middlesex Journal.

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hind the river? Be in time, There is a beautiful
world; Don't you hear the Angels coming? Where
thirty dwells is my country; Freedom, Truth and
light, (national songs); Is There a land of love?
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Concluded from First Page.

the sick and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unaided, came rushing agonizingly upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel to a pistol flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently until dawn, in vain my beloved child for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my meekness would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lone house well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh! for my holsters, and the good iron they contained! Oh for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me. I recognized the sabre of a sentry, and with a mad bolt of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoot only the daughters, for the old man was found stiff and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had been emptied. These worthies had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their hide-out on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water."

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court-martial," but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death-blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Blondberg!" The unwitting repetition of this word on my part had revived the remorse of death in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle, which now devastates our happy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow countrymen.—*Chamber's (London) Journal.*

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XII: No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

[From the Philadelphia North American.]
The Crossing at Fredericksburg.
[DECEMBER 11TH, 1862.]
Miles Loggins.

[These beautiful lines of Mr. Boker were suggested by the story of one of our own Boston officers, who lay in his tent prostrated by illness on the day of the bloody battle referred to.]

I lay in my tent at midday,
Too full of pain to die;
When I heard the voice of Burnside,
And an answering shout reply.

I heard the voice of the General—
"Twas firm, though low and sad;
But the roar that followed his question
Laughed out till the hills were glad.

"O, comrade, open the curtain,
And see where our men are bound,
For my heart is still in my bosom
At that terrible, mournful sound.

"And hark what the General orders,
For I could not catch his words;
And what means that hurrying movement,
That clash of muskets and swords?"

"Lie still, lie still, my Captain,
'Tis a call for volunteers;
And the noise that vexes your fever,
Is only our soldiers' cheers."

"Where go they?" "Across the river."
"O, God, and must I lie still,
While that drum and that measured tramping
Move from me far down the hill?"

"How many?" "I judge four hundred."
"Who are they?" "I'll know to a man."
"Our own Nineteenth and Twentieth,
And the Seventh Michigan."

"O, to go, but to go with my comrades!
Tear the curtain away from the hook,
For I'll see them march down to their glory,
If I perish by the look!"

They leaped in the rocking shallops,
Tern off where one could go;
And the breeze was alive with laughter
Till the boatman began to row.

Then the shore, where the rebels harbored,
Was fringed with a gush of flame,
And buzzing, like bees, o'er the water
The swarms of their bullets came.

In silence, how dread and solemn;
With courage, how grand and true!
Steadily, steadily onward
The line of the shallops drew.

Not a whisper! Each man was conscious
He stood in the sight of death;
So he bowed to the awful presence,
And treasured his living breath.

'Twixt death in the air above them
And death in the waves below,
Through bullets and grape and shrapnell
They moved—my God how slow!

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Who sprang in the boats with mirth,
Ere they made that fatal crossing
Was a load of lifeless earth.

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Whose limbs with strength were rife,
Was torn and crushed and shattered—
A helpless wreck for life.

But yet the boats moved onward;
Through fire and lead they drove,
With the dark, still stars within them,
And the floating mass above.

So loud and near it sounded,
I started at the shout,
As the keels grounded on the gravel,
And the eager men burst out.

Cheer after cheer we sent them,
As only armies can—
Cheers for old Massachusetts,
Cheers for young Michigan!

They formed in line of battle;
Not a man was out of place,
Then with levelled steel they hurled them
Straight in the rebels' face.

"O! help me, help me, comrade!
For tears my eyelids drown,
As I see their starry banners
Stream up that smoking town.

And see the noisy workmen
O'er the lengthening bridges run,
And the troops that swarm to cross them
When the rapid work be done.

For the old heat, or a new one,
Flames up in every vein;
And with fever or with passion
I am as faint as death again.

If this is death, I care not!
Hear me, men, from rear to van!
One more cheer for Massachusetts,
And one more for Michigan!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

COST OF "GOING INTO SOCIETY!"—All Paris is taking of the wondrous liberality and prodigality of a certain Russian nobleman, who has lately gained admittance into the chosen circle of the "upper ten thousand." His dinners are such as to create the envy, hatred, and malice of those who cannot partake of them, and the most intense admiration of those who do. But what, just at this moment, is creating quite a sensation, is that on New-Year's Day, he called at Madame J. B.—'s, and, finding her from home, left his card, and with it a pair of diamond earrings, which are said to be worth two hundred thousand francs.—*Court Journal.*

AN ice mirage was lately witnessed in Kent Co., N. S., by which a portion of Prince Edward Island, fourteen miles distant, seemed to be suspended in the air and very near, so that the clearing and buildings could be distinctly seen; and with a moderately powerful spy-glass, cattle and vehicles could be distinguished moving about.

Select Literature.

MARGARET.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

She was alone now! It was the day after the wedding; not much more than a year after the last burying. Margaret Woodford was quite alone now: the last of her kin, her own little sister, had left her yesterday, for a new life and a new home; all the rest had left her one by one, at short intervals, for the churchyard.

Yesterday had been a bustling day; this morning she was weary; it was no matter, she had nothing to do but rest—there was no one to work for, care for, think for; no one to scold or to caress; as it was to-day, so it would probably be through all the days of her life, and she was not all yet.

As Margaret sat in the sunny window of the little breakfast-parlor—the only small room in the old rambling house—the eyes that seemed to look at outward things were almost sightless, vision was drawn inward; she thought she did wisely in striving to grow familiar with the future: we often fancy ourselves wisest when we are only saddest, least hopeful, least faithful, most foolish.

The spring was fair and forward, and the April morning, in its quiet warmth, seemed more like one of early summer. The orchards that lay between the garden and the meadows were in bloom; in the copses, on the hillside, the larches had long been green, the silver poplars were in leaf, the sun glistened brightly on the still bare boughs and swelling buds of ash, beech, oak, and hazel, giving a twinkling sheen to all wooded places. They were many. Some hundred years ago, there had been nothing but forest where fair meadows now sloped towards the river, and on the uplands where now lay the harvest-fields. Groups of noble trees, towering here and there above dense underwood, testified to what had been. The shallow spot in the river was still called the Wood Ford, though the woodman's axe had said it open to the sun fifty years before. Spring at Sunnyslope was rich in wild-flowers; primroses studded every bank, the ridges in every steep meadow; the hedges were blue with scented violets; cowslips, in close neighborhood, nodded to each other in the fields, of which the butter-cups had not yet taken possession; wood anemones, wild hyacinths, golden king-cups, and the early purple orchis, clustered in every dell and dingle.

The scene overlooked by the window in which Miss Woodford sat was lovely, and of a Sabbath-like quietness. None of its sweetness, or beauty, was in the face that gazed upon it: an expression too sullen and heavy to be simply mournful; an ashen sallowiness of complexion, telling of "sad and stagnant blood;" inky shadows beneath the eyes, too black to be merely cast by long dark lashes, made the face absolutely plain, in spite of its delicate features.

The Manor House crowned a gentle eminence, over-looking valley, wood, and water; the church stood close beside it. The only sounds that reached Miss Woodford, save the singing of birds and of the brook hurrying to the river, freighted with snow-white and pink petals from the orchard, were from the Great Farm, half a mile distant. It was the clang of the noonday bell at the Great Farm that at length roused Margaret from her sombre musing; she rose, gave a dreary look round the room, over the sun-stepped landscape, at the unclouded sky, then said aloud:

"Only mid-day! What shall I do all the afternoon and evening of this day, of every day, of my whole life—they will be all alike—no pain, no pleasure, no care or joy, or hope or happiness! I wish I were old—very old—I should not mind then!"

The words sounded the more dreary for being quietly spoken, without any passion; the face looked the more dreary for the beauty of its large dark-grey eyes. Conscious that she was cold, Margaret went into the garden. She paced up and down a turf-path, bordered by straggling nut-bushes, which met overhead, but, being bare, did not keep off the sun. It poured down upon the uncovered brown hair, at which the nut-bushes clutched now and then. She was faint and giddy when, at her usual dining-hour, she was called into the house. She took her place, glancing at the vacant one opposite her as she did so, drank a glass of water, and tried to eat. Then, when all was cleared away, and the servant had left the room, she still sat at the table, supporting her head on her hand, and gazed out as she had done in the morning. She started, when, by and by, the com's slipped from her loosened hair, and fell to the ground. Neatness was habitual enough to be mechanical; the luxurious hair uncoiled itself; she went upstairs to arrange it afresh.

She had to pass the open door of the room that had been her sister's; she paused, and went in. It had not yet been put in order. She wandered round it, looking at and touching this and that. She took up the flowers her sister had worn yesterday, and smelt them; they were still fragrant. She lifted up a tiny glove from the floor; it was clean and new; she wondered if Clara had its companion. She looked at a discarded dress hanging up in the closet, and tried to remember to whom Clara wished it should be given.

She shed no tears; nothing seemed to come near her, to touch her. She passed into her own room, dropped down on a chair, and sat staring at a water-color sketch of Clara, till a parting sunbeam, stealing along the wall, fell on the picture, and gave a lifelike glow to cheek and lip.

"That dreadful clock!" she muttered presently. Having once noticed the measured sound which marked the slow course of heavy hours, its voice became an intolerable irritant. Throwing a black cloak round her, over the black dress which she had mechanically resumed that morning, she went out. The sun had set; there was a rosy glow over everything; it tinted the snowy pear blossoms, and deepened the pink on the apple-blossoms; rose-colored clouds dappled the sky north, south, and east; in the west, long streaks of gold lay quiet on a ground of pearly gray. The evening was perfectly calm, just dwey enough to bring out the full fragrance of every flower and shrub. The air was laden with colors of richly perfumed hyacinths, almond-scented laurel-blossoms, the spicy sweetness of sweet-brier, and the homely fragrance of wall-flowers.

She crossed the little bridge, over the brook into the orchard, and passed through a gate into the churchyard. Screened by the crumbling church and a decaying wall, she sat down amid the graves of her kindred. Near where she knelt had been laid long ago her own and Clara's mother; her father's sickly second wife and five little children, who had faded one by one, whom Margaret had nursed and tended unwearily, but had never loved much, lay there too. Then the last buried, her father, lay there—her father, who had never shown her much tenderness, but whom she had secretly idolized, as he had openly idolized Clara.

To-night, her heart would rapturously have welcomed the least loved, the least kind of all the lost ones.

It had grown dark while Margaret sat there, but the young moon was up and shining in a cloudless sky, when, as the church clock struck nine, she rose, stiffly and feebly and turned homeward. She found neither fire nor lamp in her sitting-room; the urn which had been put on the table at the usual hour, stood there still, quite cold. She rang for a light, and went up to her own room. As she laid her throbbing head on her pillow she said: "If sleep proves a faithful friend, coming to bed will be the least dreary thing in my life; but then the waking every morning to a long blank day!"

But next morning, a letter from Clara lay on the breakfast-table. It breathed the very breath of happiness, and yet many a pretty, tender phrase betrayed how the young wife's heart longed for the sister who had been for her as a mother and sister in one.

"Thank God that she is happy!" said Margaret. The simple thanksgiving was sincere enough to make her heart feel lighter; yet it was a difficult task to write the begged-for lines and not allow any expression of her own dreariness to creep into them.

"A dry, old-maidish epistle!" was the comment of Clara's husband upon the brief letter which had been elaborated with heed that no tears should fall on the paper, that no bitterness should creep out of any phrase.

It was yet early in the morning when Clara's note had been re-read many times, and the answer lay ready for the post. Long ago when, with needle-work, nursing and teaching, she had hardly ever had one whole hour in the day to herself, a quiet life of leisure for thought and study had been Margaret's ideal of a happy life. She remembered this now with a self-pitying smile, as she glanced at her book-shelves, and found no volume that she cared to take down.

The day passed somehow: it was not much better than yesterday, and she saw no reason why to-morrow—any to-morrow—should be. She envied the girls and women who worked in the fields. Rough, rude, dirty, and ignorant as they were, they had their daily toil, and most of them, fathers and mothers, or husbands and children, to go home to at night. It occurred to Margaret to wonder if she could do any good among those girls and women—if she could make them less rough, rude, dirty, and ignorant; but there was a barrier to any such undertaking which seemed to her insurmountable. With her own shyness and reserve, she did not think she could enter strange houses uninvited; then, too, she had no confidence in her own powers to influence others. And why should she strive to make more like herself those whom she thought so much happier?

Margaret passed by the kitchen as she went out that evening. It was the most cheerful room in the house. Hannah and Richard, her old servants, looked as comfortable as possible, one on either side the fire, while by and by, the com's slipped from her loosened hair, and fell to the ground. Neatness was habitual enough to be mechanical; the luxurious hair uncoiled itself; she went upstairs to arrange it afresh.

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her father's household. This lover of hers had gone abroad directly after his rejection; she had not heard of him since, and had, very seldom thought of him. No doubt, he was married, and had forgotten her long ago.

The sun had set; the primroses on which Margaret's eyes were fixed were only pale specks of light when she moved to go home.

Sitting by the fireside alone, a book she had no interest to read lying on her knees, her thoughts returned to the same subject. She wondered if James had remembered her long; she believed that the manner of her rejection might have been more gentle. She had not thought then as she thought now, that a woman ought always to be humbly grateful for affection, even when she cannot pay love for love. Margaret did not think that she could ever have loved any one more than she had loved Clara, but she had been obliged to give up the first place in Clara's affections. She thought that it must be inexplicably sweet to have the first, best love of a faithful heart; she thought that a life spent in the service of one so loving would be inexpressibly delicious!

In her dream that night she was a girl again. She stood by the brook on a summer evening, enjoying the fragrance of new-mown hay, and by her, with fervent face and eyes of love, stood James Grant, pleading with her in soft speech, which troubled and woke her.

CHAPTER II.

Farmer Hale smoked his evening pipe, sitting in the stone porch of the house of the Great Farm. The house was a gray, many-gabled structure, deeply incrustured with mosses and lichens. It was older than the Manor House, stood on a higher hillside. Without, it had a somewhat dreary look, but within it was very cozy—cool in summer, warm in winter. The yards and farm-buildings were all behind; in front, sloping to the south, was the quaint garden; on one side, a green, beneath a group of magnificent witch-elms; on the other—the eastern side—seven gigantic decaying pines clustered together, and kept imprisoned a wind-spirit, which never ceased, more or less loudly, to bemoan its fate.

The farmer's wife came out for a breath of the fresh evening air, and stood beside her good-man; the smoke from his pipe did not spoil the scent of the stocks and wall-flowers for her.

After a long, cogitative gaze at his companion's face, the farmer removed his pipe from his mouth, and shook his head.

"You must have sun 'un to help 'ee nuss him if he don't soon take a turn," he said; "you be growing quite nash and peaky-looking."

Mrs. Hale was gazing across the meadows toward the Manor House; when she spoke, it was apparently not much to the purpose. "Here's Miss Woodford coming; she's crossing the high meadow. I've not set eyes on her since the wedding; she'll have been dreadful dreary, I'm thinking."

"Ay, it's special bad for the women to live alone; I've alters said so. She with nought to do, too. She'd be a main bit happier if she had her bread to work for."

"The Lord tries some in one way, some in another; some, seemingly, in all ways. She'd a hard time of it in Madam Woodford's life, and through the squire's sickness. They were none too well to do, neither, when there were such a many of them."

"That's true. It was nothing but a sweet, face of her own Miss Clara had when the tall gentleman came south after her. Well, I'll be off; Miss Woodford don't want me." So saying, the farmer was about to walk through the house, and into the yard by the back-door; but his wife begged him to go round by the green, lest the smoke should get up stairs and annoy the sick gentleman.

Mrs. Hale met Margaret at the gate, from which a paved walk, between borders edged with London pride and gay tulips led to the porch. Welcoming her heartily, she conducted her to the right-hand parlor, a pleasant room, with many lattices, opening south and west, on to the garden and the green, and furnished with handsome decaying oak, which some tasteless Madam Woodford had discarded from the best rooms of the Manor House.

"I should have made bold to step up and see you, and ask news of Miss Clara—Mrs. Montague, I should say—but that the sick gentleman has been so bad I didn't like to leave the place," began Mrs. Hale.

"I know you are always busy," answered Margaret absently. "I, who have nothing to do, ought to have come to you, to tell you about Clara, and to thank you for all the good things you sent for the breakfast. I have not been well." She looked ill, old, plain; much altered since Mrs. Hale last saw her.

Mrs. Hale expressed her sincere sorrow, consoled with her visitor on her loneliness, heard all she had to tell of her sister, and then went off into a long chat about her own affairs. "The sick gentleman" was often alluded to; but it was no unusual thing for invalids to lodge at the farm, and Margaret was too listless to have any curiosity about this particular sufferer.

By and by, Mrs. Hale begged to be excused for a moment; the kitchen clock warned her that it was time "he" had his medicine. She came back with a mournful look on her pleasant face.

"Is the gentleman worse?" asked Margaret, who had looked from the open window at one particular monthly rose during the whole time of Mrs. Hale's absence, and yet could not have told that Mrs. Hale's roses were already in blossom.

"He's not long for this world! I'm afraid he's only come here to die," returned Mrs. Hale, brushing her hand across her eyes. "He's too good to live, Miss Woodford, so patient and so grateful for the least kindness; and who could help being kind to him, I wonder? Let me see, it was just after Miss Clara's wedding he was taken dangerously ill next day—Miss Woodford, ma'am," she went on, after a brief pause, "I have it in my mind to ask a favor of you: may I make so bold?"

"I shall be very glad if I can do anything for you, Mrs. Hale."

"Do you think now"—and the farmer's wife spoke coaxingly—"that you could come up now and again, of an afternoon—that's his best time—and read to the sick gentleman a bit? He's always a wearing his poor head trying to read to himself."

Margaret looked blank, and visibly shrank from compliance.

"It's troubling you too much, and taking up your time!" Mrs. Hale said regretfully.

"It is not that," said Margaret; "my time is of no value; but for an entire stranger! I shouldn't like to do it, Mrs. Hale."

"I am sure you would not mind him; he is quite a gentleman."

The gentleman might not like it—might not wish it," said Margaret, secretly hoping such might be the case.

"May I mention that a lady I know could come and read to him now and then, and ask if he would like it; I won't mention who you are."

Margaret said "Yes," because she was ashamed to say "No."

Mrs. Hale went up stairs at once. She returned with an answer, delicately and courteously worded, expressing the invalid's gratitude for the charitable offer, and his eagerness to avail himself of it.

Mrs. Hale asked Margaret to come on the next day; she had no notion of delay. As, soon after, she stood at the gate watching her guest out of sight, the farmer's wife smiled to herself in a complacent manner.

Margaret's interest had not been awakened; her homeward step was weary and listless. She wondered, just a little, if Mrs. Hale's request were not a strange one; then she thought: "I am middle-aged now; I look older than I am. I may use the privileges of mature years. I ought to be glad to be of use to any one, but it will be very disagreeable."

She woke next morning with a sense of something impending; but a letter came from Clara and drove the matter out of her head.

Probably she would altogether have forgotten her engagement, had not a message from Mrs. Hale in the course of the afternoon reminded her that she was expected. It was already rather late. She put on her shawl, bonnet, and gloves hastily, and walked fast to the farm.

Mrs. Hale was on the watch.

"I am very glad you are come, ma'am," she said. "Sick folks are like children; it's very hard for them to give up anything that's been promised them. He'd have been terribly disappointed if you hadn't come."

Leading the way upstairs, Mrs. Hale continued: "He has the two big south rooms. He's dressed, and on the sofa in the sitting-room to-day. He fainted right off when all was done, but he's had a good sleep since."

Mrs. Hale paused to take breath before she knocked at the door. Margaret felt very shy; she was glad to find the room dim. It was large and low; the small lattice-windows, shaded by creepers and set deep in the massive wall, did not admit much light, and the afternoon was cloudy.

A wood-fire burned on the hearth; but the head of the couch on which the invalid lay was drawn back into a recess, out of the light and heat. Margaret supposed that the stranger made a movement as if to rise, for Mrs. Hale said, as she hurried to his side: "The lady will go away, and not come again, sir, unless you lie quiet. We won't have no politeness, if you please—will we, ma'am?"

"I should be very sorry to cause any disturbance—that any exertion should be made on my account," said Margaret.

When Margaret spoke, the invalid, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them, and fixed them on his visitor. Mrs. Hale followed her there to set a low chair and a footstool for her. The light fell on her, but she had not removed her bonnet and veil.

After a few moments—after a few courteous sentences of the invalid's had been reported to Margaret by Mrs. Hale, who was close to him, and answered by Margaret with less embarrassment than she expected to feel—Margaret began to read the book which the patient had been trying to read to himself.

Mrs. Hale sat by him, knitting; Margaret, in the window, was at a considerable distance.

"Isn't it too hard a book, sir? You listen so eager, you'll make your head bad," Mrs. Hale said by and by, taking advantage of a pause.

"O no! But ask the lady if she is not tired or cold. Beg her to come near the fire—to say if she does not like the book."

"I like the book, and I am quite warm enough," said Margaret, and went on reading.

She had a clear and sweet voice, rather deep-toned for a woman's—a soothing voice, and yet the stranger did not seem to find it soothing. He moved his head from side to side restlessly, and Mrs. Hale noticed that his cheeks were flushed, and that his eyes glistened.

At the next pause she rose. "You want your tea, sir? I'll get it directly."

"There is no hurry. Do not trouble to go down on purpose; you take so many, many journeys for me," the invalid said faintly; then, conscious that Margaret was rising also, he added: "Ask the lady not to go yet. Beg her to sit nearer the fire, and to take some tea with me."

Margaret seated herself closer to the hearth. She would have continued reading, but the stranger, sure that she must be tired, began to talk. Suddenly, the weak voice failed in the middle of a sentence.

Margaret rose, and went softly toward his couch. His eyes were closed, his head thrown back, and a deathly pallor was over his face. One moment she stood irresolute; just as she was turning to call Mrs. Hale, the closed eyes opened. A glass of water stood on the table; she brought it to him; he drank, and smiled thankfully. "Do not tell Mrs. Hale. I am weak to-day; but it is nothing," he said.

The dark, soft eyes—the only beauty of a plain, wasted face—looked up into hers with an irresistible expression of appeal and confidence. "Pray, come again, whatever Mrs. Hale says," he added; "promise to do so, please."

She supposed that he was feverish by the eagerness of his manner. As she answered, drawing back to her former position: "I will come again if you wish it, if it does you no harm: I am glad to be of use to any one," Margaret felt a warm glow come into her face, and was glad of the increased dimness of the room.

There was a pause. It was broken by his saying: "I give you much trouble; but would you kindly open a window? I want to hear the thrushes in the pear-tree."

Margaret complied, and stood beside the casement listening to a song which appeared to her unusually sweet.

"How delicious," he said softly, "the fragrance of the garden comes across to me! But how I long to go out! Please close the lattice now. Mrs. Hale is coming, and we do not agree about fresh air."

The room was so dark, and they stood so far off, that they could hardly be said to exchange a smile; but yet each felt that the other smiled, and that they were no longer as strangers.

Mrs. Hale entered with the tea, and Margaret tried to slip quietly away; but the invalid saw her movement.

"The gentleman thinks, ma'am, that it is too late for you to walk across the meadows alone. Mark will be proud to go with you," Mrs. Hale said.

Margaret shook her head decidedly, and departed. She enjoyed the homeward walk, the dusky fragrance, and the perfect quiet, as she had not enjoyed anything for a long time.

She thought over all that had passed at the farm; lingered out-of-doors, and forgot, till she entered the house, how dreary she was. She read that evening a book which the invalid had spoken of; it had been given her by Clara's husband a long time ago, and had remained uncut till now. She became interested, sat up late, and slept well when she went to rest.

A Curious Penance.

A singular penitential service has been performed at Whitby for the last seven hundred years. It was first imposed upon Percy, Bruce, and Allaton, three gentlemen boar-hunters, who wounded a hermit in Eskdale Side, October 16th, 1159. He died of his wounds December 8th or 18th, which would be in 1160, as the ecclesiastical year begins with the Advent. By this cruel murder their lives and their estates; and the Abbot of Whitby, as in duty bound, had them brought to justice, and was about to enforce the law against them, when the dying hermit interposed, saying: "I will freely forgive these men my death, if they will perform this penance." And the men being present said: "Impose what you please upon us, only spare our lives." Then the holy hermit presently entreated the Abbot that their lives might be spared, if they would perform this penance for the good of their souls. And that they should also hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby on this condition: namely that on Ascension Eve they should each of them cut a certain quantity of hedging near where he was killed, with a knife which should cost one penny, and bring it on their backs to Whitby by nine o'clock, A. M.—if it be full sea at such an hour, the penance to cease,—and each of them to make a hedge at the penny's edge, and to fix it so as to stand three tides without being washed away. The Abbot's officer was to attend them and to blow "Out upon you, out upon you" three times with his horn to remind them of their heinous crime, and move them to contrition.

This service has been performed every year, as it never can be full at sea at nine, A. M. on Ascension Day, and it is still continued by the Allaton's and their successors, whose land is in Fylingdales. It remained in the Allaton family till 1755, since which it has been owned by a family called Herbert, by whom the hedge has been regularly made every year as it is expressly stipulated in their writings. Mrs. Keene, the wife of the present incumbent of Whitby, is a representative of the Allaton family, being fourth in descent from the last Allaton who sold the estate, but the services not now done in a penitential spirit, and with the original design. It benefits neither the living nor the dead. The historians of Whitby have strangely confounded it with the making up of the Horn-garth, which was quite a different thing, being altogether for secular purposes, while the penny hedge was only a penance and could never serve any other purpose; besides, the Horn-garth was made up long before 1159, and has long since been dispensed with, while the penny hedge is still made up every year by one of the parties, and the legal title to an estate depends upon its being so continued. There are two versions of this legend: they are substantially the same, though they vary in several particulars. It is evident that they have not been copied or translated from the same original, but have come down to us probably from oral tradition. The curious reader can see one version in "Grose's British Antiquities," and the other in the "History of Whitby."

Flea Tragedians.

The Court Journal, in giving an account of a travelling theatre, now in London, where the performers are fleas, tells the following story of them:

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Exington.

VOL. XII. : No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

A Ballad of Nantucket.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

"Where go you, pretty Maggie,
Where go you in the rain?"
"I go to ask the sailors
Who sailed the Spanish main,
If they have seen my Willie,
If he'll come back to me—
It is so sad to have him
A sailing on the sea!"

"O Maggie, pretty Maggie,
Turn back to yonder town;
Your Willie's in the ocean,
A hundred fathoms down!"

His hair is turned to sea kelp,
His eyes are changed to stones,
And twice two years have knitted
The coral round his bones!

The blossoms and the clover
Shall bloom and bloom again,
But never shall your lover
Come o'er the Spanish main!"

But Maggie never heeded,
For mournfully said she:
"It is so sad to have him
A sailing on the sea!"

She left me in the darkness:
I heard the sea-gulls screech,
And burly winds were growling
With breakers on the beach!

The bells of old Nantucket,
What touching things they said,
When Maggie lay a sleeping
With lilies round her head!

The parson preached a sermon,
And prayed and preached again—
But she had gone to Willie
Across the Spanish main!

Select Literature.

MARGARET.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CONCLUDED—CHAPTER III.

"I doubt if I ought to let you go up to-day," said Mrs. Hale, meeting Margaret; "but the gentleman begs so earnestly, that I won't hinder you. He had a bad, tossing night, and was fevered this morning. Have you ever heard of any one of his name, ma'am—Whityear? He knows a deal about Sunny slope, and all these parts; and one night, when he was very bad, he spoke of having come home to late, only in time to die."

"I do not know the name. It is not a name belonging to this part of the country," answered Margaret.

"Perhaps you could read a bit easier-like sort of a book," suggested Mrs. Hale, as she led the way up stairs. Margaret was earlier to-day, and the day was brighter. As they entered, she could see with what a radiant look Mr. Whityear stretched out his hand.

"I cannot think of one who is so kind as a stranger," he said, as she gave him hers. "I was sorely afraid Mrs. Hale would keep you away."

He asked Mrs. Hale presently to request Margaret to take off her bonnet. As she did so, she was conscious that she was intently watching. Turning to lay it down, the sun smote her brown hair, and irradiated her face.

According to Mrs. Hale's suggestion, the somewhat dry book of yesterday was not resumed. The sick man had many books, the works of many poets especially; some of the latter of these quite unknown to Margaret. In *Memorial* was opened by her for the first time that day. Her listener appeared to know it by heart. He asked her to read from it one favorite poem after another; they seemed to her strangely and wonderfully beautiful—key-notes to an unknown depth within her own heart and soul. Presently he asked for one which she could not at first find. He repeated it, and several succeeding ones. They seemed to her the best of all—inimitably loving and touching; tears rose to her eyes, and color to her cheek, as she listened with suspended breath, to the low, sweet voice.

Mrs. Hale had gone away, the truth being that she was afraid of falling asleep. Margaret opened the window unasked, when the musical voice was silent; they both listened to the song of the thrushes in perfect quiet. Margaret did not look toward the invalid; she knew that he was looking at her; she was ashamed of the tears that she could not repress—tears of a sweeter sadness than she had ever experienced.

When Mrs. Hale approached, Margaret, having closed the window, met the look of the sick man with a twilight smile of her own and rose to go away; she offered her hand in leave-taking; he pressed it, and added a fervent "God bless you and comfort you!" to his good-night. He had seen her tears.

"Take In *Memorial* with you—you will like to read it this evening," he said. She thanked him, and as she walked home with the book held closely against her as something precious which she loved, she felt in a bewildering dream; it was impossible for her to believe that she had just seen Mr. Whityear for the second time in her life only; he had spoken to her and looked at her to-day as no one else had ever done, and every tone of his voice in its languid sweetness seemed familiar as remembered music to her innermost heart.

And Mr. Whityear?

"I cannot understand it; but it is she!" he said softly, as the door closed after Margaret. "What was the Christian name of the Miss Woodford who was married the day I came here?" he asked of Mrs. Hale.

"Clara, sir."

"How can that be? Clara Woodford died six years ago. When I was in Ceylon, I saw her death in an English paper."

"Ah! that was little Clara, Miss Woodford's half sister, sir."

"I think I am too anxious to get strong!"

Mr. Whityear observed to Mrs. Hale next morning. "I have hardly slept to-night for thinking—of the future."

It was a sultry, oppressive day; expectation seemed to harass her patient. Mrs. Hale was glad that Margaret came early in the afternoon. After her arrival, he grew more composed, but was evidently languid and exhausted. It was a busy day with Mrs. Hale; she left them together. Mr. Whityear had requested Margaret to sit near him—he could not speak loud, he said. When, in a pause of her reading, she looked up and saw that he slept, she let her voice sink to silence gradually, then she sat still and mused. Her eyes were irresistibly drawn toward the worn face of the sleeper—such a happy child's smile dwelt upon the mouth, she wondered of what he was dreaming.

As she gazed, a strange thought entered her heart—if she were sister, mother, wife, anything to him—how dearly she should love him! She rejected in his peaceful sleep as tenderly as a mother in that of a suffering child; she would have liked to hush every bird in the garden. In time, a longing was born of the thought that had come into her heart that afternoon—a longing that she were something to him—that she had a right to lay her hand caressingly upon the brow lined with thought and pain—to press her lips on those violet hollows beneath the dark-fringed lids. As day by day she became better acquainted with the gentle-heartedness of the sufferer, experienced his tender gratefulness, and witnessed his thoughtful consideration for those around him, all she did for him became more and more completely a service of love.

One day when it rained softly but without intermission, the whole day though, Margaret found herself on the way to the Great Farm all the same; she had not even asked herself should she go or stay; to stay would have been to make a dreary blank in her own day, and she had reason to believe, in Mr. Whityear's also.

The soft wind gave a slight bloom to her cheek, which deepened to a blush, when Mrs. Hale met her with an exclamation of well affected, if not genuine wonder: "I didn't look for you to-day, ma'am. Mr. Whityear has said many times that the weather would prevent your coming. However, he told me that some one was at the gate before I heard any noise, and begged me if it was you, to be sure you didn't keep on anything damp."

"I rather enjoy a walk in the rain, now, and then. This rain is very welcome," Margaret replied, as Mrs. Hale relieved her of her wet cloak and hood.

They went upstairs; the look that welcomed Margaret would have repaid her for a walk in far worse weather. Just as her hand was in the invalid's, Mrs. Hale said: "It was her, you see, sir, and don't she look like the garden, all the better for a shower?"

The weak, slight fingers detained Margaret's in a close clasp. Her downward glance met a fuller aspect than her words gave from Mr. Whityear's eyes. She blushed again, turned away, sat down near the window, played with the pages of a book, and felt as if she had lost her own identity: happy, bewildered, ashamed, and proud.

That evening, Mrs. Hale was called away, just as she was about to give the invalid his tea. "May I trouble you ma'am?" she said to Margaret, and bustled off.

Margaret went to the table; she was pouring the thick yellow cream into the cup, when—

"Margaret!" a voice behind her cried—a low voice, deep, yet tremulous. A feeling of the unreality of all around came over her. She was young again; she stood by the brook in her father's garden at evening, inhaled the fragrance of new-mown hay, and was startled by James Grant's voice pronouncing her name. She set down the cup she held, and leaned upon the table, faint and bewildered.

"Margaret!" The voice was weaker, more tremulous; she waited to hear it a third time; it was sad and plaintive then. She turned; it was Mr. Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his couch; his eyes sought hers; his hand was extended. She was drawn toward him by the longing in his face, by her own heart. As she put her hand in his, she said simply, and yet so perplexedly: "Who are you?"

When he answered, "James Grant," she knelt down beside his couch, and let herself be enticed closely by his arms.

Mrs. Hale returned; the tea was cold and untasted. Margaret sat in Mrs. Hale's chair, close to the couch; the patient clasped Margaret's hand with both his, and his face was turned toward her. Margaret disengaged herself and rose; smiling tremulously, she said: "I have found an old friend with a new name. The tea is cold—you must let me make fresh." She kissed Mrs. Hale's cheek and escaped; when she returned, it was easy to see that she had been weeping; such tears as are only shed once in a lifetime—overflowings from a deep cup of blessedness.

"To-morrow afternoon is a long way off," James Grant said, as Margaret bade him good night.

"May I come in the morning, Mrs. Hale? or will it be too tiring for your patient?" Margaret asked humbly. She received permission to come at eleven.

Margaret walked home. The rain was still falling; the meadows were sodden; the air was chilly; heavy mists rose from the river and spread over the whole landscape. It was nothing to Margaret; she had a summer in her heart—she knew that she was loved, that she had been loved, first, last, and best, most faithfully, for years; for her everything had a new aspect; not one thought or feeling of to-night had not been hers a month ago! Life, death, time, eternity, religion, and love, were words of other significance than they had for her a month ago. Yet she was not joyous. Mrs. Hale's words of sad foreboding, spoken to indifferent ears some weeks since, were recalled now; they tempered her happiness, but they did not trouble her peace; out of gratitude so new and deep arose a new and deep faith.

She went to the churchyard; the gentle rain had not penetrated the thick foliage of the great yew; and she knelt beneath it.

CHAPTER IV.

Margaret woke next morning to see the sky pure and clear, and the sun shining; that sunshine penetrated to the core of her heart, as sunshine had never done before. Happiness had roused her early. Misery and indifference are heavy-lidded and slothful; happiness is wakeful, grudging hours given to unconsciousness. Many hours intervened before it would be time to set off for the farm; she remembered that James had been fond of lilies of the valley, and went to see if any had bloomed yet. Yes! she gathered a handful, and put them in a shady place on the dewy lawn. As the pale sunshine fell on her black dress, she thought it looked worn and dusty, and went to change it for one Clara had helped to make for her. That done, she sat in the garden and read *In Memoriam*, and thought of the person it belonged to, and to whom she belonged, as she felt, for all her life to come, till it was time to go.

Mrs. Hale was deep in the mysteries of the dairy, and asked Margaret to walk up by herself.

Margaret ascended the stairs lingeringly. "Come in," said Mrs. Hale, before she had knocked. As strange as sweet to Margaret was the look of love that sprang to meet her when she opened the door.

"I have lived in faith that this time would come," said James; "but when I heard the bells ring for Miss Woodford's wedding!"

Silence once broken, they talked much; the history of thirteen years had to be told. "But how came you by any other name than that of James Grant?" asked Margaret.

"The other name was my uncle's. He was James Grant Whityear; I am James Whityear Grant. His name is in many of my books; Mrs. Hale gave it me. You used to dislike James Grant, and so I did not care to set her right."

"I was thinking so much about old times and—about you, James, only a few days before Mrs. Hale asked me if I could come sometimes and read to the 'strange gentleman.' I do not believe I'd dislike you," added Margaret, as she turned a little from him to order the lilies in a glass of water.

When Margaret prepared to go, warned by a hint from Mrs. Hale that it was time James had his dinner, and then a space of quiet, she saw that her lover looked at her wistfully. "Shall I come as usual this evening?" she said, giving him his wish.

"Come, then," he said, pressing her hand against his cheek.

When Margaret came, she saw that James was not yet strong enough for happiness; the excitement of the morning had exhausted him. She read to him from the Bible a little, then they remained quiet, hand in hand, watching the fading light, till James was anxious that she should go before it got quite dark.

"You shall not go home alone many times more, please God to let my strength return as quickly as I fancy it will, now I am so happy," he said.

A few days afterwards, when Margaret went her afternoon way to the farm, she found that a surprise had been arranged for her. Coming in sight of the porch, she saw a figure rise from a sunny seat outside, and came down the flagged walk to the gate. A large lily hung over one side of the gate, a laburnum drooped over the other. No inquisitive eyes could see how James and Margaret met. Leaning lightly on her shoulder, he returned to his seat; the low stool she liked was placed beside it, ready for her.

A western in full blossom covered the wall close to which they sat; the warm sunshine brought out its delicate fragrance to mingle with the perfumes of wall-flowers and sweet-briar; a lovely landscape lay beyond the garden-fence, and the wind-spirit in the pines sang a low, plaintive melody. A deep sigh from Margaret drew James's eyes from the golden meadows to her face.

"I am expecting to wake and find it all gone," she said, in answer to the inquiry of his glance.

"What is it, Margaret?" James seldom used terms of endearment; there was no need; every tone and glance was endearing.

"My happiness," answered Margaret shyly.

"You will not cease to love; and so, if you lose me, you will not lose your happiness. If you love me as I love you, you cannot really lose me. You have loved a sickly invalid, will you leave off loving when I grow strong? If you will give the strong man the love you gave to the sick one, and not change your love because what you love is changed, you will love on through any change, even if the mortal man shall put on the incorruptible robe of immortality."

Margaret turned white.

"Love!" he went on, laying his hand on her head, and speaking in a lower tone, "may I warn you not to put me in the place of God! Love Him first and best, my Margaret, or you will not love happily."

James's parting words at that time—"Very soon I shall walk as far as the dear old house"—gave a new direction to Margaret's thoughts. Much to Hannah's amazement, she turned her attention to household matters next morning, ordered lace-curtains to be hung over those of worn and faded crimson damask in all the windows, had the large drawing-room opened, a fire lighted there daily, all the treasured-up old-fashioned knickknacks displayed as they used to be, kept the vases filled with fresh flowers—everything prepared as if a guest were expected the next moment. Hannah's husband was told to get assistance in the garden, the turf was to be mown, the edgings clipped, the paths freed from grass and moss, the borders made trim, and the green-house flowers planted out in as short a time as possible.

These things filled the old people with amazement, but were nothing to the change in Miss Woodford's look and manner.

CHAPTER V.

It was midsummer. The hay was down. James stood by the brook, and Margaret leaned on his arm.

"It is just thirteen years ago—all seems the same, only Margaret is changed!" he whispered, as if speaking to himself.

Margaret looked into his face somewhat sadly.

"The difference between seventeen and thirty is great. Of course I must be changed," she answered.

With a summer flush on her cheek, and a summer rose glowing in her hair—with peace on her brow, love smiling on her lips and shining from her eyes—Margaret had no need to fear the summer light, much less the scrutiny of her lover's glance.

"I thank God that you are indeed changed!" he said. "You love me now."

"God only knows how I love you! Some times I almost wish you different—wish you could be imperious now and then, a little cruel and selfish; could cross me, thwart me, prove me, to see how I love you!" She began quietly, but her voice had grown passionate as she proceeded; her breath came and went quickly, and her color changed.

"Margaret! Margaret! you make me tremble," James cried. He was trembling. He sat down, and drew Margaret down beside him; then he said: "I have not told you yet where I was all day yesterday. I rode to Ling, to talk to Dr. Silver."

She turned a startled face toward him; he hastened to go on: "Not that I feel ill—I feel full of life and hope; but I wanted the truth, and I have faith in him. He tells me that I may live many years (my darling, do not shake so!), even to a good old age; and at the same time, he says, I am now in such a state that any violent exertion or sudden shock might end my life in a few hours, and that I am not to spend next winter in England under any circumstances. I need not try to say how dear life is to me, for your sake, Margaret; but I want to look the worst (which must be the best, if God wills it) in the face with you. Love, if death should take me soon, in these early days of our happiness, shall I have any cause to reproach myself for having linked your heart to mine?"

Margaret had hidden her face on his shoulder. She looked up when he had finished speaking.

"If we never meet after we part to-night, and if I live on and on, you have done me no wrong—you have done me infinite good. You would leave me better and happier than you found me; and I should thank God night and morning for having given you to me. It was you who told me that those who love cannot lose each other. I feel it now. You have done, and you can do, me nothing but good. My heart has never been drawn so much toward Heaven as since it began to love you. Oh, stay with me a little, James—God will not take you yet—until you have made me more like yourself."

"I trust that He will not take me for many years. When He does, you will submit yourself to Him, not only with patience, but with such passionate love of love as you have for me—not the passion of mere impulse, but steadfast, enduring passion, that will become life itself."

A few days later, there was a wedding at the little gray church; the bride was neither young nor beautiful, the bridegroom was plain and weakly-looking. It was a truer and more beautiful marriage than ninety-nine out of a hundred—such a marriage as is for eternity.

In the afternoon, James and Margaret left Sunny-slope for West Cove. They were to return to the old house in the autumn, only for a few weeks before leaving England for the winter.

CHAPTER VI.

James and Margaret sat on the natural breakwater which runs out into West Cove Bay; they sat at its extremity, and close to the water's edge; a projecting ledge above them shut them out from the rest of the world; they faced the breeze and the setting sun.

"So we go home to Sunny-slope to-morrow," said James. "I am glad and sorry, or rather I am neither. I have been happy here; but I shall be happy anywhere."

"I owe a great deal to West Cove. I shall always like it; let us come here often," Margaret gazed in her husband's bronzed face, rejoicing in the comparative vigor it expressed.

"This broad, broken path of ruby light on the field of green is lovely! But it looks stormy to-night," James said.

"Summer is gone; no matter, we go after it, and take it with us," replied Margaret. "I think we ought to go to the house now, James; it is not warm."

"Just a few moments more, till the sun is quite under."

Margaret threw part of her own shawl round her husband, and they sat, clinging close, as if the sinking of the sun were to be signal for their parting.

"I could almost fancy that our rock trembles," said Margaret presently; "and that wave, sweeping under us, made such a strange hollow sound! See the breadth of the blue of green crystal coming towards us; it looks as if it had force enough to sweep the rock away. The sun is gone now—let us go," Margaret shuddered.

They rose—lingered one moment yet—each leaning against the other.

Above the sound of the water they heard a child's merry laugh, followed by a shrill cry of warning; then something fell from above, close past them, into the water; a shriek of horror rang out. They looked up—a woman stood right above them, with a blank white face; they looked down, and saw a gleam of golden hair; saw it for a second, then it was washed underneath the rock, on which they stood.

James began to take off his coat. Margaret made an effort to detain him, while she said to the woman above, in a tone of agonized appeal: "Is no one there? Is no help near?"

"No one. For Heaven's sake! For pity's sake!"

James plunged into the water.

"Run up the breakwater—make them put a boat round!" Margaret said to the woman.

She was obeyed. The woman's frantic haste and wild face attracted people to the spot from which she had started. Presently a group of idlers stood above Margaret. She did not know that she was not still alone; she did not hear their questions—she leaned over the water, her whole soul in her eyes.

Twice she saw her husband—the child in his arms—gain a footing on a sunken rock, clearly visible under the transparent water, only to be swept off by the force of a wave.

She turned her face back at last to see if no help came. "Hold me!" she said to those who had scrambled down to where she crouched. A man took her firmly round the waist, clasping the rock himself. She threw herself half over the edge. Presently James held the child high enough for her to reach it; she seized it, tossed it into the arms of the person nearest her, and turned to the water again. James had disappeared. A moment after she almost touched him; he smiled up at her, then was again swept out of sight. At last she got a firm hold of his arm; other arms reached over him; he was drawn up, and laid on the rock at her feet, to all appearance dead. The mother of the rescued child lingered by, hugging it in her arms.

Margaret looked up from James's face into that of the woman.

"Let the child be very precious to you, its life has cost me my husband!" She spoke with a calm that seemed stern, that chilled and awed the poor creature to whom she spoke.

James was carried home tenderly, even Margaret owned. The bystanders assured her it was only a faint, from which he would soon recover. He did revive, almost as soon as he was in bed, and the house clear of all strangers but the doctor. His first question, his eyes having satisfied themselves by gazing on Margaret, was: "Is the child hurt?"

"I do not know. I thought only of you. I will send and ask," she answered.

"Do love."

He closed his eyes, and was silent a short time. Presently he said:

"Your hand saved me, Margaret. I clutched your hand, and saw your white face, and felt safe. I remember nothing after, till I woke here to a delicious sense of fatigue, of warmth, and of your presence. Do not be anxious, love. I am very comfortable. I have no pain. I shall be well after a night's sleep."

The physician confirmed the patient's statement, and by and by prepared to take leave, merely advising that James should not rise till he had paid an early morning visit.

Margaret followed Dr. Merton from the room. She led him into another, and shut the door.

"Has all that is possible been done to avert evil consequences?" she asked, when she had briefly stated the previous state of James's health.

"All, my dear madam; and I see no reason for apprehension."

"If you thought my husband in danger, could you do nothing more?"

"Nothing. Pray, be easy; you are over-excited and require rest. I shall look in the first thing in the morning, and hope to find you more composed, and your husband refreshed and tranquil."

"Perhaps it would be better to put off our journey one day—I may be very stiff to-morrow. I dare say I am bruised," said James, when Margaret returned to his bedside. "Won't you write a line to old Hannah, to prevent her being uneasy?"

"You think of everything," his wife answered, and sat down to write close by him.

A message came from the mother of the rescued child, of inquiry for its deliverer, and to say that the child was sleeping quietly, and seemed quite uninjured.

"I am very glad he is doing well," observed Margaret.

"It was a little girl, love," James said smiling.

James talked a good deal that evening. Margaret feared that he was overexcited by the stimulants that had been freely given. She administered a dose of sedative medicine that had been sent, and then retired behind the bed-curtain, refusing to talk to him any more.

He slept at last. Margaret sat and watched, not taking her eyes from his face. He woke once to beg her to lie down. She stooped, kissed him softly, and laid her head on the pillow by him till he was again asleep.

The night passed, and he slept on. Margaret dozed for half an hour. When she woke, the light of dawn made the candlelight look sickly. Was it that made the sleeper's face look so much whiter, colder?

She let her hand just touch his brow. As she bent over him he groaned slightly. She sprang up to extinguish the flaring, flickering light, and let in the dawn. She poured out brandy ready to give him, as she had been ordered to do if he seemed faint on waking. When she approached him again, his eyes were open. He held one hand towards her, the other he pressed upon his breast, and seemed to struggle for breath.

Margaret set down the glass she held, passed an arm round him, and raised his head upon her shoulder. "Are you suffering?" she asked.

Unutterable love shone up from his eyes into hers.

"I am dying! Remember. Be happy—kiss me!" The words were pronounced with pain.

It was a long, long kiss. The wife never doubted that it was *invariably* the last; that this was death. Margaret raised her face from James; she withdrew her arm, laid his head gently on the pillow; she placed his hand in her breast, kept it clasped there, both her own folded over it; she knelt, watching still—watching the holy, happy beauty of a dead face.

She saw that face as the face of an angel; ecstatic calm fell upon her, lay round her; the dead hand in her breast stilled all throbs of human grief.

The morning advanced; the night had proved quiet and sultry; the window had remained open. Sounds from the sea, and sounds of early stirrers on the shore, floated into the room where Margaret knelt; nothing disturbed her. That dead hand in her breast numbed her to all things outward; the eyes fixed on the dead face saw visions of angels.

She had knelt there several hours, when, according to his promise, the doctor came. He looked from the face of the dead husband to that of the living wife, turned abruptly from the bed, and walked to the window. Margaret forgot his presence; her eyes returned to the face of the dead. How like in expression hers was to his, the doctor often remembered afterwards.

The child whom James had saved, and its mother, came to the house. Margaret met them as she crossed the hall. At first she started back from them; then greeted the woman gently, and led the way into the parlour.

Awe-struck by Margaret's face, "The good gentleman is not very bad, I hope," the woman gasped out.

As if this woman had been the chief sufferer, she herself only a sympathising friend, Margaret broke the news that her husband had died at dawn, very quietly, having suffered little.

The poor woman, herself a widow, fell on the ground at Margaret's feet; the child, a pretty, timid-looking little thing, stole to its mother's side. Suddenly the mother caught it up and placed it in Margaret's arms.

"Keep her to comfort you; it is the best—it is all I have to give you," she said, between her sobs.

Margaret kissed the child, and answered: "I am my husband's child. We are going home to-morrow; you and the child will come with us, unless—Have you a home anywhere? any other children?"

"No, my lady. I am a lace-maker, and go from place to place. I have no home anywhere."

"You will live with me for the future, then," Margaret kissed the child again, kissed the brow of the still kneeling woman, put the child down by its mother, and went back to James.

"That is what he wishes me to do," she said to herself; so it was she always spoke and thought. *He wishes*; not *he would have wished*.

It was high-water when she was again alone with her husband. The sea was noisy, so were the children on the beach; many a merry laugh and shout reached Margaret.

That others were gay while James lay dead, woke no bitterness in her. Those who looked into her eyes wondered at their sweet serenity.

Next day, the widowed wife, the widow-mother, the dead husband, and the child, attended by the girl who had been hired at West Cove, and who would not leave Margaret, journeyed to Sunny-slope. Dr. Merton, travelled with them, to relieve Margaret of all difficulty. They arrived at evening. The news had gone before them. The first tears Margaret shed were tears of joy, to find herself enclosed in her beloved Clara's arms. She was led to the house by Clara's young husband; they had come to welcome Margaret and James Grant home, to take a farewell of them before they left England.

On the threshold, Margaret paused for the strange woman and the child. She kissed them both, and said: "Welcome home." Then all knew who the strangers were.

Next spring found Margaret happy—to be happy was to keep her pact with James. She did not miss him as she would have done had she loved less; she lived with him still—with him and for him. There was no neglect of herself or her home, as in former days of loneliness—both were his. She was not lonely now; she lived eye to eye, spirit to spirit with her husband—his spirit imbued all her plans of life. If not many are *"widows indeed,"* as Margaret was, what wonder, when so few are wives indeed?

Margaret was an active life—she was neither shy nor proud any longer; she could bear repulse and ingratitude. Those ignorant field-workers, whom she once envied, were her especial care in life now—James had more than once let fall some words of pity for them, of belief and hope that his Margaret might do some good among them. One after another she won the younger women over to attend her classes, to come to her in their troubles, to look to her for sympathy; she went among them in the fields, and she visited them in their homes.

The poor lace-worker aided her; often unconsciously counselled her. Margaret's extreme pallor—no tinge had returned to her cheek since that night's watching—the unchanging serenity of her countenance, and the unvarying mildness of her manner, caused a little awe to mingle with the love she inspired, and deepened her influence.

I like to remember that Margaret lives still, making a name more and more known and honored. I like to know that the children she inspires with love to God and their neighbor, grow into men and women; that the young women whom she softens and purifies, become wives and mothers—that circle evolves beyond circle.

No one who knew Margaret before she loved, and who knows her now, will think that James did otherwise than well to link her life to the uncertainty of his.

A BOY'S LETTER.—"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go shooting. It's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1863.

REV. DR. STEBBINS' FESTIVAL POEM.

We are at length, through the courtesy of the author, after solicitation, enabled to lay before our readers this exceedingly interesting and excellent Poem. Its many fine points will be apparent to all, and its adaptation to the occasion which called it forth cannot be overlooked. Every soldier who is permitted to peruse it, will feel its depth and will see mirrored before him scenes which he has passed through, or seen enacted, often times since the beginning of his soldier life.

Prologue.

THE INVITATION.

'Tis but a day or two ago, or more,
 A pleasant maiden came unto my door,
 Of flaxen hair and bright blue eye,
 And gave me a gift edged letter to read,
 Which naively said, that in truth and in deed,
 There was to be a fair, and I—

Why, I must be there to make a speech,
 Of words to encourage all and each,
 To inspire and stir the soul
 Of those who would come, with right good will,
 From Button End, and from Duren's Hill,
 And of Woburn, from either pole.

THE PREPARATION.

"A speech! a speech!" said I, then, to myself,
 As my eye glanced along on every shelf
 Of my library, to find Webster the great,
 Who would start me a speech on matters of state.
 I walked my study with rapid strides,
 Beating my breast and beating my sides;
 Shaking my fists and waving my hand,
 As if giving orders to all the land.
 I apostrophized thunder and lightning and rain,
 But naught of a speech nor of anything came.
 The star spangled banner I boldly unrolled,
 And in language of flame I addressed every fold.

I turned it up this way, I turned it down that,
 It inspired no more than a store-pipe hat.
 In a frenzy of madness I tore round my room;
 Whirled the chair, smote the table, whisked up the broom.

Till exhausted and faint I fell into my chair,
 And my good genius winnowed said to me,
 "There!"
 Now soberly, quietly, take up your quill,
 And write what I tell you, or write what you will.
 Be modest, be humble, not rave and get mad,
 And you'll write something—"twill be simple and sad."

So I took up my pen and scribbled away,
 And thus ran the lines of my "simple, sad" lay.

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

The wounded soldier on the sod,
 By swift Antietam lay,
 With mangled limbs and parched lips,
 All through the battle day.

The cannon thundered o'er the field,
 The soil with shell was torn,
 And, all besprinkled with the earth,
 He lay till dewy morn.

The advancing hosts pressed fiercely on,
 The charging squadrons passed,
 And, crushed beneath their iron hoofs,
 His blood was wasting fast.

Firm clenched within his strong, right hand,
 He held his rifle true;
 And in his left he grasped, as firm,
 A little case of blue.

Under its lid his eye was fixed,
 Glimpse and dim that eye,
 And not the roar of booming guns,
 Or hurrying passers-by.

Did once allure his fixed gaze,
 From that dear loving face,
 Which beamed on him in holy love,
 As when he took his place

In those long ranks, and left his home
 To meet the foe or death,
 Or both, and struggled to conceal the sigh
 Upon his manly breast.

His pulse was low, his heart was faint,
 His lips were cold and white
 As marble, or the fresh fallen snow
 On lofty mountain height.

And sometimes a low murmur seemed
 To ripple from his throat,
 And his lips moved, as if he called a name,
 Or answered when one sung.

And then his glassy eye grew became,
 As on the pictured face,
 A glory gathered to his eye, and smile:
 Again life ebbed away!

New York, Feb. 25, 1863.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—After spending a few days at home, I find myself in this city of "magnificent distances"—this Babel of the new world, where high and low, rich and poor, prince and beggar, move in their peculiar element, and are borne along upon the tide of life: some through clear, others the muddy waters of existence, till in death all find a common temple.

New York State and City, is a perfect nation in itself—possessing all the materials for agricultural, commercial, mechanical and political power and supremacy; combining an energy and vitality, that defies competition. Here are congregated types of every nation and tongue: each intent upon his own avocation, indifferent to the wants and condition of his neighbors, all eager to get a foot-hold upon the platform of action, and march in the van of business. New York is so different from Boston. In the latter city, every man's business is known to his neighbors—all trouble themselves about others; while here no one knows or cares for another's business. In Boston, men chaffer for pennies, here, men haggle only for dollars. In Boston, business drops from early to late; here, everything is forced into a few hours of bustle, and the masses pass from view. Here fortunes are made and lost in a day; while in Boston they are the accumulation of long years. Boston is an engine constructed by Puritan mechanics and run upon straight lines. New York is a telegraphic battery worked by German operators on Dutch wires, running diagonally and rectangularly, to the gold of California, the iron of Russia, the silks of China, and the spices of New Holland. Man has been defined as "Forty-five parts of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pails full of water." But in New York man is composed of one quarter "I don't care for anybody," one quarter "mind your own business," one quarter "get out of the way," and one quarter "if I fall down, I'll pick myself up." In Boston, men fish for brims with pin hooks, and pick the bones by candle-light. In New York they pull in whales with grappling irons, feed the world upon the scraps, and light the universe with the oil. The sales of two streets here, amount to more than all the trade of Boston. The "dusting cloths" of Stewart's, and Taylor and Hall's dry good houses would carpet Milk and Franklin streets. The iron of Beckman street would case three Boston commons. The toys of Maiden Lane give a top and jack horse to every playboy in New England. The turkeys and geese, pork and mutton, fish and beef, potatoes and cabbage of Washington Market, would fill up the balance of the midland, and give the army of the Potomac a better dinner than it will have for months to come. The confectionery, pastry and substantial of Taylor's saloon on Broadway, would swallow up Copeland's, as the light of a double chandelier would eclipse a wax taper.

What shall I say of Broadway, that great and deep channel of commercial life,—that promenade of childish innocence,—of womanly beauty and manly majesty; that great thoroughfare, where virtue and gentility throng along with vice and laziness; where the stream of human forms, flows like a great river, till lost from view in a far off sea that the eye cannot fathom. When the high and low born pass in unconscious proximity to gaze upon marble palaces and elegant stores, packed with warm broadcloths, rich broadsides, and costly laces—gorgeous with the luster of diamonds, emeralds and pearls, that art and enterprise have wrought and spread in cases of polished glass. Where poverty sips of bread, and wealth laughs with plenty.—Where the atheist and the christian, the corrupt and the pure, the gambler and his victim, the harlot and her paramour jostle on, smiling or frowning as Dame Fortune scatters sweet or bitter flowers around them. If the festive gayer, the luxurious indolence, and crowning abundance of Broadway, could be pictured by the side of the sunken form, the hungry look, and tearful eye, of the denizen of the Five Points, the two extremes of New York society would be seen. Life and death, sunlight and darkness, one respectable through wealth, the other cursed through want.

The cities of London and Paris, are the growth of centuries, where the riches of kings, and the taste of lords, have lavished their gold upon objects of art and elegance. But New York has sprung with one bound to all the grandeur and splendor of these cities, while her public buildings, her parks and her private residences, unite the freshness of yesterday with the magnificence of age. "Manhattan," an Indian name, signifying the place "where all got drunk," a little more than two hundred years ago, was bought for \$24, now its yearly tax is ten million of dollars, and single households have been sold lately for \$80,000, that seventy-five years ago were erected on a lot of land that one hundred years ago was bought for a keg of brandy and a barrel of sugar, now rents for \$10,000 per year. Two centuries ago, rude huts stood, and uncivilized men wandered around where costly mansions and opulent citizens now have their home. Horse cars and omnibuses roll where foot people could scarcely wead their way, through swamps and underbrush, and the chime of church bells, take the place of cow bells and the huntsman's horn. Two instances of fortune making I give you. Twenty years ago a lot of land was bought for \$1,000, now it can be sold for \$125,000. The other instance was a clerk of Commodore Vanderbilt, who, when the war broke out, had \$12,000; this amount he invested in resin: soon it began to rise—he was offered \$20,000, soon \$40,000, soon again \$80,000, by Vanderbilt himself; but he still held firm, and has just sold it for \$220,000. Such is luck in New York. At the lower end of Broadway stands the old "Kennedy House," occupied by Lord Cornwallis, Gen. Clinton, Lord Howe, and Gen. Washington. Tallyrand, the wily French diplomatist, once lived in it. Robert Fulton

died in a house built in the garden. Here, Arnold plotted treason with Andre. It is a spot full of Revolutionary story, and was built at a time, when, by law, every seventh house had to hang out a "tin lantern" to light the streets. At a short distance, Wall Street, Washington was first inaugurated President, with his hair fluff powdered, and done up in a bag; a suit of silk velvet and black silk hose, with knee buckles of rare pattern, and a devoted multitude full of respect and obedience, looking on.

Hamilton with his great mind, wrote the "Federalist," where the site of the Mechanics Bank now is—a work that has made its illustrious author immortal. Where the Post Office now is, on Nassau street, Franklin experimented with electricity, and drew crowds of wondering spectators to witness his dealings with the subtle spark. At the junction of More and Pearl streets, was the city residence of Gen. Washington. Here collected the honest and faithful men who sustained and counseled him in his solemn duties. Close by on Fulton street, the polished and renowned writer, Washington Irving was born. At the corner of Cedar and Nassau street, Aaron Burr lived for many years. And a little beyond, Grant Thorburn kept his seed store in what was once a Quaker meeting-house, from the steps of which he inculcated his wise maxims to the passing youth.

N. A. R.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—While our country is struggling to free itself from the folds of civil war and a wicked rebellion, while thousands of young heroes, leaving their homes and friends, are devoting their energies and lives to this very end, it is not surprising and dispiriting to notice the discouraging tone, prevalent to a great degree with the press at the North; At this very moment, so fraught with good or evil to our cause, when every support, encouragement, and aid should be given to our soldiers in the field, and every assistance rendered the Government in its perplexing and trying situation, they send broadcast throughout the land the seeds of doubt and distrust. Instead of encouraging us to willing sacrifices and noble deeds recalling to our minds the spirit and indomitable will of our forefathers, calling upon us to emulate their example, and setting forth in vivid colors the nobleness of our cause and the great need of aiding its progress with every assistance we can render, they fill the minds of men with doubt and distress, a fear of success, and cause a waning confidence in our rulers and their abilities. They utter as treasonable sentiments as many of our Southrons, and should be treated with scorn and contempt due to them. They are not truly loyal. For an earnest patriot thinks not of pausing at every slight object which besets his pathway, pauses not at every defeat or reverse to his cause. No discouraging word, or doubtful sentiment spread abroad to create discord and discussion, can emanate from the pen of a truly loyal American. No, God forbid. It is men of weak mind, narrow-souled, doubtful loyalty, who dare insult us in this hour of our country's peril, in so miserable, cowardly a manner. Influenced by party intrigues, love of power, and derived of a tone earnest love for their country's welfare, they stand ready at every corner with their sneers and innuendoes. Now, they are working with all their might, using every energy, and devoting time and money, for the purpose of discontinuing this war, and once more obtaining the power in their hands. Masking their actions in the vain talk of the "horrors of civil war" and "the untold sufferings of our soldiers," their earnest desire, for any immediate, cowardly peace, shows itself at every turn. They would ruin us if they could. They are friends, with the South, at heart. Let us denounce them, scorn them, turn from them. Let us avoid them in every possible manner, and let all, who have left one spark of true patriotism, lose no opportunity to show them in their true colors. Let us make visible their folly, and earnestly seek to refute the calumnies they utter, repudiate the falsehoods, counteract the evil, and encourage where they discourage. What if we can not see the end clearly? What if we have struggled for two years to crush the weightiest rebellion ever known in the annals of history? Rome was not built in a day. Every great enterprise requires time. Our forefathers struggled and toiled for seven years, to attain for us the independence we have so greatly enjoyed. Against a superior foe, never before conquered, they fought and bled till they achieved their object. Shall we, their children, prove ourselves unworthy such noble sires? With only two years of war, scarcely yet felt at the North, shall we succumb for want of courage and patriotism? Power and means we have in plenty. We only lack will, energy and an unwavering faith in our final success. These we shall have if we can subvert the evil influence of so much fault-finding, discouraging, and treasonable matter, as comes from the pen and lips of weak-minded disloyal people. Our papers now should teem with exhortations for the people to press steadily on in the suppression of this rebellion, should encourage them to high thoughts and noble deeds, and lead us all to see the vast importance of bringing into play, all our powers for present and future action. Our letters to the army should be encouraging. Weave for them bright home pictures, warmly colored with friendship and love—recall to their mind's eye scenes past, but dear in Memory. Present to their imagination, the dear home circle and make them know, that every pulse beats and every heart throbs for them—that isolated from, they are yet, ever present with us. Convey to them, not words of sympathy for their "forlorn desolate situation and great uncalled for suffering," but words teeming with heartfelt rejoicing at their devotion to their country. With a pen of fire, commend their bravery, rejoice in their success and if defeat comes predict a speedy triumph in return for the same, and above all things, express no doubts of their final success. Tell them of your unwavering confidence in the overthrow of wrong and

your sure conviction of their speedy return. With such words, cheer their drooping heart, breathe into them the breath of renewed life, but let your letters carry conviction with them, and we shall have no more of a disorganized or demoralized army. No fears, doubts, regrets or desire for compromise, but firm faith, energy, hope and a loyal heart. These will work wonders. It is said "the pen is mightier than the sword" and let us all wield ours for the encouragement of our army and the helping on of our cause. Let us be men—large-hearted, whole-souled men, with minds capable of taking in the vastness of our undertaking and the will and perseverance sufficient to carry it through to a successful end. With heart and hand let us encourage our brethren already in the field, presenting to them only the bright side of the picture. Let us denounce all traitors at home and abroad and may it be said of each one of us that "living or dying we are for our country."
 M. S. G.

Health and Happiness.

We would call the attention of the public to Dr. Miller's lectures on Physiology, to be commenced at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Wednesday evening, March 4th. The first lecture will be free, and all should attend. The Dr. comes well recommended. The following is from the *South Danvers Wizard*:—

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.—In another place we found a valuable testimonial, in behalf of Dr. MILLER, a lecture on the above subjects, signed by some of the best names in our sister town of Danvers. We have also, from a private source, the highest commendation of Dr. Miller, both as a gentleman of respectability and a public lecturer, and we hope he will be encouraged to give a course in our own town.

The following resolutions, offered by W. L. Weston, were passed unanimously at the close of Dr. A. E. Miller's course of public lectures in Danvers, on Saturday evening, Feb. 21, 1863.

The audiences at these lectures constantly increased from the beginning—that at the closing lecture filling every seat in the spacious Gothic Hall!—
 Resolved, That the citizens of Danvers, who have had the good fortune to attend the course of Lectures on Physiology and Anatomy, by Dr. MILLER, desire to express to him our unequalled acknowledgments for the obligations under which he has laid us. Coming among us unheralded and a stranger, he has by his unassuming, yet clear and forcible illustrations of his subject, won his way to our respect and regard.
 Resolved, That we do most heartily commend Dr. MILLER and his lectures to such other communities as he may visit, with the confident belief that his instructions are calculated to confer a lasting benefit upon those who may hear him.

Wm. L. Weston, John A. Putnam, Moses J. Currier, I. R. Langley, E. G. Berry, C. H. Gould, John C. Butler, Gustavus Putnam, Frederick Porter, W. E. Putnam, Joseph W. Ropes, Charles Adams, S. D. Shattuck, Nathaniel Hills, J. K. Merrill.

Boston Merrills.

When a bean or a convolvulus selects a long and shapely stake, and tenderly elaps it with its twining stem, does the pole imagine that the vine cares for it, or for itself? All that it asks of the stick, is that it will allow the vine a chance for self-display. When men, therefore, ridicule the eminent scholars and merchants of Boston for making so much ado over General McClellan, on his recent invasion of New England, they lack comprehension!

He furnished a good trunk on which Boston worthies could climb themselves into conspiracy. Mr. Everett hung beautifully as an azure convolvulus from a garden trellis. Mr. Hilliard twined about the hero as tender as a blossoming bean. Mr. Lunt ran all over him, rank and coarse as a Virginia trumpet-creeper. The stake had a heavy time of it. But it was spring-time for the Boston twiners and climbers!

We must do the General the justice to say, that he appears far better in such campaigns than before the enemy. Lee is too much for him, but Lunt is fairly overmatched.

A sword was presented, all ablaze with diamonds. It was none of your ugly savage swords, made to cut with. It was one of those home swords whose value is not in the blade, but the handle. Of course it had Latin on it. What is the language of Boston? "Pro rege sapie, pro patria semper." Never was a painful fact more elegantly worded. It would have been rude to say, "Twice rejected by the Government, yet ready for anything from the crowd." The Latin did the business, "Pro rege sapie, pro patria semper"—now and then for the Government, but always for the nation! Wicked Mr. Hilliard! Mildly roughish Mr. Lunt! Is not this putting up at auction, in Latin, the hero of two campaigns for a bid? Patriotism won't bid. Loyalty won't bid. If Revolution bids, don't wait a second. Strike him off. Of all generals to lead a movement against this Government, commend us to McClellan, the Knight of the Diamond-hilted Sword!

The reply of Gen. McClellan is remarkable, too. After the brief formalities usual, he thus consecrates his Boston sword: "Please accept, gentlemen, my sincere thanks for this beautiful sword, and believe that it shall never be used save in the cause"—of what? Of this imperiled country? Of this noble Government? Against treason and rebellion?—"save in the cause of justice and right!" A Country, a Government, Loyal States, are things concrete. As contrasted with these, Justice and Right are simply abstractions. Is our General about to take the chair of Moral Philosophy in some college? And will he use this splendid Boston Sword to cut the knots and niceties of ethical casuistry?

The day of swords is not past. There are coming men who will earn awards by using them! The Hookers, the Rosencranzes, the Posters, the Fremonts, and others whose names are being spelled by deeds, shall transmit to their children swords that shall need no Latin and jewelry. Their blades shall be the unchangeable steel. Their ornaments, the gaps made by battle-strokes. No diamonds, no tinsel gilding. A warrior's hand is all the decoration his sword needs. If inscriptions

must be—then, write upon the blade in letters that shall flash fire in every fight, "Liberty for 'all Mankind,'" and on the other side, "Death to 'Despots and to Traitors.'"

Pass on, generals of the diamond swords! Come, iron men, with iron swords!—N. Y. Independent.

Caricatures.

There is a species of humor, peculiarly American, which consists in grotesque hyperbole, the caricature of some fact, which expresses it better than a faithful portrait would do. Some people take the snake and kill it when they wish to show it to us, but the lively Yankee humorist catches it by the tail as it passes, and stretches it into ludicrous proportions, as actors in pantomimes do the tails of those famous duelling dragons which so astonish and delight children.

Instances of this wild and extravagant humor are as common as proverbs. Everybody has heard of the weather which was so cold that the mercury went out of sight, and which no doubt would have been a good deal colder if the thermometer had been long enough. A similar exaggeration was that of a young man who took calomel on a morning so cold that the mercury ran right down in his boots. And speaking of boots, reminds us of the stage-driver who wore so large ones that he had to use the forks of the road as a boot-jack.

The following passages are illustrations:—The man out West whose legs are so long that he has to go down cellar to tie his shoes. The man who is so large that he has to go out of doors to turn over. The man who snored so loud that he had to sleep over in the next street to keep from waking himself. The man whose nose is so long that he has to step forward three paces to reach the end of it. The man who was so large and heavy that his shadow killed a little boy when it fell on him. The man who was so fat that his shadow left a greasy trail along the road as he walked along; and the man who was so thin that he did not have any shadow at all. And among these deserves to rank the horse that ran so fast around the ring that the spectators could only see one continual circular horse; together with that even more famous racer that ran so swiftly about the arena that he nearly caught up with himself, and could see his own tail just behind him.

A freeman once related an adventure in which he found himself in a rich saloon surrounded by wealth and fine company—"I didn't know myself, until I felt in my pockets and found 'em empty." Some one inferred that he was customarily short of funds.

"That's so! If steamboats were selling for two cents apiece," said he, "I haven't enough to buy a gangway plank!"

We once heard a person tell of a fright he once received from a big dog.

"I lost flesh," said he, "at the rate of ten pounds a minute, till the owner came and called him off."

Along with this we may place the story of the man who, in consequence of a fright, ran so fast and so far, that when he stopped, it was more than twenty minutes before his shadow came up with him. He was probably watched by the man whose dicker was so high that he had to climb a fence to see over it.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LECTURE.—The Sixth and last Lyceum Lecture was delivered by Alfred Norton Esq., last Monday evening. Before the commencement of the lecture, the Lecture Committee submitted the following Report, viz: "The Lecture Committee would respectfully report to the subscribers, that when they entered upon their duties, four lecturers had been engaged, three of whom had delivered their productions. They also found that the former Committee had either paid out or incurred debts to such an extent that only about sixteen dollars was left in the treasury. This balance was expended upon the fifth lecture, which although a high priced one was secured through friendly mediation at that small expense. The amount originally subscribed for the lectures this Committee are unable to state, inasmuch as the Chairman of the former Lecture Committee, has failed to deliver up the subscription list, although requested so to do. The Committee were either obliged to raise the necessary funds or abandon the sixth lecture. Signed, James A. Woodbury, E. A. Brackett, Sumner Richardson, Lecture Committee."

The Treasurer, A. Thompson, sd, reported, that all bills against the Lyceum had been paid, and there was a balance due him of one dollar and twenty cents. Mr. Norton then proceeded with his lecture upon the "National Crisis," which occupied about an hour in its delivery. It was able, logical and convincing. It was considered to be one of the best lectures of the course, and seemed to meet with the general approval of the audience, who gave to it their strict attention.

The lecturer claimed, that the idea that is most potent amongst the agencies and influences at work in this war, is impartial and equal justice to all men. The opposition which the friends and advocates of this doctrine had met with in the past, was somewhat dwelt upon. Liberty is the primal instinct of the American mind. It is this that is organizing our labor, our politics, institutions and manners. The stream of tendency in American life is ever toward liberty. It has been gathering strength from its conflict with slavery. No power can withstand its resistless flow. There is an effort to ignore and evade the real principles in this contest by the introduction of irrelevant issues, and thereby expend powers in fruitless endeavors. But over all, and under all these machinations of the enemies of liberty, is that divine power which controls and guides all, weaving the threads of the everlasting fates according to a divine pattern. It is not in vain this uprising.—Through all the perplexities and chaos of this present time, the idea of freedom, preg-

nant of grand results, is clearing itself of gross entanglements, rising on men's minds in majestic clearness as the great struggle advances, clearing away all obstacles, vindicating itself from aspersions and criticism, and will sweep before it every vestige of slavery, raising our country to heights of glorious power. The conservative element will struggle against this movement, it will attempt to bend its course to the precedents of the past, but it will not avail; the divine wisdom has its high method which in times of revolution it pursues, and amidst all the discords of the hour is heard as the sublime chant of liberty.

In speaking of the effect of the war upon slavery, the speaker said, that whatever takes place, it is the conviction made clearer than ever before, that slavery has received a blow from which it will never recover. The causes that were in operation before the war, are now working with violence, and a significant indication is, that the anti-slavery sentiment of leading men in the Border States, and among such men as Hamilton of Texas, is stronger than anywhere else. The necessities and dangers of our situation help us. One of these necessities directs to the employment of the negro in the army. This may be humbling to our pride, offensive to our prejudice. So much the better, of the designs of Providence are fulfilled thereby.

The lesson the hour teaches, is "faith in justice"—this will conduct us safely through the perilous conflict, for all low prudential maxims of the politicians fail in the great work of saving the nation, and there is no light but the law of absolute justice which points the way. Let the nation follow this shining way, and all will be well. The hour lingers, the clouds of despair lower, because justice is not done.

The present situation of National affairs is to some desponding, to others full of hope. The blunders, defeats, delays, divisions in the North, and all the methods and propositions of settlement have all resulted in this, that any convulsion of the war on any other basis, than the Liberty and Unity of the Republic on this continent, must prove a failure. It was necessary to make trial of these various methods of adjustment, before the country would be settled in the policy of the war. We may not even now, be wearied of these vain endeavors, but we are approaching the end of these experiments; and may be assured of this much, that the patriotism of the nation will again triumphantly rise out of this indifference and these discords, and with jubilant powers crush the rebellion. But there are some crying out in despair for a great man to lead them; and there is no response. They dream the olden times can be repeated, when each age had its own style of great men. We do not need an overpowering personality, but we need the power of ideas and sentiments, and these expressed by the people in democratic forms. We want no idols. It may be that no man can represent these times. The kind of greatness our imaginations have set up, may not help but hinder. The age of Hero-worship I believe to be inconsistent with the age of democracy. Ours is a government of Laws not of Persons. The man, if any appears fit representative of the hour, must be inspired of liberty as well as law,—his theory of the world must not be built on selfish schemes of commerce, trade or dominion,—he must represent the heights, magnanimity and the glories of the age—he must be inspired of the faith that the world is built on Reason and the Moral Laws.

The question of race was discussed at some length by the lecturer who then passed to the consideration of our foreign relations as connected with the war, after which he depicted in glowing terms the great advantages resulting from a nation founded on justice and equality, and the deplorable picture of a Southern Confederacy based on slavery. The peace Democrats or copperheads received a scathing rebuke from the speaker. It does not matter who they are, let them be treated as traitors. We must fight the enemy in the South—we must also crush the traitors of the North.

There is an instinct fall of hope, of serene strength, working at times with a jubilant activity, more to me than all observation which looks on all the dark aspects and through all its gloomy incidents of the war, forcing even the darkness itself for I have noticed in the eloquence of Demosthenes, in Cicero and Kosuth that theirs is the eloquence of expiring nations, plaintive with almost the wail of despair; but there is nothing of that in the grand voices of the nation, no despondency to day, no lamentation. In this instinct I put my trust,—it points to victory.

There are inspirations that cheer us on,—glorious memories of our heroic Puritan age, of the Revolutionary period,—of the noble declarations of the innumerable dead lately fallen. These memories nourish our souls, and are the constructive powers building up these many States, so various in the elements of their strength and glory, into one grand American Nationality. Do we "begin to sever and almost shiver at the majesty and grandeur of the war." Know that God honors the nation in its noble tasks; through these we are to become a magnificent and invincible nation; without these trials "we shall perish in filth and luxury and die of inanition of all the nobilities which adorn of a nation. They give puissant vigor and heroic glories. These sacrifices of sorrow which a bleeding nation is pouring out on the altar of country "nourish the firm root out of which we all grow." Shall we not make this day forever memorable in the annals of the world, by the victories of courage and justice? Shall we fail to fill up the measure of glory of the patriot dead? Shall we not make this hour glad by breaking the chains of the slave, and rise with him into glorious liberty? Then in the grand words of the great champion of English liberty, "we shall be the praise and heroic song of all posterity."

I have given a verbatim report of detached portions of this eloquent lecture, and did time and space permit would like to have

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Portray.

God Save the Union.

BY C. G. DUNN.

God save the Union of the States!
And brighter make those stars which shine
Around the hallowed glory day
Of Freedom's birth at Lexington.
For all the blood which has been shed—
For all the patriotic dead—
For all the hearts that for us bleed—
O, save the Union of the States!

God save the Union! by it stand
Ye true men who revere its laws;
And, O, remember Washington,
Who crushed oppression's hated cause,
Be faithful to those men who gave
To Freedom life—no wrong a grave!
Be faithful now if ye would save
The sacred Union of the States.

God save the Union! by it stand
Ye men whose love is Union's might—
Ye men whose hearts and hands uphold
The great omnipotence of Right,
Be faithful to one cause—the just!
The Constitution is your trust—
Would ye behold dragged in the dust
The flag of the United States?

LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

Alfred Norton, Esq.,

Before the Winchester Lyceum,
ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22d, 1863.

The idea that is most potent amongst the agencies and influences at work in this revolution is impartial and equal justice to all men. Those who have stood up for this idea have received from the enemies of liberty the blasts of savage passions, the usual greetings to the men who are far in advance of their age. They were translucent of the heavenly light, not free from all stains, and there was something fanatical about them too. From the fact they projected something new, their method was experimental and crude. Truth must work, at first in untoward conditions with instruments and means, not perfect but the best it can find. The most notable men, have their imperfections, cannot fully comprehend their times, have not the sweet, attractive grace; are iconoclasts, but they are also creators inspired by the great "world spirit" to "build better than they know," and have faith in principles and laws; that they are the substance of the world, and in the most troublous times, have a serene faith that the Eternal Reason will reveal the true method, infusing it into men's minds, enabling them to fashion the instruments fit to accomplish the design of the divine Providence.

Relying on the beneficent laws of the universe we may rest assured, however dark the prospects or inexplicable the situation of national affairs, and although the men to whom we have looked for succor disappoint us, or whatever else may fall when the hour strikes, God will not fail but meet the exigency with amazing wisdom.

There is a superficial view of history, which accounts for the great revolutions of society by their accidents and incidents. These are as straws which the current bears on its bosom,—but it is the law of gravity which sweeps the stream with what is borne on its surface to the ocean. The men who are charged with turning the world upside down, have not caused this uproar: it is the Everlasting Reason which agitates the world and will continue to agitate till society is conformed to its laws.

The great men of revolutionary periods, are the barometers of the coming storms, more alive to the genius of the hour, and as mountain summits, first touched by the new light that is rising on the world; they don't swim against the tide, but conspire lustily with it; they gladly the awakening voice of liberty calling, and are ready for the sacrifice. If the people listen to this voice and obey it, all is well, but if they will not hearken, it will sweep as the chaff in its omnipotent fury.

Another great day has risen on the world. Do we behold it? Do we rejoice in its light? Are we in sympathy with the omnipresent laws? Do we see that the violation of these laws has crushed out the nations? If we see this, then are we alive, fit spectators of the wondrous beauty, and prepared for the work of the hour.

We need courage to stand up in these times. That which will keep us serene amidst the tumultuous anarchy, is faith in the laws of the Eternal Reason which preside over all things.

"For, certainly, our appetites here,
Be it of war, or peace, or hate, or love,
All this is ruled by the sight above."

Let us not be scared out of the duty of the hour. The grandeur of the work given us to do will be our consolation and strength, God transfigures liberty before the nation, so that the people may not abate a jot of faith, but with a grand patience and glorious hope endure to the end.

There is nothing stationary. "The heavenly journey on," and the amelioration of man and the world ever advances. There is no finality in history. That which illustrates the weakness of man is his endeavor to thwart this progress. I behold all nations drawn by the genius of the world, fulfilling the laws of a beneficent providence. Before this awful power all things and persons must bow. It is the will of our wills, the inspir-

ation of our souls, and the great wonder of the world is to see how those who oppose, as well as those who acquiesce, work together to the same end. This reason of the world we do not contain; it contains us; and we are carried on its everlasting tide; it makes the times and creates events. Those who listen with "insatiable ears" to this voice, are inspired and become great, there is no influence like theirs; all else is as a dream that passes away.

Liberty is the primal instinct of the American mind. It is this that is organizing our labor, our politics, institutions and manners. "How seldom," says Carlyle, "can a nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is; such mazes of superficial bewilderments, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery overlie our poor wills, much hiding it for most part; so that if we can once get eye on it and work resolutely towards fulfillment of it, the battle is as good as gained." The stream of tendency in American life is ever towards liberty. It has been gathering strength from conflicts with slavery. No power can withstand its resistless flow. There is an effort to ignore and evade the real principle in this contest by the introduction of irrelevant issues, and thereby expend powers in fruitless endeavors. But over all and under all these machinations of the enemies of liberty, is that divine power which controls and guides all, weaving the threads of the everlasting fates, according to a divine pattern. It is not in vain this uprising. Through all the perplexities and chaos of this present time, the idea of freedom, pregnant of grand results, is clearing itself of gross entanglements; rising on men's mind in majestic clearness, as the great struggle advances; clearing away all obstacles, vindicating itself from aspersions and criticism, and will sweep before it every vestige of slavery, raising our country to heights of glorious power. The conservative element will struggle against this movement, it will attempt to bend its course to the precedents of the past, but it will not avail; the divine wisdom has its high method which in times of revolution, it pursues, and amidst all the discords of the hour is heard, as the sublime chant of liberty.

In a revolution like the present, involving such complexity of causes, and in its relations, foreign and domestic, so intricate and delicate developing in its course so many unexpected contingencies and unforeseen incidents, these combining in ever new shapes and shifting moods, of such uncertain force, and on such a scale of magnitude that our imaginations fail us, and our perceptions, grow confused; in view of all this, that man shows an audacious presumption, who dares say, when the war will end and how it will end. I acknowledge my ignorance to this extent. I would not acknowledge that I can see nothing. I have a faith, nevertheless, based on certain data, which if not broad enough to pass into knowledge, is sufficient for hope. In such an hour as this, when our country is in peril, and we are perplexed what to do, we are driven to the alternative, to take justice for our guide, and this, happily, is coincident with expediency as well as the necessities of the hour. It may be we shall not behold the immediate destruction of slavery, although all signs point to the hour as being near at hand. If the doom should fall now, its sublime effect in its revelation of law, will stand forever as a light to guide and warn the nations. The hope of the colored race amongst us, look upon their redemption as near. But whatever takes place it is the conviction made clearer than ever before, that slavery has received a blow from which it will never recover. The causes that were in operation before the war, are now working with violence, and a significant indication is, that the anti-slavery sentiment of leading men in the border States, and among such men as Hamilton of Texas, is stronger than anywhere else. The necessities and dangers of our situation help us. One of these necessities directs to the employment of the negro in the army. This may be humiliating to our pride, offensive to our prejudice. So much the better, if the designs of Providence are fulfilled thereby.

Most of us expected this war would end before now. This deferring of our hopes, what does it mean? It may be that victory for Union and Nationality are not all the ends designed in the war; but the noblest end, and through which these other ends will be reached, is justice. Although we cannot see through all to the end, yet, under all the dark aspects of the times, the national will is fixed and the national hope aspires.

The lesson the hour teaches, is faith in justice; this will conduct us safely through the perilous conflict, for all the low, prudential maxims of the politicians fail in the great work of saving the nation, and there is no light but the law of absolute justice which points the way. Let the nation follow this shining way, and all will be well. The hours linger, the clouds of despair lower, because justice is not done.

The present situation of national affairs is to some depending, to others full of hope. The blunders, defeats, delays, divisions in the north and all the methods and propositions of settlement, have all resulted in this, that any conclusion of the war, on any other basis, than the liberty and unity of the Republic on this continent, must prove a failure. It was necessary to make trial of these various

methods of adjustment, before the country would be settled in the policy of the war. We may not even now, be wearied of these vain endeavors, but we are approaching the end of these experiments; and may be assured of this much, that the patriotism of the nation will again triumphantly rise out of this indifference, and these discords, and with jubilant power crush the rebellion. How have the propositions of degrading compromise fallen into oblivion, and their authors are now pilloried in shame? The history of these attempts and their failures, are convincing the nation, that no terms, but the submission of the traitors by victorious war can settle our difficulties. We already begin to see that if this war is continued with such instrumentalities as will hereafter be employed in the Gulf States it will inevitably overthrow the barbarous institution, which was the cause, and is the life of the rebellion. Events are daily throwing light on our way. We have set up our lower aims, but the divine Providence seeks a grander purpose in the war than the nation dared hope for; and it has its own high method of realizing this purpose.

The issue in this strife, was not made up by us;—we did not mark out the course of the rebellion, nor before-hand determine its results; these were all inevitable.

We feel now more than at any previous stage, in the history of the war, that no superficial empiricism can deal wisely with our national affairs to day. The Genius of the world alone, can comprehend the problem, and solve it; all statesmanship seems to be at fault. We are borne along on the majestic vital forces, inspired by liberty, and our faith is in God alone. But there are some crying out in despair for a great man to lead them; and there is no response. They dream the old times can be repeated; when each age has its own style of great men. We do not need an overworking personality but we need the power of ideas and sentiments and these expressed by the people in democratic forms. We want no idols. It may be that no man can represent these times. The kind of greatness our imaginations have set up, may not help but hinder. The age of Hero worship, I believe, to be inconsistent with the age of democracy. Ours is a government of Laws, not of Persons. The man if any appears fit representative of the hour, must be inspired of liberty as well as of law; his theory of the world must not be built on selfish schemes of commerce, trade or dominion,—he must represent the heights, magnanimities and the glories of the age,—he must be inspired of the faith that the world is built on Reason and the Moral Laws.

One of the most important questions that confronts us at the present time, is the question of race. No other nation ever had so difficult a problem to solve. We cannot escape from it. If we do not rise to meet it, in the right spirit, it will meet us which will be far worse. The necessities will compel, I think, to the right way of dealing with it, and history gives courage and hope. The method of nature, is to give her replies to questions not in advance, but as she proceeds; her way; she works according to the present needs, does not lift the curtain of the future, shows no impatience. We may be sure of this much, if this question, by the necessities of the times, is pressed to a reply, the answer is ready. The colored race may and probably will answer it; but the condition of a true answer is in freedom and not in slavery. This race must have opportunities with the best, and time must be given to determine its status. We must not demand of it the genius and civilities of those races that have been more favorably situated and have had longer probation. The relation and offices of the existing races, are not wise enough to know; all are on trial, and each has its peculiar work. That the negro is endowed with attributes which fit for tropical regions there can be no doubt; as to his ultimate destiny on this continent, I will not undertake to answer; but that is a question the ethnologist may discuss, but I think he is not quite ready with a reply. We ought not to be troubled about that. If the negro vindicates himself through this opportunity given him to take part in the service of the government, war will make a man of him. Let him do his duty in this crisis, he will then be a brother never to be cast out by agencies of ours. He will become a sacred image. His destiny is in great measure put into his own hands, and I think, my friends, ours depends a little upon him. Let us treat him kindly and nobly, casting away all odious epithets. Would you hoot a negro regiment in the streets of Boston? Do it at your peril. Liberty would never suffer such an indignity. There seems to be no resolution of this matter but by doing justice to the negro. This done,—a blaze of light, will be shed upon our interest and duties. We shall learn this after awhile that our liberties are safe only by respecting the liberties of all men.

Let the negro respect himself and the respect of the world will follow. Races are preordained to their work in the world but they must take the place assigned them by active endeavors. It does not trouble me what the place of the negro is; a divine instinct sends forth the races, distributing them over the earth. The problem will be worked out; it may work roughly for the negro; it may work roughly for us, but perhaps that is the best way for it to work.

The organization of labor on a free basis

but adapted to the present condition of the negro, must be worked out. It may for awhile partake somewhat of a compulsory process, especially if the status of millions of this race is change suddenly. The colored population of the south for awhile must be put under guardianship. Their interest as well as the interest of the State requires this. In regard to military organizations, it seems to me wiser that the negro should remain as near as may be, a distinct class, so that what they do, especially to their praise, may be clearly seen and they have the benefit of it. But we leave these things to time, "that in-ovates slowly," as Lord Bacon says.

Another matter of grave moment, which the war brings up, concerns our foreign relations. We believe, that some of the continental powers would intervene in the affairs, if they dared. They would be glad to do it. They have still some dread of us, and fear also other consequences that may follow intervention. The continental powers watch each other with wicked jealousy; this with other races of States play sometimes an important part in their security. There seems to be a reversal in the positions of France and England, from what obtained in the beginning of the war. England, thanks to the proclamation, and to other of her interests, is from an enemy becoming an ally; while France, before our friend, is assuming the attitude of a dangerous foe by her insidious approaches to us in Mexico. Consider what has been the policy of our government heretofore, as expressed in the Monroe doctrine, in the declaration that we could not see Cuba transferred from Spain to another European Power. It is an important question which we may be called soon to answer, are we willing to yield in the face of the nations the principle, involved in the Monroe doctrine, which has been maintained by our government against the world. It was considered by all inimical to our interest to have the policy of the allied sovereigns established on this continent. We behold now what no man of this generation expected to see, the army of France in Mexico.—What does this mean? Just this,—that in the judgment of Napoleon III, the policy of our government, as indicated in the Monroe doctrine, must be given up and that the policy of France full of portentous mischief is to be inaugurated, aiming to secure as much of this continent as it can grasp, that new and more productive fields may be opened for its labor. Napoleon III, is wary and ambitious—he would like cotton lands to supply the home market, and his eye is fixed on Mexico, perhaps on the extensive and fertile regions of Texas, embracing 237,504 square miles, equal in extent, almost, to Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana. There has been a desire expressed by some secessionists of Texas, to place themselves under French protection; and the intercepted correspondence of Reid Saunders, the rebel emissary, shows that France, has caused the confederate government to be sounded in regard to its desire to retain that region. Thus, as we proceed, do the dangers and complications of the government increase. The Monroe doctrine was founded on the principle of self preservation. How dangerous then, to the peace of the country, would be the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, not only from the danger of entangling alliances with foreign powers, which our great Washington, (whom the people honor this day,) warned us against in his immortal farewell address; but also from the fact, that it would be within stone's throw of the Capitol with slavery for its foundation. Such a Confederacy would be more inimical to us than any other foreign power, not only from its nearness, but from its inherent principles, so antagonistic to democratic institutions. The existence of a Southern Confederacy, would necessitate the employment of great standing armies. The animosities, prejudices and jealousies which would spring out of relations to so near a neighbor, would infect our society with broils, preventing comity between States, the essential principles of whose politics, being opposed, would engender perpetual wars.

By all honorable means then, we should endeavor to prevent the success of the South in this war, although if it succeeds with slavery for its inmost principle, it would be an anomaly in history, and soon pass away as I believe, because it has within it, the seeds of decay, revolution, and disastrous overthrow. Think you, it could move serenely under these heavens? No! The fires of terrific judgment would fall on it; and the North could not escape; she will travail in the same agony, for we are knit by indissoluble ties, for weal or woe. Be assured of this, that whatever burdens and sacrifices are necessary to terminate this war successfully, they can be as nothing compared to that greater burden of taxes, that more terrible baptism of blood and those heavier sorrows which await us if we fail to preserve our nationality. Therefore it is wise for this people to consider whether it is not more economical (not through base pusillanimity to let the great cause go by default) to pay now all the costs of the war, in toil, treasure and blood, to prevent our nation being broken up into petty belligerent states. Although the danger of separation is imminent, I believe the country must remain one, in one form or another. The real question is, What principles shall unite it, what ideas shall rule on this continent? Shall barbarism or civiliza-

tion prevail? This idea of unity is imperative. From whatever side we look at this controversy the idea of unity appears. Alex. H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, said March 21st, 1861,—"the process of desintegration in the old union may be expected to go on, with absolute certainty. We are now the nucleus of a growing power, which if we are true to ourselves, our destiny, and our high mission, will become the controlling power on this continent." In this we see the Confederate's aim at the destruction of free government in this country. Bishop Hughes, of New York, in a speech made by him a short time since, said substantially, that the result of this war would be the triumph of the principles of one party or the other in this contest. In a speech made a short time since in the Senate of the United States, by Mr. Conway, of Kansas, in which he proposed the recognition of the Confederate States, regarding it but as temporary; he looked forward to a day not distant, when these separated parts would be re-united on the principles of liberty. In a theory of confederation proposed by Elihu Burritt, dividing the country into five or six nations, but to be united in a league, for protection of each against foreign powers, I notice that in this and all the methods proposed, the idea of some kind of union is required as a basis. Stephens looks through desintegration, to a re-union on the basis of slavery. Conway looks on the dissolution of the old union with composure, with a kind of satisfaction, believing that it will in time re-unite, and liberty become the principle and basis of a grand nationality. This shows how difficult it is to entertain the idea of a permanent separation of these States. I think it wise, then, to carry on the war for union and liberty now a few years more if it is necessary, than to recognize the confederacy, and in that way perhaps, make it a war of centuries, for it seems inevitable that the civilization of the free states must prevail in America, and that all the interests of these states must work towards unity.

Look at another result, which will follow the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, in the vast, magnificent territory alienated from free labor, and the exclusion of citizens of the free states from the sunny and fertile fields of the South. The surplus population of Europe cannot enter these fields to rejoice in their culture; slavery excludes the poor white man, immigration is hindered, and labor becomes degraded. If labor knew how vitally its great interests are jeopardized in this conflict, it would not permit a deprivation of its rights, by the surrender of the great estate of this continent or any part of it, the unity and freedom of which is identified with large populations of men. The world is fast learning that the interests and elevation of labor is the advantage of all men. The appeal, then, is to the laboring populations of Europe and America. Will you suffer the curse to fall on the land, upon toil, bread upon all that makes life dear, honorable and sacred, or will you make the necessary sacrifice to prevent this profanation?

Great God! awake this nation, inspire new zeal, a pure patriotism, a holy justice, and save us from the doom which an indifference to the rights of man will bring upon us; and may the despots and aristocrats of the old and new world take no joy from our failure, but be put to everlasting shame through the glory of justice, made triumphant in this contest.

Some are appalled at the great work the government has on its hands, and tremble under its burdens. Ah the costs! Will it pay? Did not our fathers count the cost of making the Declaration, and what was it? "their lives, their fortunes and sacred honors." This was the price they paid. Can we afford to do less? Shall we decline from their valor, leaving a record of pusillanimity, and cast shame on their work? Shall we permit this Declaration to be trampled in the dust, which received that fine eulogy of Buckle, in his "Civilization of England," in which he says, "In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe, that noble declaration, which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace?" If we do not stand by this declaration, if we are not willing to pay the price of the immortal words of this declaration, let our lips never utter again the sacred name of liberty.

Consider the lessons the rebellion teaches. What delusions it scatters! What vain theories it resolves! What sacred laws it reveals! What light it sheds over our past history, and what prospects of glory it opens in the future! We can trace in lines of light, the laws, obedience and disobedience to which build up and destroy States. I believe the rebellion will be a means of strengthening and purifying the government. The people will come out of it wiser than they went in, and the benefit in an educational point of view to both North and South, to the continental nations and the world will be immense. We shall learn that ignorance has been one of the principal supports of the rebellion and that this ignorance has to a great extent resulted from slavery, and that slavery has corrupted the politics and manners of the country and that the path of peace and glory to States is in an education found alone in freedom. Our age and country will be adorned too, with the virtues, reflected from the fields of this conflict, and as a result of the war, the earth even will become more fruitful and

the sun will shine with purer light. Schiller remarks, that the thirty years war in Germany made it a nation. This war will make America a free nation.

With all these advantages we recoil, and would put away the bitter cup of sorrow the war presses to our lips. But this punishment has come upon us, because we deserved it, and because it is the shortest and most efficacious method of removing the obstacles in the path of our national progress. The cost of the war in treasure, blood and sorrow is great, but these are the price of liberty. These sorrows are not without their compensations, have an extreme satisfaction even, and have also grand aspects and noble charms which the imagination adorns them with. A nation should accept this law of sacrifice with heroic satisfaction. By this its glory is achieved; heroism is born of it; it gives dignity and grandeur to life; arts and literature are inspired of it and present their purest offerings upon its altars; and without it man would perish from the earth.

Man being already fallen, yet inspired with the promise of a grand future, the immortal life within him almost extinct, his glory must come, not without agony, from the awakening of this life, in its struggles to deliver itself from degradation. This travail of the soul for deliverance is the tragedy of history; and these noble sacrifices declare the faith of the soul in the eternal laws. Those patriots who die for country, live forever in the hearts of their countrymen.

Cousin remarks "that Vernet had himself dashed to the mast in order to contemplate for a longer time the storm in its majesty and terrible beauty." So strong is the yearning of the soul after good that if necessary, it will trample the very floors of hell to obtain it. The terrors now are real and we are forced to behold them. The great mysteries of life are learned and its noble prizes won, through the discipline of agonizing sorrows. God makes such periods as the present sublimely attractive to give strength, daring and hope to enterprise. From all sides the conviction is growing clearer that slavery is the great impediment if not insuperable obstacle to the reunion of these States, on a solid basis of peace. What will be the result when this belief becomes the conviction of all parties and all sections of the country, I will not assert. It may result in the recognition of the Confederates, and will if the people despair—it may and I think it will result in the union of all loyal men North and South to destroy slavery, which is the separating and disintegrating element in American society. Hon. H. May, of Baltimore, a peace democrat, in a speech delivered in Congress a short time since, said, "The people of the South believe, and I believe, that there is established a fixed and unalterable antagonism between the sections where slavery is, and is not allowed." This unalterable antagonism of free and slave society, which Mr. May acknowledges, is also declared to be the unanimous sentiment and conviction of the rebellious South. It certainly is the conviction of a large majority of the people of the Free States. This fact of irreconcilable difference has been made plain in this short period of the war. We observe that the radical principles involved in the contest appear from day to day, with greater distinctness, and we behold what all great revolutions show, that when nations enter upon these great conflicts on which the national life depends, the struggle, if continued sufficiently long, grows fiercer as it advances, and the principles upon which all turns must be developed to their extreme limits; and especially is this the case in civil war. Having thrown the fundamental principles in the arena, the necessities compel that each should contend for mastery, and obliges that one shall master, especially when both are in earnest. The real principles in every great conflict in history, however much overlaid and whatsoever the attempts to evade the issues, must assert themselves as the supreme necessity at last. Those which are consciously or unconsciously the ultimate principles involved in the rebellion must work themselves out logically, controlling the whole movement, and determine the method and the results of the war. We are compelled to contest the war on these principles or yield to the Confederate demands. The process that is rapidly going on, is that of elimination, by which all the false pretences must be swept away and the real causes and objects of the war be made apparent to the most superficial observers. And as this process goes on, it will make the lines of demarcation clearer between the friends of Union and Liberty, and their opponents; for the question is fast resolving itself into disunion with slavery for the South, or into liberty and union for the whole country. We are approaching that period of the war, when the issue will have to be met, whether we shall surrender to slavery, or slavery surrender to us. Are the people ready to sacrifice all prejudices and boldly confront this issue. If they have not courage, patriotism and magnanimity for this, the nation must fall.

It now clearly appears, and we have been forced to this conclusion against prejudices and predictions, that the radical anti-slavery sentiment will become the supreme influence, if the country is saved, for there is nothing else as now appears, that can combat the rebellion in its principle and by overthrowing it give a stable foundation for unity. The contest in the politics of the country at this present time and in the free States, especially,

is on the question of slavery, and the policy of emancipation, and it must be decided which shall control, the policy of the administration or the policy of its opponents.

Some may think, in such peril as the nation is in, that on the whole it is more patriotic, if they cannot sustain the government in some of its measures, at least not oppose, but hold some question in abeyance, and save the country if possible, nevertheless Proclamation and habeas corpus and the like; these will find it hard work to do even this, for many of this class, and the most noble, too, will change to the radical side, for remarkable changes have taken place during the progress of the war, and we may see those who now oppose the radical measures of the government loudest in their approval. There are many timid men who would like to escape the ordeal of war, but there is no escape for them. Others there are, thank God, noble patriots, who believe this war is in the order of Providence and gladly accept it, with all its sorrows and sacrifices; looking through the darkness of this hour, into a brighter future for the nation. These last will not basely surrender free institutions and thereby expose the country to anarchic passions and the desolations of perpetual wars. These see clearly that the only law that can give peace to the nation is the law of liberty;—and they will not listen to the siren songs of peace, when peace means dishonor. These see the folly of any consultation with the Confederates as to terms of settlement, and will hearken to no compromise, and will not be represented in peace conventions, which are more in the interests of the Confederates than for the honor and dignity of the United States. The entertainment for a moment of any proposition of settlement, is a great folly and a great shame; we should be humbled by it to no purpose, and made the sport of traitors in the north, who dare not make open war on the government, but take this insidious way to destroy it. I would like to know what proposition can be made to the rebels. Are we ready to acknowledge the Confederate States? Will we yield to the demands of the Slave Oligarchy and make slavery national, and alter the Constitution to that end? Can we do anything (are we not shut in to this necessity) but maintain the integrity of the nation, support the Constitution, crush the rebellion, and this too without consulting rebels as to the manner of doing it. It is clear the government can make no proposition. All it asks is the unconditional surrender of all rebels to its authority.

It is evident that the South will listen to no terms short of the recognition of the confederacy. Those persons in the free States who attempt a settlement with the expectation of obtaining honorable terms from the traitors, will be disappointed, disgrace themselves, and receive for their pains, the contempt of the world. Mr. John Van Buren, who tried the experiment, lately made known his experience in a speech delivered by him, before the Democratic Union Association of New York, in which he said "the South would not hear of a convention until after their independence had been recognized and never while he lived should that recognition take place, if he could help it." In view of the contemptuous reception he met with, and for once with a glance of the true state of the situation, he says, "The war must go on,"—and so it must until all the enemies of the Republic are subjected to its power, and the doctrine of secession is so thoroughly rooted out, that its seditious claims will never more trouble the nation, and then, and not till then, will the country settle down in peace.

It is necessary that this delusion of peace should work itself clear out. This is the only way the infamous principles involved in it, can be exposed,—and when the hideous nature of these peace projects are brought to light, then will their authors receive the execration of an enraged people. It does not matter who they are, whether Greeley of the Tribune, Conway of Kansas, Wood of New York. It does not matter who the men are that are engaged in this traitorous work in the Legislatures of Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut, or who the men are who propose a convention to be held on the 10th of May next in Louisville, Kentucky, to be represented only by the States of New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; all who take active part in these movements, will be consigned to everlasting infamy. Their movements indicate another conflict, or rather it is the same that has been raging, transferred to the fields of the North. We must fight the enemy in the South. We must also crush the traitors of the North. This conflict in the free states may be violent, may be short; it threatens however to shiver the nation and is awful with the gloom of chaos. But let the friends of liberty stand in their lot, not dismayed, and the night will soon be passed, the day again will dawn. After all attempts to save slavery, it will be made apparent, that we are inextricably involved in ruin with adherence to it; and when this fact is made clear,—then our redemption is nigh. Then will these traitors sink away in shame, or with agonizing efforts endeavor to undo the work of their own hands and quell the dastardly and malicious spirits they have invoked. The folly of these men without. Their doom is sure. It cannot be that such infernal schemes can prosper. The men engaged in them will be abhorred; their principles rejected. The people will not hearken to these voices, but blast with indignation and scorn, all traitors

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New York, Nov. 6, 1882.

WM. GRAY, Esq., New York:—Your hair restorative is a most valuable preparation, and I have used it with great success.

My hair was almost entirely bald, and the little hair that was left was falling out fast, until I feared I should lose it all. I commenced using your HAIR RESTORATIVE, and it immediately stopped the hair falling out, and soon restored the color, and after using two bottles my head is completely covered with a healthy growth of hair.

I take great pleasure in recommending your HAIR RESTORATIVE, and may also refer any doubting person to me.

ROBERT MURRY, U. S. Marshal,
Southern District, New York.

Price 75 cents. Three Bottles for \$2.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, WILLIAM GRAY, at Tremont, Westchester Co., N. Y.; at wholesale by F. E. DODD, Esq., 219 Broadway, New York; at retail by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States.

N. B. Druggists or others sending cash orders for the Restorative will be supplied with the circulars containing certificates from people of the highest respectability, from all parts of the country.

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At Retail, at Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices FOR CASH ON DELIVERY.

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Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can be easily made by having their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each.

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PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient ARMY CHECKERBOARDS which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail. Call and examine.

DR. C. T. LANG

Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Wm. and Pleasant Sts.

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DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XII: : No. 24.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

Life's Answer.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Till's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my heart
With smiles and gloom:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempests all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

Select Literature.

A VIRGINIA BLACKSMITH.

BY CHARLES C. COFFIN.

It is a cold, raw, snowy day. An unusual day in the Old Dominion. The forests are in russet and yellow—the leaves are not fallen. Winter seems to have ushered itself prematurely into the presence of retiring autumn. The driving storm has almost shut from sight the Blue Ridge which lies along the west, looming like a huge ocean breaker, ready to tumble in upon the lower lands. I am here, as an observer of events in the grand army of the Potomac. It has gone on before, and I am tarrying an hour by the way, while my travelling companion has his horse provided with shoes. I am in a log blacksmith shop, sitting on a box on the forge, toasting my toes over the charcoal flame, and making notes of what I see and hear. The wind is high, and sweeps through the cracks, crevices and crannies of the shop, drowning the roar of the blacksmith's bellows. The snowflakes are through the crazy, clattering roof, which has lost nearly half its time-worn shingles, leaving the rafters and ridge-pole bare.

The smith is fifty years old. I am reminded of the village blacksmith described by Longfellow, whose shop is beneath the spreading chestnut tree:

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what he can.

And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

While fitting the shoes, he gives me a little of his experience in life. He has been a blacksmith thirty-five years. Last year, unassisted by any one, in this little dingy shop, he earned about eleven hundred dollars; this year he thinks it will be about thirteen hundred. The farmers hereabout like his work. When we rode up, he was fitting the axles of a two-horse wagon. It is a favorite horse, a roan, can set wagon-tires, and do all sorts of handy things. His business with the farmers is a credit business, but he has many cash customers. His wife and young children live at Salem, four miles distant. He lives in isolated life. He takes his meals at a little log hut near by, where a free negro keeps soul and body together, but sleeps in the shop. Summer and winter he sleeps here, lying on the bare ground in summer, and curling up upon the warm cinders of the forge in winter. There is his bed, and an old blanket. To-night, when this day's work is done, he will wrap himself in it, and lie down to sleep. Saturday night he goes home to Salem to see his wife, and returns at daylight on Monday. So he has lived for fourteen years. A singular life, but not a voluntary one. No. He is a slave. His owner lives down there, in that large white farmhouse, with out-buildings. Looking through, between the logs of the shop, I can see the proprietor of this blood, bones, and brains—an old man, white-haired, walking with a cane, about his stables, looking out for the comfort of his four-legged cattle on the stormy day. For thirty years has this man before me wielded the hammer, made the anvil ring with his heavy strokes for his master—a thousand dollars a year, has been the aggregate. Thirty thousand dollars earned in course it is not net earnings, but so much business done by one man—who has received nothing in return. His wife is a slave, his children are slaves, sold South, some of them. He will behold them no more. One has taken himself up North into freedom and one daughter is singing of freedom in the presence of God!

Here is a little of our conversation, *verbatim et literatim*, which I have been having with this blacksmith:

"How much business do you do a year, uncle?"

"Last year I earned between ten and eleven hundred dollars, but this year it will be about thirteen hundred."

"Of course your master gives you a liberal share of what you earn."

"Not a cent, sir. I gets nothing only what the gentlemen gives me. I have worked hard, sir, and master says if I takes good care of the tools and shop, he will give 'em to me when he dies; so I takes good care of 'em."

"How old is your master?"

"He is seventy year old."

"I should think when so many negroes are running away you would want to get your freedom, for fear they would sell you down South."

"I told my master I would always stay with him, and so he has promised to give me the tools."

"I should think you would like to be where you could live with your wife."

"Yes, I would, sir, but they don't think of a man's feelings here. We ain't no more than their stock, sir! They abuses us, 'cause they's got the power."

"You have money, haven't you, uncle?"

"Yes, I've got about three hundred dollars. About fifty dollars is Southern Confederate money. I've mighty oncus about that, 'fraid I shall lose it. The rest is in Virginia bank notes. I've been saving it this long while."

"Don't you find it rather hard times?"

"Mighty hard, sir. Hain't had no sugar nor coffee this long while. One of your soldiers gave me a spoonful of sugar yesterday. You've got a mighty fine army, sir. There's more good clothes in one regiment that went by yesterday, than in the entire Southern army."

"Then you have seen the Southern army?"

"Oh yes. Gen. Walker's division went down a week ago to-day, and Longstreet went down a week ago day afore yesterday."

"This was important information; all of my previous inquiries of white residents upon the matter had brought only unsatisfactory replies."

"Walker's army, you say, wasn't very well clothed?"

"No, sir; they was miserably clothed. Lots on 'em was barefoot. One on 'em offered me six dollars for these ere shoes I've got on, and I pitied him so, I was a good mind to let him have 'em; but I thought maybe I couldn't get another pair. I was afraid he would suffer."

"I should think, uncle, you would be lonesome here nights."

"Oh, I've got used to it. It was kind of lonesome at first, but I don't have anybody to trouble me, and so I gets along first-rate."

"I need not continue the narration. While he shaped the shoes and fastened them upon the feet of a horse with a dexterity equal to that of any New England blacksmith, I fell into a reverie. There was a smith—stout, hale, hearty, earning a handsome fortune for his master—robbed of his wages, his wife, his children, less cared for than the dumb beasts seeking the shelter of the stables in the storm—a human being with a soul to be saved, with the capabilities of immortal life, of glory unspeakable with the angels, with Jesus, God—and all the society of heaven, and yet, in the estimation of every white man in the slave States, and one-half of the population of the Free States, he has no rights that a white man is bound to respect!"

No wonder that this nation treads the wine-press. No wonder that our blasphemy in setting at defiance God's immutable laws has brought retribution. We are not ready to do justice as a people. We want the rebellion quelled, the Union restored, but we do not want the negro to be a free man. This is the white man's war. The negro has no place on this continent. He has no business here. The President has no right to make a proclamation freeing them. It is unconstitutional, so we feel, so we act—so elect Fernando Wood to Congress, and Seymour Governor of New York. We will put an end to the war, but will not have the slaves liberated. We will all be conservative and save the Union and the Constitution. Fools! We forget that justice is the mightiest power in the universe. The inhabitants of an ant hill might as well try to turn a tempest with a grain of sand, as we the action of God's laws, by our "conservative" expedients. There is a judgment for every crime. To doubt it, is to doubt the existence of a Deity. No argument from logic, from human brains, from the Bible, can make it right to rob a man of himself—having committed no crime. Through suffering we reach justice. We writhe in our pain. Our punishment is greater than we can bear. We cry, "How long, O Lord?" and vote Fernando Wood and the "conservative" ticket, which means opposition to Emancipation and hatred of the negro.

But the wheels of justice never stand still—they turn forever. We gaze upon the mangled forms of our beloved ones; there are vacant places by our firesides—there are blanks in our hearts never more to be filled—aching voids—wounds which time will never heal. A still small voice within calls upon us to do justly, to love mercy, to let the oppressed go free, to sustain the proclamation. We hesitate—refuse by our votes to the polls.

Will those little bits of paper throw back the hands upon the dial? Never. They are moving on rapidly to the inevitable hour when the bells of time will ring the death-knell of a nation, or the birth-day of four millions of free men.

So, sitting here by this black-blacksmith's fire, I have read the signs of the times.

Near Salem, Va., Nov., 1862.

Beecher on Future Punishment.

[Henry Ward Beecher defines his position on the above topic in the following characteristic sentences:]

In religion there is supposed to be an outgrowing of the doctrine of future punishment. It certainly is not preached as much as it used to be. But let a man go out into the outskirts of society, where the Bible is the bowie-knife, and where men drink, race horses and swear, and roll in debauchery, and undertake to preach, and I do not care if he be Mr. Chapin, in less than a month he would preach hell-fire and damnation to those people. He could not help himself. Why? Because he has common sense; and beginning at the top, and trying to find something that would touch them, he would go down and down and down, till he came to something that would touch them, and the first thing that would be like mustard would be the doctrine of future punishment. And you will find that wherever there is a low, coarse, animal community, the doctrine of eternal future punishment flourishes. Not only that, the lower they are, the more physical their beliefs become. If they are low, so that they are the next things to animals, not only do they believe in the general doctrine of future punishment—that is actual and material. They believe in a punishment that consists in the roasting, the scorching, the singeing of human bodies; they believe there is a veritable, sputtering hell. But as men rise out of their degraded condition, and begin to be brought toward conscience and the higher feelings, what will you find? A modification in man's belief of future punishment? No, not that. You will find that they will, in talking about it, employ figures of speech. They will come to say that there is no punishment in the nature of literal fire, but that there is a punishment that smarts like fire.

If a man is an animal, they treat him as animal; and if he is an intelligent, moral creature they treat him as such. If he is low down in the scale of being, they open hell and take medicine from that; and when he is more developed, they open the other medicine chest, and take something from that. In their lower states of development, all sects preach hell and damnation; and in their higher states of development, all sects lay aside the preaching of it. Why? For the same reason that when your children are twenty-one years of age, you dispense with the quince squash, saying, "They have outgrown the need of this." You think that your neighbors' children need it even when they are older than that, but that yours have come into a realm where higher motives are demanded. I think that many men that are above twenty-one, and some that are about fifty, would be profited by sound treatment such as they received in childhood. * * *

The change then, is not necessarily a change that is significant in the matter of theology. It may, or may not, indicate a modification of belief. In my own case, I believe there is a punishment in the future. I do not believe there is a future punishment that is material. There are many difficult questions connected with the doctrine of future punishment, which is not my purpose now to discuss. So far as my preaching is concerned, the reason I do not preach it more is, that I think I can make better headway by the application of higher sentiments, than by the presentation of lower truths to the element of fear. If I were to go into places, under different circumstances, in this community, to preach, I have no doubt that I should feel the need of bearing down with more terrific exhibitions of truth; and if I felt the need of doing it, I should do it. All truth is like medicine, and medicine is relative to disease; and I should take that which would affect the system most favorably.

PERPENDICULAR TARGET.—In his "Recollections of Labrador Life," by Lambert De Boullieu, he gives the following account of an Esquimaux Rifleman:—"As we were in open country, and there was no tangible object to shoot at, he made a circle in the snow of about two feet in diameter, then stepping in the centre, raised his gun perpendicular from the shoulder, and fired in the air. After firing he stepped out of the ring, and in a few seconds, to my astonishment, the bullet came down within the circle he had made. He coolly remarked, 'We want no targets to fire at; and if a man can hold his musket with that precision as to cause the ball to return just where he stands, what need has he of a butt? But the principal reason why they thus test their shooting is an economic one. Not always being able to get bullets, they are chary of firing them away, and I have no doubt it is for the same reason that so many savage people have the 'boomerang,' or return missile."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (SUMNER) was more economical than is thought consistent with archiepiscopal dignity in England. His library and personal effects were sold, soon after his death, at auction. His cellar was so poorly provided, that the butler, at his wife's end to maintain his own notions of what an archbishop's cellar should be, had for years been in the habit of putting back the empty bottles into the bins, which thus kept up a decent show. The trick was discovered by the agents who went down to catalogue the wines for the sale about to come off.

The Skating Regiment.

In Norway the ground is overspread with snow for three-quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating with them is neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs, has like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of the war. In the army of Norway there is a company of skaters dressed in the dark green of English rifle-men, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a short dagger sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the swiss when traversing the glaciers, which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike down into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable in affording a rest for their peculiar when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as it is in defiance of the laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmen, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though as well acquainted with all other gymnastics, but Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland it is practised, as in Norway, not for its graceful, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his fact from a French historian:—

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear, frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapor, and they could see nothing around, above or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange glowing sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrible to the imagination; and as it did fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of the earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course."

A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deep into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to be long anterior to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dyke, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The

fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by water, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But however this was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the hapless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

Mind Your Own Business.

How much trouble would be saved in this world if every one would remember and practice upon the old adage, "Mind your own business." Curiosity is a principle implanted in every human being, but it was never intended that it should degenerate into that mean, prying into disposition which we discover everywhere about us. In every community there is a class of persons who well deserve the title of "busy bodies," for they spend all of their time in minding everybody's business but their own. Do a couple see fit to marry, every fact in history of each chronicled, and many are the wonders how they happened to choose each other.

Just as if they were any one's business but their own. Did you ever hear of a match that suited everybody? I never did hear of any *Lucifer Matches*. Yet whose business is it, if people suit themselves—what should we care? Does a stranger make his appearance in town—then, who is he? where did he come from? what is he worth? are questions which give our "busy-bodies" employment for some time. Let a person do anything a little out of his line of conduct, and how quick it is noticed and commented upon just as if 'twere anybody's business what anybody's business is.

Finally, there is no character more despicable than these "busy-bodies"—tattling, mischievous, slandering "busy-bodies;" how easy the ascent—how quick appears the "green-eyed monster." What do they gain? Not the least thing. They are despised by everybody. If we would be learned, wealthy and respected, we must "mind our own business." They only who labor can win the prize. Yes, "mind your own business!" ought to be thumped into the head of a great many people in the world, for they are a disgrace to themselves, to the community and the world.

MISS BURDETT COULTS (the wealthiest single lady in the world) is said to be the generous supporter of FENCIBLE, the manager of the new dramatic enterprise, in London. Though, very often, surprises to the public, as in the present case, the munificent bestowals of bounty, by this queen of the banking-house, are always ultimately found to have been very discriminating. FENCIBLE, we are very sure, is the harbinger of an advance in art. [At a breakfast party at this lady's house, in 1835, we saw DANIEL WEBSTER sit at her side for two hours; and it was curious to see two such different personalities—each quite a monarch in its way—exchanging the common courtesies of life over every-day bread and butter! In the quiet and kindly confidence with which they talked together, there was (it seemed to us) an instinctive and reciprocal recognition of each other's superiority. His godlike eyes felt the presence of her millions—and *vice versa*!—*Home Journal*.]

A SETTLER.—The Hudson Star relates the following creamy joke upon a skim-milk incident:—

A young gentleman, of this city, while out of town, stopped at a hotel, not a hundred miles from Clavacack, to rest and refresh his horse. He concluded he would take supper, and called for a bowl of milk. It was placed before him, and he commenced lifting spoonfuls up and then pouring them back to the bowl, and making other, demonstrations of dissatisfaction at his fare. Finally, calling the waiter girl to him, he asked her if the milk had been skimmed? "Yes, sir; we always skim our milk before we feed it to the calves," replied she. Our city gentleman smiled. He tells the story himself, and allows that the girl is a trumper.

A GREAT ATTAINMENT.—How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit when spitefully used! To love an enemy and forgive an evil speaker is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and he to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday."

Too Much Sand in the Bricks.

There was once a Scotch corporation who wanted to build a bridge. They got a good plan, and good men to work it. The bridge was built, and the day came to open it. The notable men of the country were all present; they had speeches and music, and a good time. The props were knocked away from the arches; the people shouted—and then the bridge, with one great crash, went down. I will not describe the dismay that came with the ruin. The plans were reconsidered; they were said to be just right. The workmen were examined; they were not to blame—nobody was to blame. But then the bridge was certainly under instead of over the water, and they must have a bridge. So there was nothing for it but to try again.

At this time they got a plan that was better, if possible, than the last. It was certainly different, and cost a mint of money. A new builder took charge of the work; the bridge was built still more carefully; the day came to open it, and the music and the men. The props were knocked away again; the people shouted again; the music sounded; the bridge stood beautiful in strength and symmetry—the realization of all their desire. It stood fast for a minute, and then the arch lifted, and the whole thing went down again. So there was another great consultation, and that bid fair to follow the bridge, when an old man, a practical mason, came forward with a piece of brick, and crumbling it to powder in his fingers, said, "Gentlemen, your plans were good, and your builders were good, but your bricks were bad. There was too much sand in your clay. The Lord never meant a bridge to be built out of such brick as that. He did not make this world so that you could build a bridge out of bad stuff; and so your bridge will keep on going down, until you take that sand out of your material."

Now, if you ask me to tell you what I think first of all and worst of all were the causes of this ruin that is all about us today; why the stately structure built by the fathers has gone down, with a great crash, I should answer with this old man, there was too much sand in the brick. If you ask me why Abraham Lincoln does not succeed better in rebuilding, I shall still answer, because there is too much sand in the bricks; and if you ask me whether he will ultimately succeed, I shall say it depends upon whether he has resolved to use nothing but good bricks. The Lord has made this world in such a way that speeches and music and shouting are of no use to keep a bridge standing when the props are knocked away. It depends, then, on the bricks, and prayers and fast-days will be worthless to build with if he build with bad brick. If Cabinet and commanders are sandy—if sand has got into the key-stones, then we shall keep on going down to the end of the chapter. The sand of Slavery in our Commonwealth has brought this ruin; the sand of Slavery has beaten out all our efforts at restoration up to this time; and if the great worker, and those who help him, do not shovel it out of the way, the structure can never be restored.—[Rev. Robert Collyer.]

PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS FAMILY.

PREPARED BY JONATHAN BILLINGS, ESQ.

Don't swap with yer relations unless yu ken afford to give them the big end of the trade.

Marry yung and of circumstances require it often.

Don't take yer terbacker box out in kompany.

If yu kant git gud cloaths and edication too, git the cloaths.

Say how are ye! to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stock of impudence on hand.

If yu are angry never git bent.

Be charitable; three cent pieces war made on purpose.

Don't take enny bodys advice but yur owne.

It costs more to borrow than it dux to by.

Eff a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that hes a roge, or yure a fule.

Kepe both ize open, but don't see morn half yu notis.

If yu itch for fame, go inter a grave yard and scratch yurself against a tumestan.

Beggars dont have to advertise for run-away dogs.

"Tis a long lane that never turns," and 'tis a good mill that always dux.

Young man, be more anxious about the pedigree yur going to leave, than you are about the one some body is going to leave you.

Sin is like weeds, sowne, and sure to kum.

Natur is natur; yu kant alter the kook of a dogs tale much, and preserve the length of it.

I wud sa to all yung men, "go in," and to all the old fellers "kum out."

About as sure a way to get rich, as enny 1 no of, is to get inter debt for a hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay oph the det.

Philosophers tells us the world revolves on its axes, and Josh Billings tells yu, that full half the folks on the arth think tha are the axes.

N b . . . these ar proverbs here stood more'n a hundred years, and haint gyt out yet.

Accustom yourself to keep secrets. If yu haven't any, borrow your neighbors.

Odds and Ends.

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

If you want to be suited, go to a tailor; if you want to be non-suited, go to law.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

Tis little trouble to brew beer; but beer brews much trouble.

Is a recruit supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

The unhappiest of mortals are those who have more money or more time than they know how to use.

If you have a scolding wife, trust to time—old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

Many a man tries to play the devil who is not smart enough to act the part; he makes a poor devil.

Stuffing is a good way to preserve a dead bird, but a poor way to preserve a live person.

A beau dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow, are apt to start off in a hurry.

If a lawyer is in danger of starving in a small town or village, he invites another, and both thrive.

Little sincerity is to be expected between belligerents. Even their cannon-ball arguments are all irony.

If a woman's husband is scolding her, let her tie a flour-bag over his head, and he will get mealy-mouthed.

Many persons who have a raging war-fever before going into battle, are apt to get the ague afterward.

We hear much of the romantic evening rambles of lovers; but there is often a great deal of moonshine about it.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; as a tree that is heavy-laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

A man being asked, as he lay snoring himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

The reason women so seldom stammer is because they talk so fast—a stammer has got no chance to get in. People "stutter" because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

War and peace.—Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace. So peace brings war, and war brings peace.

It has been said that many young ladies, for the first year after their marriage, can never look at one of their own sex without a peculiar sort of expression on their countenance of a compassionate curiosity, arising out of a conscious superiority, as much as to say, "Are you a married woman?"

FRENCH GALLANTRY.—When the Duke of Orleans (son of Louis Philippe) was told that his intended bride had yellow hair and complexion, he vowed to wear yellow spectacles, "that every woman might appear to him of the same complexion with his wife."

A piece of gallantry on a par with that of a French Marquis, lately married to a handsome young wife, whom he loved with much fervor. She had dressed for a grand ball, and came before her husband, at the moment of departure, looking so radiantly beautiful that after gazing admiringly at her for a while, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back, by way of preventing others from the enjoyment of such a sight. Many a woman would have felt herself outraged by such conduct. The Marquis, a true French woman, told her story herself, and, "was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration."

IMPOLITENESS IN CHURCH.—A gentleman with rather a seedy overcoat on, some time ago attended a funeral in the fashionable Grace Church, New York city. He took a prominent seat, but the ceremonious sexton sent him off to a free pew near the door. A pompous little Lieutenant, wearing an elegant new uniform, was graciously sent to the eligible seat. On the congregation rising at the singing of a hymn, the seedy overcoat was partially removed, displaying the starred shoulder straps of a Major General! Urgent duties were pressed on the distinguished officer—prayer books, offers of a better seat, &c.; but Gen. Banks quietly declined these dinky attentions, and concluded his devotions in the free pew near the door, having egregiously mistaken Grace Church for a Christian institution, in the character of some of its frequenters.

Two sisters at Naples lately fought a duel. One was killed, the survivor receiving eighteen wounds. Jealousy was the cause.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Printed at No. 10, South Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines of type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Half a square (seven lines) one insertion, .50
Each subsequent insertion, .37
One square one year, 10.00
One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 5.00
Half a square six months, 3.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

Special Notices, inserted in extra space for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MAXFIELD.
Worcester.—E. T. WHITTING.
Winchester.—J. T. HAYES.
Woburn.—L. E. GILSON.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer, Scituate), Building, Court Street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 14, 1863.

Proceeding of the Annual Meeting, March 9, 1863.

On Art. 1, chose Horace Conn, Moderator.
On Art. 2, chose Nathan Wyman, Town Clerk.

Chose John Johnson, Jr., A. E. Thompson, Walter Wyman, E. E. Thompson, E. N. Blake, Elbridge Trull, L. G. Richardson, Moses A. Tyler, Wm. Totman, Selectmen, Overseers of the Poor, and Highway Surveyors.

Chose L. G. Richardson, Moses J. Persons, and E. E. Thompson, Assessors.
Chose G. R. Gage, Treasurer.
Chose Samuel G. Nevill, Sexton.
Chose Edward Simonds and J. Dexter Taylor, Constables.

Chose as School Committee, for 3 years, Rev. R. P. Stebbins, for 2 years, Rev. J. C. Bodwell, for 1 year, Rev. J. S. Kennard.
The taxes were levied to Edward Simonds for collection, at 1 percent.

Chose John Johnson, Auditor.
Chose Wm. Walker, Wm. Pool, T. W. Mead, L. T. Johnson, Walter Wyman, and B. F. Flanders, Field Drivers.
Chose Joseph McIntire, Alpheus Merriam, and Sparrow Horton, Fence Viewers.
Chose Joseph Kelley, A. J. Parker, E. E. Thompson, Sherman Converse, L. G. Richardson, Henry Ramsdell, S. K. Richardson, Amos Shattuck, O. H. Parker, J. R. Kendall, John Johnson, Mark Downs, J. A. Boutelle, Josiah Parker, and E. N. Blake, Measurers of Wood, Lumber, and Bark.
Chose Joseph D. Stowers, Pound Keeper.
Chose Elbridge Trull, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

On Art. 3, voted to accept the Auditor's report.

Voted to accept the Selectmen's report.

On Art. 4, voted to accept the report of the Library Committee, and that they be continued in office.

REPORT.

The committee chosen to superintend the Town Library for the past year, present the following report:

The Library has been under the immediate care of Miss Ellen M. Dow, as Librarian, who has given great satisfaction to the Committee, and, as they believe, to the citizens generally. The usefulness of the Library has never been greater than during the past year. The additional number of persons who have signed the regulations and entitled themselves and those whom they represent to the advantages of the Library is 120. The average number of books taken out per month, has been 1374 5/8. Average number per week, 243 1/2. Average number each Library day, 114. Total number during the year, 16,498, which number is greater than in any former year.

It speaks much for the vigilance of the Librarian, and the care of the citizens, that no book has been lost during the past year.

The Committee recommend that the sum of three hundred dollars be raised and applied for the purchase of books and the payment of the expenses of the Library during the ensuing year.

All of which is respectfully submitted by the Committee.

J. P. CONVERSE, J. B. WYNN, E. J. JENKS, STEPHEN NICHOLS.

On Art. 5, Voted to raise and appropriate for the support of the Alma House and Outside Pauper relief, \$2500.

For the support of the Fire Department, 1200.

For the support of Highways, Bridges and Sidewalks, 1500.

For the support of the Cemetery, Burying Yards, 150.

For the support of Town Library, Books and incidentals, 300.

For planting Shade Trees, 100.

For the Payment of Town Officers, 1200.

For Miscellaneous Expenses, 2500.

For payment of Interest on Town Debts, 3500.

For outside military relief to be disbursed under the direction of the committee chosen by the citizens of Woburn at a public meeting held at Lyceum Hall, July 24, 1862, 1000.

For the Payment of Town Debt, 8700.

For Schools, instruction and care of rooms, 7000.

For incidental expenses, 1000.

On Art. 6, voted to take pickerel, and let the birds fly.

On Art. 7, voted that the Treasurer be authorized to hire money under the direction of the Selectmen, in anticipation of the taxes.

On Art. 8, in relation to the care of school-rooms, voted to put over until the April meeting.

On Art. 9, voted that the Treasurer be authorized to hire under the direction of the Selectmen, for a term of years not less than five, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent, money to pay so much of the Town Debt that is now payable on demand, as they may think for the best interests of the Town.

On Art. 10, report of Committee on By-Laws.

REPORT.

The Committee chosen to consider the expediency of revising or altering the By-Laws of the Town, report.

That in their opinion it is not expedient to make any additions or alterations in the existing By-Laws of the Town.

All of which is respectfully submitted by the Committee.

J. P. CONVERSE, Chairman.

Voted to accept the report.

Voted that a Committee be raised to revise the By-Laws of the Town.

Voted that the Selectmen be a Committee for that purpose.

On Art. 11, voted to raise and appropriate under the direction of the Selectmen, five hundred dollars to aid in the purchase of material, to be made by the ladies of the Town into such garments as may be needed by our own soldiers in the United States service.

The following report of the Committee on Outside Military Relief, was presented to the Town and accepted.

REPORT.

At a public meeting held in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, July 24, 1862, for the purpose of procuring enlistments to fill the quota of this Town, under the call of the Government, some difficulty was experienced from fears that families might want to leave for such of our men as are in the Army and Navy of the United States, to whom the law prohibits the Selectmen of the Town from rendering aid, by monthly contributions to be collected and distributed by a committee of citizens, chosen by the citizens of Woburn.

In accordance with this resolution, the following persons were chosen as committee:

Horace Conn, P. H. Claffy, A. B. Johnson, Patrick Cahan, Daniel Richardson, Patrick McDaniel, M. S. Webster, Luke Ball, A. E. Thompson, William Elwell, John Mayo, Mrs. P. Wynn, James Murray, Henry Ramsdell, and Hugh Rafferty.

Said Committee organized on the sixth of August, by choice of Horace Conn, Chairman, A. H. Johnson, clerk, and A. E. Thompson, treasurer. (At a subsequent meeting Sparrow Horton was added to the Committee), and they have held meetings weekly since that time.

Some difference of opinion appearing to exist in the minds of citizens about the mode of obtaining funds, the Selecting Committee have not canvassed the town so thoroughly as they would otherwise have done. Some of the largest tax payers have expressed the opinion that the whole should be paid out of the contingent appropriation made by the Town for war expenses.

The Committee deem it proper to state that their first subscription was a voluntary one of the hundred dollars from Rev. Dr. Hudson. The next in amount is by E. W. Hubbard, Esq. of ten dollars per month, to be paid during the continuance of the war. For one month of the last has been paid, since when Mr. Hudson has been absent from town. The Treasurer from the contingent fund February has been paid out to twenty families, in sums varying from \$2 to \$30, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$42.18 which will be exhausted by the appropriations made for this month.

Your Committee deem this to be a matter in which the honor of the town is placed, and the soldiers they have sent into the field to fight their battles, that the families of the soldiers shall not suffer in their absence for any of the necessities of life. And also that the families shall feel that the aid furnished is a free and willing gift, and is theirs of right. Your Committee would ask the definite advice of the Town as to the mode of obtaining funds to sustain this charity.

A. E. THOMPSON, } COMMITTEE.
A. B. JOHNSON, }

W.

DR. MILLER'S LECTURES.—Dr. Miller has, during the past ten days, delivered several lectures to our people on the subject of Physiology, and has met with good success. The audiences were intelligent and attentive, and were well pleased with the Dr.'s treatment of the subject.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock, he delivered a private lecture to ladies, and in the evening at 7 1/2, a similar lecture to gentlemen. On each occasion the doors will be open one hour previous to the commencement of the lecture.

PERSONAL.—Major James W. McDonald, of this town, of the 11th Mass. Regiment, who has been recruiting in Boston for some time past, leaves town on Monday next, to join his Regiment.

Captain John P. Crane, of the "Union Guard," Co. F, 22d Reg. Mass. Vols., who has been home on furlough, left town last Wednesday, to join his Company.

EXHIBITION.—On Thursday evening, the young people of Burlington gave an exhibition at the Town Hall, in that place, consisting of tableaux, singing, speaking, dialogues, &c., for the benefit of the Burlington Soldiers' Aid Society. The exhibition was well attended, and the different parts of the programme were well given.

SOMETHING TO BEAT.—Mr. Geo. W. Reed, of this town, recently bought a pig which at the time weighed 175 lbs. He kept the animal fifty days and then killed it, and when dressed the carcass was found to weigh 270 lbs., being a gain of 2 lbs. a day. Any one who can beat this, can use our columns in making the fact public.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.—Copies of this report can be procured of the Auditor, at the Rooms of the A. & M. Association, New Bank Building, on the regular Association days.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SELECTMEN.—Under our Special Notice head can be found the organization of the new board of Selectmen.

GRAND CONCERT.—Mr. W. H. Clarke, who has had under musical tuition for some time past, some seventy-five children connected with the First Congregational Society, announces a Grand Concert for next Tuesday evening, to take place in the church. Mr. Clarke has labored faithfully to bring his school up to that standard of musical ability which is very rarely attained by children, and he has succeeded beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine. Gentlemen, who have attended the rehearsals, and who are rendered competent by experience to give a correct opinion, say that never before did they hear so much proficiency in children, and that the Concert of Tuesday evening will be such a one as the people of Woburn never before listened to from home talent, either adult or youth. It will be seen by the programme, which we publish below, that the pieces selected are the productions of the best masters, and quite difficult to perform, and that children, to render them correctly, must possess no small degree of cultivated talent. Mr. Clarke will introduce the programme with a "Clarinet" in four movements, from Mendelssohn, a piece which has been seldom, if ever played in public in this country. We hope to see the spacious church well filled on the occasion, as a practical recognition of Mr. Clarke's services in endeavoring to infuse into the young soldiers in the United States service, an justly due, not alone for the benefit which the present generation will receive from such instruction, but also for the good which will accrue to generations yet to come upon the stage. The small fee which is charged for admission will be but a slight return for the benefit and pleasure that all will receive who attend.

PROGRAMME.—1. Grand Organ Sonata in Bb Major, Mendelssohn; 2. The God of Israel, from Semiramis, by Rossini; 3. Chorale—St. Paul—Mendelssohn; 4. O'er the waters gliding—Don Giovanni—Mozart; 5. Far away across the sea—Traviata—Verdi; 6. Walt her, Angels—Jephtha—Handel; 7. I love the sunny meadows—English Ballad—Glover; (Address by Rev. J. C. Bodwell); 8. Extremes—Organ; 9. See the conquering hero comes—Joshua—Handel; 10. Over the summer sea—Rigoletto—Verdi; 11. The tomb of Washington—W. H. Clarke; 12. Columbia—Fra Diavolo—Auber; 13. In light tripping measure—Cinderella—Rossini; 14. Our Flag—Donizetti.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—The North Woburn Grammar School examination will take place on Wednesday afternoon next; the Center Grammar School all day Thursday; and the High School, Friday.

PROMOTION.—Corporal William Morton Buckham, of this town, a member of Co. D, 13th Mass. Regiment, has received a commission as 1st Lieutenant, in Gen. Ullman's Brigade, U. S. Vols.

ON FURLOUGH.—Private Kendall L. Flint, of this town, a member of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regiment, arrived home last Tuesday, on a furlough of ten days.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The Public Library, will be re-opened for the delivery of books, on Monday next.

NEW YORK, March 10th, 1863.

[Correspondence Continued.]

This city has over three hundred churches, embracing fifty-eight forms of religion. Two world-famed Trinity, on Broadway, towers upward 320 feet; with its chime of bells, elegant architecture and thorough workmanship, it cannot escape the eye of the passer-by. Its interior finish is solemn, yet grand. The pews have brought fabulous prices, and often the choice of them brings more than its cost to support a respectable church in the country. Here aristocracy worships God in slips of rosewood, and on cushions of velvet, with eyes wandering over ceilings ornamented with purple and gold, and is theirs of right. Your Committee would ask the definite advice of the Town as to the mode of obtaining funds to sustain this charity.

A. E. THOMPSON, } COMMITTEE.
A. B. JOHNSON, }

W.

DR. MILLER'S LECTURES.—Dr. Miller has, during the past ten days, delivered several lectures to our people on the subject of Physiology, and has met with good success. The audiences were intelligent and attentive, and were well pleased with the Dr.'s treatment of the subject.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock, he delivered a private lecture to ladies, and in the evening at 7 1/2, a similar lecture to gentlemen. On each occasion the doors will be open one hour previous to the commencement of the lecture.

PERSONAL.—Major James W. McDonald, of this town, of the 11th Mass. Regiment, who has been recruiting in Boston for some time past, leaves town on Monday next, to join his Regiment.

Captain John P. Crane, of the "Union Guard," Co. F, 22d Reg. Mass. Vols., who has been home on furlough, left town last Wednesday, to join his Company.

EXHIBITION.—On Thursday evening, the young people of Burlington gave an exhibition at the Town Hall, in that place, consisting of tableaux, singing, speaking, dialogues, &c., for the benefit of the Burlington Soldiers' Aid Society. The exhibition was well attended, and the different parts of the programme were well given.

SOMETHING TO BEAT.—Mr. Geo. W. Reed, of this town, recently bought a pig which at the time weighed 175 lbs. He kept the animal fifty days and then killed it, and when dressed the carcass was found to weigh 270 lbs., being a gain of 2 lbs. a day. Any one who can beat this, can use our columns in making the fact public.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.—Copies of this report can be procured of the Auditor, at the Rooms of the A. & M. Association, New Bank Building, on the regular Association days.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SELECTMEN.—Under our Special Notice head can be found the organization of the new board of Selectmen.

scientific experiments, and a school of design for women. Its spacious lecture rooms are almost nightly filled with refined and intelligent listeners, or to look upon the developments of science through practical experiments.

The new Bible House, between Third and Fourth Avenue, covers three-fourths of an acre of land. It cost \$300,000; from the fourth story is seen the famous figure representing religion holding a bible. Its receipts are \$150,000 per year. It employs 600 persons. It has put in circulation 9,000,000 of bibles, published the scriptures in twenty-four languages, and sent untold millions of tracts and books to the heathen world.

The City Hospital founded by the Earl of Dunman in 1771, has a yearly income of many thousands; is a large and elegant building, with airy rooms, and a fine garden to make comfortable the four thousand patients that here yearly seek relief.

New York has more than a dozen theatres and galleries of amusement; where the fashionable and idle vie with each other in the splendor of dress and the charm of social intercourse. Barnum's Museum is as fixed a fact as the sun in the heavens, and would be about as much missed as if the supply of Croton was shut off. The wonder of this collection in real things, eclipse all the fabled creations of the Pantheon, and astonish the visitor with curiosities in life, nature and art. The Egyptian Museum, containing the twenty years' collection of Dr. Abbott on the banks of the Nile, exhumed after a burial of three thousand years, is a spot of great interest. Here are seen the ornaments of the Pharaoh Kings, the papyrus books of Egyptian law-givers, the utensils of domestic life, and marble slabs—pages in the history of a nation once great and powerful—chiseled records of life scenes, whose participants have been buried by a night half as long as the existence of man.

The City Hall in the Park is built of marble, and sends its current of laws and regulations to half a million subjects. Here is the fountain from which flows streams both pure and corrupt. Here selfishness and fraud combine to wrong and tax the people. This building has a panoramic view, and around it flow the swift channels of trade. One of the best closets in the world has just been erected in its tower. It cost \$4,000; the escapement is jewelled; the pendulum, fourteen feet long, weighs three hundred pounds, and is so nicely adjusted that a weight of a hundred pounds revolves the whole machinery with perfect time.

In front of the Park stands old Tammany Hall, the wigwag of Democracy—with patriotism measured by the prospect of success or defeat; the spoils of power or "soak's" battle for the spoils of power or "soak's" other heads in midnight broils. At a time when the Democratic lion was king of party beasts, from this hall his roar was a sound of coming victory.

The Merchant's Exchange on Wall Street, is a large structure with eighteen ionic columns in front, with a rotunda capable of holding three thousand people, where merchants consult and regulate the pulse of commerce.

At the corner of Cedar and Nassau street, is the new Post Office built of brick, large and convenient, and so arranged that all the vast business of the office can be seen from a stand point in the middle; everything is so simplified that comfort and dispatch attend the thousands who daily throng it.

The Custom House, corner of Wall and Nassau streets, is built of white marble, after the Parthenon at Athens, upon the site of the old Federal Hall. It is 200 feet long, 80 wide and 50 high, with eight Grecian columns 32 feet high. Two-thirds of the revenues of the country are collected here, and an immense amount of patronage given to favorites and partisans.

"The Tombs," a gloomy stone prison, occupies a square of land in the centre of the city. Its grated windows, iron doors, and thick walls, fill the mind with visions of darkest crime, while its records describe deeds revolting to virtue and humanity.

In Hotels, New York beats the world. On Broadway there are twenty-five. First, the Astor, with its solid granite and square sides, overlooks the Park; it is the oldest of the first class hotels; it gives daily food to six hundred guests. It has been the centre of military life and bustle for two years, and has always done a thriving business. The great International, patronized by the European plan, is well protected. It cost \$500,000. In the basement floor are the most sumptuous saloons in the world, where thousands daily seek refreshments, prepared with artistic skill and delicate taste. The Metropolitan, built of handsome brown stone, six stories high, cost \$800,000, with every appliance that the heart could wish; heated with steam, with twelve miles of water and gas pipes, with furniture costing \$200,000, 500 rooms covered with 13,000 yards of carpets, and containing \$10,000 worth of curtains and bed clothes, \$18,000 worth of mirrors, and \$25,000 worth of silver ware and polished cutlery. The St. Nicholas has a front of 300 feet on Broadway and cost \$1,000,000. It has a hall 200 feet long by 60 wide, flanked on either side by wrought columns, magnified a hundred-fold by plate glass mirrors; broad marble stairs lead to 600 rooms, which are decorated and furnished with style and convenience, with immense corridors spread with velvet of rare quality and softest texture, with silver, glass, and china ware that cost \$90,000—all to add to the comfort and ease of the many guests that tread its palatial halls, attended by a band of 300 servants, and accommodated with a telegraph to send messages to distant lands. The Fifth Avenue Hotel, of white marble, great size and beauty of finish, is the favorite of the *bon ton*. It affords all the comforts of the others, while it outshines them in splendor of style and charm of magnificence, with a voluptuous air that enchants and captivates all that come within its mazy portals.

No city in Europe can show finer private residences than can be seen on Fifth Avenue.

Moses H. Grinnell, the merchant and patron of science, Henry Brevoort, Mr. Belmont, the banker, Dr. Townsend, and others, have spent their wealth with untold freedom in buildings and gardens, filled with costly furniture and rare plants.

Stewart's "marble palace," is the resort of fashion and gaiety. Tiffany on one side of Broadway, and Ball & Black on the other, with shelves and counters glistening with jewels and gems that surpass in richness the splendor of Arabian tales. Gunn's gallery, 707 Broadway, is filled with rare pictures, from the old masters, with the collections of modern painters and the photographs of celebrated characters—scholars and poets, statesmen and soldiers, with a gallery of fair women smiling from canvas as fresh as life.

"The Appletons," who has not heard of the Appletons, the head and front of book publishers, with their ponderous tomes of originals and reprints, that find their way into every parlor and cottage.

In Union Square is the bronze equestrian statue of Washington, by Brown. It cost \$30,000. The statue is fourteen feet high and with the pedestal twenty-nine. In the horse is displayed majesty and power; in the rider, wisdom and goodness.

New York has ten large parks and squares:—Central Park contains 775 acres, is nineteen and a half times as large as Boston Common, and the largest but one in the world; it has a nearly ground of fifty acres, a skating park as large as a large, a botanical garden filled with trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers gathered from every land; a park of deer, and a lake filled with beautiful white swans; its pressed walks, its grassy slopes, its shady lanes, its rocky mounds, its rivers and lakes, hills and dales connected with marble archways and iron tunnels, with surface here and there subdued by art to beauty and loveliness, next left with the wild sweep of nature untouched, save by the sculpturing hand of creation. Hyde Park of London and the Boulevards of Paris, with their gay and stately visitors cannot excel the dashing equipage and elegant turnouts that rattle around this elysium of America.

In 1656 New York had but 120 houses, and 1000 inhabitants; now she is the queen of the new world, with wharfs and shipping, that bring the commerce of the world to her doors. In 1835 the Erie canal, joining the great lakes with the Atlantic ocean was completed, opening the bosom of the teeming West to the active enterprise of the East. Her next great undertaking was the Croton water works, running 40 miles into a reservoir holding 150,000,000 gallons; the water is drawn from a circle of 100 miles out of 31 ponds and lakes; its construction cost \$1,000,000.

This city extends twelve miles in length; it is traversed by 12 broad avenues 800 feet apart; has 200 miles of paved streets, 800 miles of common sewers, 10,000 street lamps, 3000 police officers, 3700 firemen, divided into 47 departments; called to duty by a system of fire alarm that avoids the confusion of fire bells; 18,000 vehicles daily pass up and down Broadway; 7779 drams daily breaching victims for dissipation and crime; 10,000 beggars swarm the streets; 20,000 men have no visible means of support; 5000 gamblers seek new subjects for their deans of chance; 8000 females tempt, then poison the innocent, as they have been tempted by the guilty. In 1832 the city was visited by the Asiatic cholera, which destroyed 4500 citizens. The great fire of 1835, in one night, burnt 600 buildings and \$20,000,000 worth of property. In 1837 the commercial revolution shook the city and made penniless thousands who had possessed an abundance. In 1845 it was again visited by fire that swept away \$7,000,000; still the city rolls on in wealth and numbers with giant growth; still all the avenues of trade are crowded with anxious and busy men; still Wall street is plethoric with gold and silver and selfish fingers reach for increasing gains. There are 15 daily papers with a daily circulation of 200,000 copies. The Times building, erected in 1858, of stone and iron, five stories high and fire proof, is the finest building of the kind in the world. The monster presses of the Tribune and Herald send forth thousands of sheets hourly. The Herald is the greatest advertising medium in the country, and a single insertion of two lines for a clerk, has been answered the next day by 150 applicants. Its corps of correspondents are found all over the world, and a few lines of news is liberally paid for when furnished even by strangers.

What the destiny of this cosmopolitan city may be, is locked in the arcanum of futurity; no voice of prophecy can foretell, no eye of inspection can discern. She may be crumbled, divided, prostrate, wasted by pestilence or ravaged by war; she may be the proudest and mightiest city of earth, with kingdoms and states acknowledging and seeking her protection.

N. A. R.

LADY DORCHESTER, dated the 12th inst., in which she gives an account of an informal meeting held at Rev. Mr. Means' church, on Thursday P.M., at which meeting Mr. John A. Fowle (a former resident of Woburn), wife of Washington, were present. Mr. Fowle gave an interesting account of affairs at Washington, in which they and so many here are interested. He said much that was very interesting, and Mrs. F. sang a song. She has sung a great deal to the soldiers in hospitals, &c. There is to be a concert in Dorchester, in the Lyceum Hall, next Monday evening, in aid of the free Library building in Washington. The music will be given by Rev. Mr. Hall's and Rev. Mr. Mean's choirs. Mr. Fowle will sing also.

Mr. F. very warmly expressed his thanks to the ladies for all they had sent to him for the soldiers, and for their interest in his particular department. Mr. Means replied very eloquently; he said, more thanks were due to Mr. & Mrs. F. for their earnest devotion and noble sacrifices. If this war has its horrors, it certainly calls forth beautiful sympathies.

thies."

Would it not be well to invite Mr. Fowle to visit Woburn, and present the claims of his department?

SQUIRE TREVELLYN'S HEIR.—This is the title of a new story, just commenced in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, by Mrs. Wood, the celebrated author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c. Mrs. Wood has written for THE POST for several years past. MARION HARLAND also is now writing a story for THE POST, which paper is generally reputed to be one of the best now published. Its terms are \$2 a year, or four copies for \$6. Address DEACON & PETERS, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia: who will send a sample number gratis to any one requesting it.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The public examination of our High School occupied the whole of last Friday. A larger number than ever before of parents, former graduates, and friends were present. The school room was tastefully decorated with evergreen by some of the scholars, which added much to its appearance. On entering the door, the words "Welcome" in the back part of the room greeted the visitor, on the sides were the names of the school; back of the teachers, was a cross, and on each side of them were the words, "Knowledge is Power." All the letters were made of evergreen and well done. The school was opened in the usual form, which is the repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert, and singing.

For want of time to hear all the branches of study, a selection was made, and the following classes recited:

2d Class in Latin, 1st Class in French, 3d Class in Physiology, 2d Class in Rhetoric, 3d Class in Intellectual Philosophy, 3d Class in Algebra. This occupied the morning session.

The afternoon session was opened with the chanting of the Lord's Prayer, followed by the recitation of the 3d Class in History, 4th Class in Grammar, 1st Class in Chemistry, 2d Class in Geometry, 4th Class in Arithmetic, and Reading. The exercises were agreeably interspersed with some excellent singing by the pupils. All the classes did well, and evinced that good progress had been made the past term. At the close, some remarks were offered by Dr. Chapin bearing more particularly upon the importance of the study of Chemistry, and its relation to every day life. Some of our housekeepers present were enlightened upon the way of making good bread, and it is to be hoped may profit from it if they are at all troubled about making the bread. He expressed himself very much pleased with the recitations. Hon. O. R. Clark, the Chairman of the Committee

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XII : No. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Battle Hour.

BY FRANK.

Thank God for the hour of battle
In the tempest heart of man,
When right is strong to grapple,
Thro' the night of the Great "I am."

Thank God for the hour of battle
In the nation's throbbing heart,
That strikes the knell of oppression,
Which blackened the page of the past.

Thank God for the nation's rising
When the work of peace is done,
And only by armor gleaming,
Can the power of truth be sung.

Thank God for the glorious martyr;
Who hallow with prayer and tears,
Those knights of a holy service,
"Without reproach, or fear."

Thank God for the hour of battle!
The hour of the freeman's might,
With bearded wrong to grapple,
When the Victor-crowned is right.

Select Literature.

PERSIAN STORIES.

The Persians have been renowned as story-tellers throughout the East for many ages. It is a great art that which can bring even fiction to the aid of truth, and robing her in a transparent dress, render us enamored of her even when coldest and sternest. Let us see how the modern Persians, who have succeeded to this grand inheritance, know how to enjoy it. Most Persian stories have a merit—if it be a merit, as our railway times suppose—of being short. For my part, I should like to be down in an arbor and listen to wise and pleasant tales from sunrise to sundown, now and again.

TWO HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

1. A married man presented himself, trembling and sorrowful, at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devoutly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond his merits while in the flesh; how then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy hours. But the prophet, when he presented himself at the gates of heaven, to his great surprise greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion. "Pass on, poor martyr," said Mohammed. "You have been indeed a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will meet your wife here."

A man who had lithered crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently and presented himself to the prophet, upon the ground that he had been twice married. "Nay," said the prophet, angrily, "paradise is no place for fools."

2. A ruffling young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the bedroom, as if sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be fondly fond. She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corner of her eyes with a glance of cold disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now were an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and cradled it passionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the snarl upon her beautiful lip.

"When a man offends me," continued her gallant, gaily, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will make me dearer to you." Then, drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off his head, wiped the blade, bathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, says tradition, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A hen-pecked fellow, meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market-place, began to console with him. "Ah!" said the hen-pecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffian, jollily; "keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer." He then related the events of his wedding-night, with their satisfactory results.

The hen-pecked man listened attentively, and pondered long. "I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once." He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what ghin or evil spirit had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile when she had possessed herself of the hen-pecked's secret: "you should have done it the first night."

MORAL—Advice is useless to fools.

THE SHIRT OF HAPPINESS.

It is said that once upon a time, in the grand old table days, a Persian king who fell sick consulted a magician of great reputation who lived in his dominions. The magician, a worthy gentleman who flourished in much personal comfort upon popular opinion, received the king with great respect and the most flowery language his imagination could invent. Having listened to his majesty's ailments with profound attention, the magician at length informed the king, that if he could succeed in obtaining the shirt of a happy man he had only to put on the precious garment to be cured immediately of his malady, and so long as he wore it he would never know sorrow nor disease.

The realms of the monarch were wide. His armies were mighty upon the land, and his fleets were supreme upon the seas. His banners had never known defeat. His treasury was full to overflowing, and his subjects were loyal and obedient. But whenever he ate a bowl of cream, or a dozen skewers of kabobs, or a few water-melons, he had suffered so much of late years from indigestion that he could not consider himself happy; so it was obvious that his majesty himself had no shirt in his wardrobe which would answer the purpose.

"But," thought the king, very naturally, "there is my prime minister, a fellow who can put any quantity of cream, sweet or sour, under the robe of honor which I gave him last Noorouz, and as for kabobs, why, yesterday, I thought he would never have done munching them. He is married to my daughter. His horses are far better than mine. He has no end of money" (his majesty thought of this with a peculiar look, which might mean many things), "and he has just built himself a palace fairer than the British Embassy. Whose dog is he that he should not be happy?" So the king sent for the prime minister and asked him at once for his shirt. The statesman, glad to oblige his master on such easy terms, and shyly resolving to obtain any number of equivalents whenever occasion should offer to indemnify himself, immediately sent the king the very best shirt in his wardrobe. It was made of the finest and lightest silk, thin as a spider's web, and beautifully embroidered; but wonderful as it appeared to his majesty, he suffered from indigestion more than ever after putting it on; and, far worse, he felt a tightness about the neck as of a person apprehensive of being bowstrung, or actually undergoing that process—a sensation which he never remembered to have felt since he had been at war for the crown with his three hundred and ten brothers after his father's death; and as all those brothers had been long ago disposed of in various ways which his majesty did not care to remember; he could not account for the return of the old sensation in his throat, and hastened to take off the prime minister's shirt as soon as possible.

Feeling, however, that he had been imposed upon, and that the prime minister must have sent him somebody else's shirt instead of his own, the king ordered his ferocious to seize that politician, and bring him bound into his presence.

"To hear is to obey," said the ferocious.

When the prime minister appeared the king received him with a terrible countenance. "Dog!" said his majesty, in an awful voice, "why have you deceived me, and sent the shirt of some other man accused of Allah instead of your own?"

The prime minister tremblingly endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Son of an owl and a spider," pursued the king, "Meerza Snoozza, the magician, assured me that if I could obtain the shirt of a happy man I should be delivered from all ailments. You must be happy. Why did you withhold from me your shirt?"

"Alas! sire," replied the statesman, "how can I be happy, with the fear of your sublime displeasure ever before me? The most I can now hope is to keep my head where Nature has placed it from day to day. The humblest of your majesty's subjects is happier than I. The scorching sun blazes upon the hill-top, and there the tempest roars; but the zephyr and the shadow love the valley. Not among such as I can your majesty hope to find bliss. I have upon my estate a farmer, however, who is the happiest of mankind. If your majesty will but suffer me to go in search of him the talisman will be found."

So the king, resolving to allow the prime minister to get still richer before he was bowstrung, commanded him to bring the farmer.

The farmer came. He was a sour, sturdy fellow from the neighborhood of Khoi, the garden of Persia. He immediately took off his shirt at the royal command. It was a coarse, rough garment, and appeared to be thickly inhabited. The king, though he put it on, was obliged to take it off again in less than half an hour, in a state of intolerable irritation; for, reasoned his majesty, it is impossible any one can be happy who wears such a shirt as that.

The farmer, who was recalled to the royal presence, confirmed the opinion, and told a long dreary story about droughts,

and locusts, and taxes; so that the king would have ordered his head to be cut off at once to get rid of him; but the farmer, seeing himself in such imminent peril, assured the king that the merchant to whom he sold his corn was a happy man without doubt, and begged to be allowed to fetch him, and so got out of danger in the same manner as the prime minister had.

The merchant came. The king, now warned by experience, determined to interrogate him before putting on his shirt. The merchant complained, as much as the farmer had, of taxes, and had, besides, another class of grievances peculiarly his own. He was particularly eloquent about custom-houses, the extortions of officials, and a variety of other things, which made the king so angry that he determined at least to comfort his disappointment by ordering the merchant to be executed. This ceremony over, the king felt something better; but still the talismanic shirt was not found.

For a long time the king sought the shirt of happiness through every class of society, and sought it in vain. Although innumerable persons were beheaded, bowstrung, and tortured every day, yet, surprising to relate, happiness could not be found among his subjects.

One day, however, when his majesty, being encamped in his summer quarters near Sultanah, was out for an afternoon's ride, he saw a careless, red-nosed fellow sitting on a post, and every now and then taking a bottle from under his shawl, applying his lips with intense satisfaction to its contents. Still, there was a sturdy air about the man, and a merry light in his eye, which did not point him out as a habitual wine bibber. He seemed rather to be keeping festival, or enjoying himself upon some occasion of good fortune.

"Dog of a toper," asked the king, abruptly, struck with a sudden thought, "are you happy?"

"Thy servant is happy, O king!" said the man.

The king then ordered the royal ferocious to seize him and give him five hundred lashes to cause him to relate the reasons of his happiness. The red-nosed man limped a little when subsequently brought to the king's tent in the evening, but still persisted in saying that he was happy; for, said he, "My wife has only been dead three weeks." Meerza Snoozza, the magician, who, since he had been consulted, always accompanied the king in his search, and dined at the royal table, on being appealed to, decided that the red-nosed man had good reasons for his happiness, for that he might have been hen-pecked, and was perhaps, just then under the first impression of joy at his deliverance.

Upon this the king immediately ordered the red-nosed man to be stripped, in order to obtain the garment which he required, when, wonderful to relate, it appeared that the only happy man in his dominions had no shirt.

Odds and Ends.

The child who cried for an hour, didn't get it!

If a woman does keep a secret, it is pretty sure to be with telling effect.

If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say?—Poll I ticks.

People with long necks enjoy drinking, as the liquor is tasted all the way down.

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

"I don't remember having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

The evening dew is nature's tears for those who died in the day, the morning dew for those who have perished in the night.

The experience of many a life: "What a fool I've been! The experience of many a wife: "What a fool I've got!"

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

If a man talks insolently to you under the plea of candor, you may knock him down under the plea of an infirmity of temper.

In the way of pointing a swell's biography, it is remarked that all's well if a swell ends as well as he began.

A gurgulous barber being required to shave a celebrated wit, asked him, "How shall I shave you sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

"What is it that sticks closer than a brother?" said a teacher to one of his class. "A post-office stamp—by gum!" said the young incorrigible.

"My son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the reply.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as mad as you can.

Fontenelle lived to nearly a hundred years old. A lady of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I've a notion Death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can," said Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

A Coquette's First Love.

"Are you engaged to be married to Charles Danforth, Kate?" said Ann Duncan.

"Pray why do you ask that question?" retorted Kate Landon, rather peevishly.

"I merely asked for information," replied Ann.

"Well, what put such an idea into your head? I cannot guess who told you. I am very sure I never hinted such a thing."

"Such is the current report, Kate. You have not told me whether it is true; but I mistrust it is."

"Yes, I'll own it, Ann; though I'm ashamed to do so."

"When are you going to be married? or don't you intend to be married?"

"I told him I would be married next winter, but I won't. I am tired of him already."

"Kate Landon," said Ann, "will you promise to answer me one question, if you can?"

"Yes, half a dozen, if they are not too silly."

"How many times have you been engaged, then?"

"Ten my word, I don't know. Twenty times, I guess."

"As many as that, to my knowledge," said Ann.

"Yes," said Kate, "there was Will Harle. He was such a wit that I told him I would have him for the sake of laughing; but I soon got tired of his folly, and told him so. And Captain Stanton, with such beautiful, curling moustaches! I never liked him. I only engaged myself to him for the sake of teasing Fan Lawrence. And Barwell, I don't know why I flirted with him, except it was because no one else offered himself just then. And there was Mr. Higgins, with a most beautiful hand and foot! But I found he was tight boots, and I would not have him. Who would? And young Simper, who looked so sentimental, and always talked of love and moonlight! I concluded he must be the man in the moon, and I should not like to live in moonshine always. And there was Wilmetton, who looked so silly, and never said anything worth mentioning in his life. But I never engaged myself to him. I flirted with him till he made me an offer, and then refused him. And Jenkins! Good reason why I refused him. The only question in my mind is why I ever engaged to marry him. And Simpson—his father was rich, but I found that he was stingy. There is a host of others, but I am tired. They call me a coquette, but I don't care. I won't have anybody I don't like; and if I find it out after I'm engaged to them, I'll break off the match."

"I would not have any one I did not like either, Kate; but why did you not mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue? I thought he stood at the head?"

"Because I did not want to, Ann. I don't like to speak of him with those fellows."

"But you were engaged to him, were you not?"

"Yes; we promised to have each other when we were children, and renewed the promise once a week regularly, until he went away."

"Why did you then break the engagement? I should have thought it was so strong, no power on earth could have done it."

"I thought so once; but I have grown wiser. I have found by sad experience that vows are things of air."

"But you really loved Henry once?"

"Yes, and always have, and do yet."

"Why, what made you refuse him, then?"

"I did not refuse him, Ann. The fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was very wealthy; he had just returned from college, and frequently came to see me, though for nothing more than friendship, and because we were children together, as you yourself know. Henry was a little jealous; he hinted his suspicions to me. I was angry that he should suspect that I could love any one more than him, and especially that I loved him less because he was poor. I told him, in a pet, that if he thought me so fickle, he could be released from all childish engagements. This only confirmed his suspicions; he left me. I received a letter of farewell from him. Where he went, I never knew. He has probably forgotten me, and given his heart to one more worthy of him; but I have not forgotten him, and never can. They call me a heartless coquette; perhaps Henry does. I was not a coquette then, though I have been since. My heart is given to Henry, but I have lost him."

"But, Kate, if you have loved no one but Henry Eaton, why have you so often promised to marry others? Was it for the sake of breaking your promise?"

"No, not exactly that; I hardly know why I have done so. I have given you the reason for some of my engagements. I did not know but I might forget Henry, and love some other one—but I cannot; sometimes I feel for him, and sometimes I am altogether reckless. But I will never promise to marry again. I'll tell Charles Danforth I cannot love him, and live a nun for Henry's sake."

"See that you keep that resolution," said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober conclusion.

"Oh! I'm in earnest. I'm tired of hearing of broken hearts and dying lovers. There is no sense in it. I am tired of being called cruel and hard-hearted. I'll give no more occasions for silly words and sickening sonnets. I am really determined to take the veil."

"Perhaps you are serious, but I'll bet a diamond ring that you will be engaged again before the end of the winter."

"I don't think I shall have much need of diamond rings in a convent," said Kate; "but I'll accept your bet, for I know I shall win it, and it shall remain a lasting witness that I have kept, at least, one promise."

Thus the bet was agreed upon. Kate Landon had determined to become a nun, and immediately wrote for admission to a convent in the following spring. I don't know but she would have taken the veil the next day after her conversation with Ann Duncan; but Ann was to be married in a few weeks to Edward Leslie, and Kate had promised to be her bridesmaid. This, like the promise between Kate and Henry Eaton, had been made in childhood, and ratified every week since. If Kate was married first, Ann was to be her bridesmaid; and if Ann was married first, Kate was to be hers. Though Kate had made twenty promises to her beaux, and broken them all; and though she had declared that vows are things of air, yet these two promises she had ever considered sacred; and though her promise to Henry was now void, yet there were moments like that in which she had conversed with Ann Duncan, when she felt that perhaps it was binding, and she would live in seclusion rather than trifle with or break that engagement. The promise she had made to Ann, though of minor importance, was also a promise of childhood, and now remained in full force; and Kate deferred entering the convent, in order to fulfill it.

Ann's wedding was a joyous occasion to all save Kate Landon. It had been long wished for and expected. The parties were wealthy, and young, and handsome, and happy in each other's love. The wedding party was large and fashionable. The apartments were splendidly adorned and lighted up. The refreshments were rare and sumptuous. The bride was elegantly arrayed. She looked almost as beautiful as Kate. The bridegroom looked better than usual. Kate thought not so well as Henry Eaton. But all this happiness, elegance, beauty and bliss had no charms for Kate. She had dressed herself richly, and with taste and looked beautiful; for she could not look otherwise. She looked happy and pleased, for she would not look otherwise at Ann's wedding; yet she felt that such a festival might have been, but never would be for her. That all those happy smiles and joyous wishes and bridal kisses might have been lavished upon her who would soon be so lonely. When she looked at Edward, the happy bridegroom, she thought of Henry and their sad parting, and longed for the silent cell of the convent—the holy cloister of the devoted nun.

Gay music echoed through the festive halls. Youth and beauty joined in the "light-toed dance," but as Kate accepted the hand of the first groomsmen to join in the quadrille, she felt that it was the last time. Her partner was a young gentleman from India. He had just arrived. Kate had been introduced to him as Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of Edward Leslie's, who had returned in order to visit his friends, and was present at Edward's wedding. He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure; with large, regular features, and dark, expressive eyes. He was noble, dignified and commanding in his bearing; graceful in the dance—all that a girl could love. Before they had finished the first set, Kate was deeply interested in his conversation, and thought he bore a strong resemblance to Henry Eaton. She was tired and did not join in the second quadrille; but Mr. Atwood sat by her on the window-seat, and was even more interesting than in the dance. Ann Duncan (now Mrs. Leslie) looked at them and thought of the diamond ring. Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the supper-table. She did not flirt; she was evidently pleased with him. He handed her into the carriage, and Kate asked him to call upon her. He called the next morning. I hasten to the sequel. The winter was not more than half finished, when Ann received a diamond ring and a note from Kate, stating that she was once more engaged to be married; and before the end of winter there was a more splendid and elegant wedding. A larger and more fashionable party than that we have before described. A more beautiful bride and a handsomer bridegroom than Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. Kate Landon was married to Henry Eaton.

Solution.—Lieutenant Atwood was Henry Eaton. The plot and the fictitious name had been contrived by Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. The climate and hardships of India had so changed Henry, his dress and manners were so altered, that Kate did not recognize him. After the wedding, Kate received a diamond ring from Ann. She had not made a new engagement; only renewed an old one.

SUNDAY OBSERVING HENS.—A lady communicates to an English paper a remarkable fact respecting two bantam hens in her possession. She declares that, for eighteen months each hen has laid an egg every day in the week except on Sunday. On no occasion has either of them failed to do its duty on week days, or forgotten to intermit its exertions on Sunday, during all that period. What an example to reprobate man!

A Chapter on Driving.

In order to be a good driver, a person must understand and appreciate the nature and disposition of the horses which he is acting upon. Temper and will vary as much in different horses as in separate individuals of the human family; and a man will be a successful driver in proportion as he gains the mastery over the faculties and understanding of his horse.

As a general thing, in driving, it is best not to use force, when persuasion will do just as well. The majority of horses at the present time will not take a reasonable gait, and keep it, without the use of something more potent than mere "moral suasion." It is a good rule, however, never to strike until you have spoken. First let your horse know what you wish him to do, then if he does not do it, compel him to.

Whenever you undertake to make a horse perform anything that is perfectly proper, and that he is able to accomplish, never give up until you have succeeded. Every victory you gain makes him more willing to acknowledge you as master, while every time he can succeed in going counter to your wishes confirms him in the disagreeable practice of shirking. Of course, it is not always possible for one to do as he wishes in this respect. Some animals have acquired such bulky ways through ill treatment, that it may be best to let them take their own time. A little discretion must be used in such cases, and some allowance made for habit.

Another rule which is found to work well, when driving, either singly or to the pole, is, at all times, to keep the reins drawn moderately tight, just so that the pressure of the bit can be felt. Besides holding his head in the proper position, this plan has the further merit of keeping the horse under command if he gets suddenly frightened, or if he is disposed to be fractious. Many a person when listlessly driving a spirited beast with a slack line, has been startled from his reverby by seeing Billy bounding away at a more than "twenty-four" rate, and has felt a sort of helplessness when he found the "ribbons" dangling half-way to his heels. Horses, like men, are subject to sudden, capricious moods; therefore, it is best to be always prepared to check them at once before they get the advantage of motion.

When it is wished to urge an animal up to his greatest speed, or indeed, whenever he is going at a fast trot, the reins should be held so as to draw hard upon the mouth. This will make him more manageable, and will prevent him from "breaking up."

There is a very common, and, we think, dangerous and cruel, error in vague among many drivers—we mean that of driving fast when going down a hill. It is oftentimes seen amongst those who are drawing heavy loads, and especially in winter. It is believed that as many lamenesses result from this practice as from any other one source of injury to horseflesh; and we will say nothing now of the peril in which the driver or rider is placed by it. If people would look at the subject a moment, they would see their mistakes. In trotting or cantering down hill, a horse uses his feet in the same manner as upon level ground—that is, throwing them upward and forward nearly horizontally; but the road tending downward all the time, his feet have to come down from one to two feet perpendicularly, according to the steepness of the descent. If it be a long hill, then, and rather steep, and he takes from fifty to a hundred steps in going to the bottom, we can imagine what straining effect it will have upon his limbs, especially if the road is hard. It would be much better if we would never drive faster than a walk, or very slow trot, when descending a hill, unless the inclination be very slight. If we are in haste to get on, it will injure our horses less to make the extra speed upon level ground, and we shall run much less risk to life and limb ourselves.

A good driver is always watchful, active and resolute. A lazy man never drives well. One who would become a good reinsman should speak promptly and distinctly to his beast at all times; and under no circumstances should he have recourse to the too common practice of "twitching" upon the lines, or jerking suddenly upon the bit. He should be careful to learn his team to stop at once, when told to, by drawing in gradually but firmly on the reins. Horses treated in this way very soon become accustomed to the proceedings, and will need but the word of command to induce them to slack their speed at once. We attach all the more importance to this last point because there are so many accidents from the breaking or dropping of the lines, that might be prevented if proper attention were paid to this subject. Only train horses in a right manner, and although the reins do get broken, or lost, they will be to some extent under control; but if they have always been allowed to stop, or go, when they please, and anything of this kind happens, they will be very likely to run. Some persons may say to this, "You are begging the question. A 'high-strung' beast ought never to be driven with anything that will break." We admit that; but "accidents will happen," even to the most careful. A rustling paper, the tap of a drum, and sudden sound or sight, may cause a horse to start. At such a time, if you are not in a condition to use the reins, the advantage of having him in subjection to your word of command, will be plainly seen, and felt, too.

This is a subject that needs attention.—

Look on the Sunny Side.

Cheer up! How seldom are these magic words spoken to the aching heart but with what powerful effect.

In our intercourse with the world we daily come in contact with those who annoy us; each one has his own aim in life. Perhaps our object has been to obtain a snug little home wherein our infirmities we could safely repose, regardless of the storms without; and when almost the last dollar has been paid and our pathway has looked the brightest, by some miscalculation or risk of our own, or the aversion of those in whom we had confided our all, our little fortune has been wrecked and we are cast out upon a cold, heartless world, the picture of despair, and while we have been toiling with such fruitless attempts others have reaped golden wealth with little, or apparently no exertion.

Perhaps we have watched by the sick bed of our darling child until entirely overcome with anxiety and care, death relieves us, but to how still deeper in sorrow, and we have almost prayed that we might be permitted to join our loved one. What in such an hour can so alleviate the human suffering as the gentle voice of some friend bidding us cheer up and look on the sunny side! For though our earthly prospects are blasted there is still hope beyond the tomb.

Perchance we have been obliged to bow to the cold hand of charity, or by some thoughtless act we are made to feel the bitter taunts and cutting sarcasms of those who were near to us; how often in such an hour would one kind word or look of encouragement give us strength to rally against such protestations and bid us hope for brighter days.

There is a potent, irresistible charm in the heartfelt sympathy extended to us by those we love; and those whose task it has been to reclaim the erring and alleviate human suffering may well feel that the choicest of God's blessings will rest upon them. How beautiful the words of the poet who said, "We always may be what we might have been." None are so degraded but what some good or some foundation of hope still remains. Then let us in our intercourse with the world strive to overlook these defects and obliterate the clouds which are constantly arising before them, and taking them gently by the hand, point the way to a happier and more useful sphere of action, and by thus lightening the burdens of others our own pathway will be clearer in the consciousness of having done our duty.

Look on the sunny side of life,
Why murmur and despair,
No burdens are so great,
But what we them can bear.

Why cast a gloom on other hearts,
Because our pathway's drear?
The sunshine lies behind the clouds,
And bids us, of good cheer.

What if the world should use us ill
When we for good have striven?
The Bible is our guide on earth,
And gives us hope in Heaven.

During the progress of the debate on the Mexican question in the French Chambers, the following question in "the rule of three" has been given to the people to cipher out between this and the coming election:—"If it costs 104,000,000 of francs to get into Mexico, how much will it cost to get out?"

"Stealing my thunder is a common expression among orators. It originated with John Dennis, an English author, who invented a new way of imitating thunder for his play of 'Appius and Virginia,' which was brought out and failed in 1708; shortly afterward, during the performance of 'Macbeth,' hearing the thunder produced by his apparatus, he rose in the pit and exclaimed: 'Sdeath! how these rascals use me; they will let my play run, yet they steal my thunder.'"

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Some men are kind because they are dull, as common horses are easily broken to harness. Some are orderly because they are timid, like cattle driven by a boy with a wand. And some are social because they are greedy, like barn-yard fowls that mind each other's clucking.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
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One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
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Half a square six months, 4.00
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Special Notices, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements must be marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered off, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading:—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Salem:—E. T. Whittier.
Winchester:—J. H. Hovey.
Reading:—L. E. Mason.

S. M. PITTENGER & Co., Boston and New York; S. E. HILLES, (successor to T. H. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns of the surrounding Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 21, 1863.

The Conscription Bill having become law, it is expected that the President will very soon issue a Proclamation in accordance with its design. It is necessary that we should at an early day have in the field a fresh force of disciplined men ready to take the place of the nine months men, whose term of service will expire early in the ensuing summer. It is presumed that a large number of the latter will re-enlist as soon as they have been permitted to visit their homes and spend a short time with their friends; but their places cannot remain vacant a moment, therefore it is extremely important that measures be at once taken to raise a corps sufficient for all purposes. We must sustain our position at all hazards, and if ordinary means fail to keep the army at its proper standard we must call to our aid extraordinary measures, such as the Conscription Bill affords. It is useless for us to suppose that this rebellion can be overpowered without hard and determined fighting, such as will cause more suffering than we have yet encountered. Our enemies will never yield until they receive a few powerful, well directed home thrusts, that will cause them to stagger and reel as a drunken man. We must all act as though the result hung upon our individual exertions, and if the ranks of the army can alone be filled by Conscription, then we must be content to do our duty, let it be what it may, humbly and patriotically. When a man's house is on fire he does not depute his neighbor to stay the devouring element, he goes to work himself manfully and does what he can to save his property from destruction. Then why should we when our national existence is assailed by a worse enemy than fire, depute our neighbors to do our work—ours by right, ours by duty? No one can excuse himself by saying "when so and so does his duty, I will do mine;" the best way to do it is to show an example by acting well our part, and thus will we draw into the line of duty the backward ones. In fighting for the integrity of the nation, we are not doing the work of our neighbors, we are doing what rightfully belongs to us to do, and the glory of the heritage which we leave posterity will much depend upon how we do it. The work we have on hand requires thoroughness of execution, so that it will stand the buffeting of ages without succumbing, and all our endeavors should be made with that end distinctly in view. When the President issues his Proclamation under the Conscription Act, it will be our duty to give it our whole support without murmuring and without reservation.

PARISH MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the First Cong. Parish, held on Monday last, Col. Leonard Thompson was chosen moderator, and the following persons were chosen to serve the Parish the ensuing year:—Parish Committee, Thomas Richardson, Jonathan Hill, John G. Cole, A. G. Carter, A. B. Johnson, Clerk, L. L. Whitney; Treasurer, Horace Colamore, A. G. Carter, H. Colamore and D. D. Hart, were chosen a Committee to sell the Old Meeting-House belonging to the Parish. The Auditors and other Committees made their annual reports, which were accepted.

WE have received another letter (which supports the views taken by "Ranger," concerning the apples that were sent to Co. K, 39th Regt., a short time ago. As the question was one which should never have been suffered to go beyond the limits of the Company, we decline to publish anything further concerning it, and hope, for the credit of all concerned, that the trifling matter will be at once forgotten.

EARLY LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, have just published a volume entitled "THE PIONEER BOY: and how he became President." By William M. Thayer, Author of "The Bubbin' Boy," "The Prater Boy," "Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," &c. This book contains the early life of President Lincoln, tracing his career from boyhood up to manhood; his life in Kentucky, where he was born, and his adventures in after years.

THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT.—The Concert given in the First Congregational Church, on Tuesday evening, by the Children, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Clarke, was well attended, and gave good satisfaction. The programme throughout was performed in a thorough manner, which clearly demonstrated to all present that Mr. Clarke had succeeded in his endeavors to make the children under his charge masters of the most difficult pieces of music. We do not feel qualified to speak of the merits of each piece as performed, and even if we did our remarks upon each would so necessarily run in the same channel—there was so little to criticize—that they would be rendered superfluous. It certainly must be very gratifying to our citizens to witness so much talent in children, and the pleasure in knowing that we have a teacher competent to educate it to the best advantage, must be great.

We understand that Mr. Clarke has offered to repeat his Concert in aid of the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission, and it is more than likely that his patriotic offer will be accepted.

VIEW OF HORN POND AND ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.—It will be remembered that some time ago we referred to this picture. Since then Mr. Richardson, who made the sketch, has decided to double the size then contemplated, and issue it at \$2.00 for plain copies; \$2.00 for Artists' Proof, and \$5.00 for Artists' colored Proof. The coloring will be done by hand, and the best artists will be engaged to do the lithographing. Mr. Richardson says: "This picture will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions can be obtained to ensure the expense, about \$300. The size will be 22x32. It is intended to be one of the most attractive, interesting views, which has been got up of American scenery, embracing within the visual angle, objects and scenes in twenty different towns which will be an ornament to the parlor or office, and reference to important local objects. The lithograph print will be accompanied by an explanatory key, which will be furnished to subscribers with out additional charge.

PERSONAL.—Private John Riley, of the "National Rangers," Co. K, 39th Regt. Mass. Vols., arrived home on Monday, on a furlough of ten days. He left town for the Company yesterday.

Sergeant William P. Brown, of the same company, arrived home on Tuesday evening, on a furlough of ten days.

Corporal Francis L. Bryant, of the "Union Guard," Co. E, 22d Mass. Regt., who has been sick at Bedloe's Island, N. Y., for some time past, arrived home Wednesday morning, on a furlough of ten days. He returns next Tuesday.

Private Kendall L. Flint, of the same company, who arrived in town last week on furlough, received his discharge Thursday, on the surgeon's certificate of disability.

Private Thomas O'Connors, of Co. G, 28th Mass. Regiment, arrived home on Wednesday, on a furlough of sixty days.

Cornelius Conners, of the United States Ship "San Jacinto," arrived home on Thursday, on a furlough of one week.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Galen James & Co., Boston, copies of this excellent little Boys and Girls' magazine, edited by William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic). This magazine is now in its twelfth volume and has attained a reputation for worth and interest which no similar publication enjoys. It is furnished at the low rate of \$1 per annum. Persons wishing to become subscribers can address the publishers as above, or leave their orders at the Woburn Bookstore.

ATLANTIC FOR APRIL.—This sterling monthly, for the coming month, is filled with a variety of matter that is seldom equalled in quality even in its own pages. It contains articles by Mrs. Stowe, Donald G. Mitchell (the Marvel), Prof. Agassiz, F. Wyland, Jr., J. R. Lowell, Gail Hamilton, The Country Parson, Theodore Winthrop, and others, all of which will reward the reader for time spent in perusal. The publishers announce an excellent number for May, in which a new story by the author of "Margaret Howth" and "Life in the Iron Mills," will be commenced.

THE Annual Reunion of the past and present members of the Woburn High School will take place on Monday evening, at the High School building. All who have been connected with the school are cordially invited to be present.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire yesterday morning, was caused by the partial burning of a house situated on Main street, and owned by Major Pierce. It was occupied by several families. Loss about \$300.

PRESENTATION.—Major J. W. McDonald of the Eleventh Regt., was presented last week, at the Revere House, Boston, with a very fine horse and equipments valued at \$500, by his friends. This is a worthy tribute to a brave soldier.

Hon. O. R. Clark of Winchester, has our thanks for a copy of the Report of the School Committee of that town. "Excelsior" refers to the report under the Winchester head.

THE National Debt of England amounted in 1861, to \$4,009,048,045; the interest on that sum, for one year, amounts to \$130,881,375.

PART DAY.—Governor Andrew has appointed Thursday, the second day of April, as a day of Public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

A Gentleman remarked the other evening at a party that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of a young lady, "a woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

The Western Freedmen.

A call has been made upon the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission for aid for the Contraband Hospitals at the West. The contrabands in these hospitals stand in great need of clothing, and many other articles are also needed to make them comfortable and decent. Those of our citizens who have old clothing to dispose, cannot do better than to forward it, through our Branch to the suffering contrabands at the West, who need our assistance at this moment, when just beginning their new life, than they will at any future time. We copy the following from an article which has been brought under our notice:—

"How can their intellectual, their moral elevation be wrought, before their physical attainment? Government or charity ought to erect quarters where the colonies arriving weekly on the boats, can gather. Great quantities of strong shoes and all kinds of female clothing of the strongest fabric, are needed at once. Propriety demands it, much suffering and sickness has come, during the past two months, from the want of it. The opening of the spring is yet before them, when comes the usual flooding of the river.

Women call daily at the room for various kinds of relief, who are denied because so little provision is made for them in the donation boxes at our disposal. Much that they contain is too old to serve their usage a week, and so unsuited to their fashion of dress, the only style in which most of them know how to make garments, that if half the value was sent in cloth, uncut, it would be more serviceable. Heretofore, the chaplains have distributed the articles as they came, because no female was here to aid in repairing.

As soon as the season is settled, it is proposed to have a teacher who will devote her time to the children. Let me give you some isolated, but impressive facts. An extract which I shall enclose in a Helena correspondence in a St. Louis paper, about January 5th, speaks among their wrongs, of their being murdered by soldiers. Since that date the number has increased. Three were killed in one night, two for their money, one for refusing to give up his cabin. Here is the extract.

HOSPITAL FOR THE CONTRABANDS.—The hospital established for the benefit of fugitives from slavery within our lines, is said to be in a wretched condition. I cannot give my own testimony in regard to it, but I am allowed, through the favor of a friend, to insert the following statement, which is a part of a report read before "the Army Chaplains' Association" a few days since, and unanimously adopted by the body. After noticing very favorably the Post Hospital for the soldiers, the committee proceed as follows: "With matters at the colored Regiment, we were not so well pleased. We found everything dirty, uncomfortable and cheerless. The suffering condition of the patients, their ragged and neglected appearance, their unkind testimony as to the cruelties and barbarities of their nurses and attendants, such as brutally beating the sick and even the dying, the extraordinary mortality among the patients, &c., all call loudly for a change. Your committee feel that they were lacking in humanity, to say nothing of their sense of Christian obligation, did they not recommend to the authorities that a radical change be made in this hospital." There can be no doubt that many of the poor contrabands, sick or well, have had a hard road to travel, "since obtaining 'freedom' and the Federal laws; they have been wronged; abused, and cheated and murdered in cold blood, without the least chance of redress. Their wretched condition is, however, beginning to attract the attention and sympathy of at least the chaplains in the army, and I think also the Generals in command. Upon the whole I think there is a better state of things in prospect for the despised and unfortunate 'contrabands'.

Nearly three months ago, forty slaves came from a plantation fifteen miles distant in Mississippi. They were comfortably supplied, obtained such quarters as they could, many found employment and they did very well for a month. But change of life, the climate, and exposure during that long storm, made most of them sick. Thirteen died. The owner had previously tried to persuade them to return; now came with a physician, brought all needed supplies, took care of them for three weeks, when half that remained were induced to go. They did not wish to go, and for a week faltered and changed their minds daily; they had friends who encouraged them all they could, but the master and an abettor at his elbow, worked shrewdly. One kind of cruelty and slavery offered on one side, another in the trials and destitution experienced in their new life, and with death more probable if they remained, those sad ones turned their backs upon freedom.

One mulatto mother he valued at fifteen hundred dollars, was the seamstress of the family, and more lady-like in manners and conversation, without any knowledge of letters, than half the white persons who pursue that occupation. She had two beautiful boys, wept at the necessity of taking them back to servitude, said it was wrong, but her aged mother had suffered so much here, burying four children in a week, that she earnestly wished to return, and begged the four remaining ones to go with her."

With these facts staring them in the face, will the people of Woburn withhold their aid?

We extract the following from a letter recently received from a member of the 13th Mass. Regt. The letter is dated "Belle Plain, Va., March 10th."

"Last week I went up to Falmouth again, and saw all the Woburn boys in that vicinity. I never saw them looking as well as they are now."

About thirty deserters have been sentenced to be shot. One belongs to the 324 Mass. Regt."

There is a bill before the New York Assembly to incorporate a "National Union Mutual Life and Limb Insurance Co. In addition to the general powers and privileges of such a corporation, they are empowered to make insurance upon the lives and limbs of officers, soldiers, sailors, and marines of the Army and Navy of the United States. Capital \$500,000, to be divided in \$50 shares.

Dr. Miller's Lectures.

The undersigned citizens of Woburn desire to express their appreciation of the course of Lectures on Physiology and Anatomy, given in this town by Dr. Miller, in the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That we have been deeply interested, instructed and profited by Dr. Miller's lectured, eloquent and chaste lectures (both public and private,) as illustrated by his beautiful models of the human body, and hereby tender to him our thanks for the obligations under which he has laid us.

Resolved, That in our opinion, this course of lectures, upon a subject so important to all, so thoroughly mastered by the lecturer, and made by him so practical and intelligible, is almost invaluable to any community. They merit universal attendance, and must be approved of by every philanthropist who understands their nature and tendency.

Resolved, That we heartily commend Dr. Miller to the patronage of neighboring towns, some of which we understand he intends soon to visit. We believe those who fail to hear him, will lose the best instruction we have ever heard upon these important subjects, that which is permanent in its impression, and productive of the happiest results.

J. E. SWALLOW,
S. O. POLLARD,
N. H. HYDE,
L. E. RICHARDSON,
J. L. LITTLEFIELD,
E. N. BLAKE.

AN ABLE WITNESS.—Able as Dr. Doyle was in his writings, his greatest mental triumphs were before the Houses of Parliament. In 1825 he was examined before the committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of Catholic emancipation. In 1830 he was examined before a committee of the Commons, in relation to a legal provision for the poor. In 1832 he was examined before committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of tithes. His answers in the first examination would form a folio of divinity; in the second, a body of social science; and in the third, a treatise on Church History and Ecclesiastical Antiquities. The questions put to him in the second examination amounted to 468, and his replies often extended to disquisitions. In the first examination he was warned by a friend that it would be entirely theological, the questions being prepared by the ablest divines from Oxford and Cambridge. The friend hoped he was supplied with such works of consultation as would enable him to go safely through this ordeal. The Bishop assured his friend that he brought no book with him but his Breviary. It was as his friend foretold it would be, a searching, comprehensive, polemical, theological examination. But the Doctor had, as we have seen, a vast memory; he was not only a most learned priest, but also a most learned lawyer; he had knowledge enough to confute his questioners, and when he pleased, he had art enough to confound them. He was offered books in abundance but he had little need of them, and he little used them. He says himself of this examination: "I found it easier to answer the bishops than the lords." His sagacious delighted his friends, and gained admiration from even his opponents. Stanley, one of the most determined of these, paid the highest tribute to the talents of Dr. Doyle. An eminent peer declared that Dr. Doyle as far surpassed O'Connell as O'Connell surpassed other men. "Well, Duke," observed another peer, who met Wellington as he was leaving the committee room, "are you examining Dr. Doyle?" "No," said his Grace dryly, "Dr. Doyle is examining us." It has been said that the impression of this examination on the Duke's mind tended considerably towards his ultimate treatment of the Catholic question. (Christian Examiner for March.)

AN OMNIBUS OVERBOARD.—NARROW ESCAPE OF SEVERAL PASSENGERS.—One of the most narrow escapes of what might have been a fearful accident occurred on Wednesday, at the East Boston (People's) Ferry slip on this side. An omnibus attached to the Union Railway line drove inside of the gate while the boat was making a trip across, and the driver left his horses standing while he went to a neighboring restaurant to get a lunch. Inside the "buss" were five ladies, two gentlemen and two children. During the absence of the driver the horses suddenly took fright and started on a run down the ferry drop towards the water. Seeing the peril they were in, the passengers jumped from the coach as speedily as possible, and what appears most remarkable, all of them escaped, the last passenger, a lady, falling from the steps of the coach upon the "drop" just as the horses and vehicle fell into the water. The coach and animals immediately sunk. One lady passenger, in getting out of the coach, caught one of her feet between the steps and was dragged several yards, but extricated herself. As a narrow escape from a fearful accident, the case has but few parallels. The driver of the coach cannot be too severely censured for his carelessness in leaving his horses unattended under such circumstances.—Herald.

HIGH PRICES.—The Alexandria (La.) Democrat, rebel, complains loudly of the high price of food. A late number says: "For the past month we have almost daily been visited by the wives and even the children of our soldiers, and the head of nearly every poor family in our town, and asked if some food cannot be put to the prices asked and demanded for the articles of daily food absolutely necessary to keep people alive. So far have we refrained from speaking out plainly, but at last the camel's back is about to give way under the extortioners' infamous weight, and further silence would be criminal.

GEN. FREMONT.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says that Gen. Fremont remained there two or three weeks, at the express request of the Government, under the promise that he should have a certain command, suited to his rank and position; but that it now seems that he will not be assigned to it at present, although the President and Secretary of War, desire that he should be. The bitter opposition of Gen. Halleck having blocked, if not defeated the arrangement.

DARING OF ALPINE GUIDES.—It is almost incredible with what safety and ease the mountain passes the most dangerous places, carrying heavy burdens. When Hugi, on his Finsteraarhorn expedition, could scarcely get on, owing to an injury to his foot, Leuthold took him up *volens volens* on his back, and hastened with him down the glacier, whilst storm and night were approaching. The other two experienced guides, Wahren and Zent, emulated him in carrying their master. Hugi says, it was incredible to him how these men, without a stick, holding their burden with both hands, sprang over crevasses in the twilight, where all was deceitful and uncertain.

We have already given examples of the audacity with which the guides venture upon breakneck leaps; here is one more that will illustrate their courage in another way. Got. Studer, on his return from the Jungfrau, had let his hat fall into a deep crevasse, which sank without a break, with surfaces of ice as steep as the steepest tower. The crevasse grew narrower further down, whilst the opposite wall rose vertically out of the darkness covered with ice. The guide, Bannholzer, who was annoyed at the loss of the cap, called out at once that he would see where it was, and, in spite of all dissuasion, had the rope tied round his body, and let himself slide down into the awful depth. When he had got some way down, having got a footing on an ice pillar that threatened to give way every moment, he saw the lost cap lying still some way below him. The rope, held by the two men above was not long enough. The foolhardy Bannholzer untied himself and got further down. After an anxious pause he gave an exulting cry. He had got his prey, and came up again to daylight. Although he had been to a depth of at least 100 feet, he said that the crevasse continued to an unfathomable depth.—(Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains.)

SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.—A gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs were gone, but the old outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout servant wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright and looked after his clothes—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horse he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Every looking was Lilliputian. Lilliputians were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brouding returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots. This phenomena, called "micropia," does not seem to have occurred more than half a dozen times, though it may yet be brought on at will by the employment of certain substances.

THE PNEUMATIC DESPATCH.—A paragraph in the foreign news by the Arabia says that the London Pneumatic Despatch Company has commenced forwarding mail bags through its underground tubes. This enterprise is novel. The pneumatic tubes which have been laid by the company extend from the Euston Railway station to the Northwestern District post office in Eversholt street, London, a distance of only about one-third of a mile, but suffice for experimental purposes. The tube resembles an elliptical gash, three-thirty inches high by thirty inches wide, and is laid in nine feet lengths, at an average depth of nine feet below the street level. The joints are filled in with lead, so as to be perfectly air-tight. Within this tube runs a wrought iron car, eight feet long, weighing eight cwt., and fitted with four wheels, each twenty inches in diameter.

At each end of the tube is a hollow iron wheel, working in an air tight box of twenty-one feet in diameter, which is connected with a steam engine of seventeen horse power. The wheel turns at a velocity of seventy to ninety miles an hour, when the air which is drawn in through its hollow centre is thrown off from its periphery with a force that gives a pressure of from five to seven ounces on the square inch. The iron cars in the tube present a surface of nearly five square feet to the blast, and are propelled at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The entire cost of a line of five miles is estimated at £131,000, and it is proposed to carry freight as well as mails through London, at the cheap rate of a penny (two cents) a ton per mile. So far the experiment is successful, and the results are very interesting and curious.

A WRETCHED SUGGESTION.—The correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial says that Mr. Forney proposes that "Army Orators" should be employed to visit the brigades and inflame the patriotic ardor of the troops. We trust the soldiers will not be subjected to that infliction. To say nothing of the utterly unwholesome character of such a proceeding and its palpable inconsistency with proper discipline, it would be cruel to ask the brave men to listen to stump speeches and threadbare Fourth of July declamations. It is bad enough for civilians to endure like dispensations at home; the camp should be protected from them. Besides, from all that comes from those at the seat of war and anxious to fight the nation's foe, it would really seem that they are the party to send out loyal missionaries to preach unconditional Unionism. A few of them might do service in Connecticut and elsewhere, at the present moment.—Transcript.

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!—For the deplorable of the system incidental to the charge of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, 25 cts. per box.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.—The vacancies in our corps of teachers have been filled as follows, viz:—To the Gifford School, Mr. Leander M. Haskins, of Rockport. Mr. H. is a graduate of Dartmouth College and has had several winters' experience in teaching in a difficult Grammar School in his native town. He is recommended as a "thorough and accomplished teacher."

To the Mystic School, Miss Charlotte O. Bailey of North Andover. Miss B. has taught several terms in a District School, and for three years since has been an Assistant Teacher in the Lynn High School. She is a lady of superior qualifications.

To the Washington School, Miss Abbie E. Duxton, a graduate of our High School of the Class of 1859.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.—The town appropriated the sum of \$3200 for sustaining the schools during the past year. To this sum is to be added \$77.95 received from the school fund of the State.

Dividing the sum appropriated by the town among the four hundred and six children between the ages of five and fifteen years, we have \$7.58 for the education of each child. Adding to the above sum the \$77.95 received from the State, and dividing the whole amount (\$3277.95) by 342, the average number of scholars in actual attendance upon the schools, we have \$9.58 as the cost of educating each scholar. The actual expenditures under the appropriation for the past year were—Teachers Wages \$2744.51, Incidentals \$540.23, Total—\$3284.74. Some of the items under the head of Incidentals should not be in that place, as the law defines that the school money should be devoted to the teachers' wages, fuel, care of houses, and nothing else.

The schools have kept 9½ months. The average wages per month of Male Teachers, \$56.64; of Female Teachers, \$23.15. The whole number of scholars for the first term 413, average attendance 336. Second Term, whole number 402, average attendance 333; Third Term, whole number 394, average attendance 337; average attendance for the year, 342; number of scholars over 15 yrs, 44; under 5 yrs, 7.

The 13th Annual Report of the Committee speaks in detail of the several schools, but the main portion of it, is devoted to the High School, its importance, the good results which have been attained, the prospect for the future, and some practical suggestions bearing upon the subject.

LIBRARY.—The Trustees report the expenditures the past year to be \$156.50, and recommend, that "as comparatively few books of interest and value have been published during the last year," \$125 will be sufficient for the support of the Library during the year to come. (Query—Have we got all the books of interest and value published in former years? Does not the Library need an over-hauling, and many books which have never been taken out and never will be, and others where a portion of the contents are gone, to be discarded and replaced by works of practical importance suited to the comprehension of those who desire to improve the privileges here afforded them?) The number of volumes added, since the last Report is seventy five, among which were a few standard works, such as the Life and Writings of Washington, 12 volumes, the Life and Times of John Adams 10 volumes, and the Life and Writings of Franklin, 10 volumes, which were purchased from an old stock, at a large reduction from the publisher's prices.

It was thought desirable to have such works as these on the shelves for the purpose of reference, though they might not be read through in course. The number of different persons who have taken out books, 313. Number of books taken 4,757; an average of more than 21 volumes a week.

FINANCIAL.—The disbursements by the Selectmen for the year have been as follows, viz: Schools, \$282.77; Repairs of School-houses, \$334.94; Town Officers, \$925.17; Fire Department, \$133.80; Highways and Bridges, \$250.04; Incidentals Expenses, 1107.68; Pauper Account, \$877.28; Cemetery, \$99.30; Library, \$150.82; Bounties to Vol-unteers, &c., \$789.30; Aid to the Families of Volunteers, \$334.62; Total, \$20850.72. Number of Warrants on Treasurer, 549, and all are paid. Balance due the Treasurer, \$19.60. The present indubiousness of the town is \$22,200. Of this \$13,300 was contracted this year for Military purposes. A note of the town for \$2000 was paid this year. There is due the Town for Taxes, \$392.40, and from the State of Mass. for aid to families of Volunteers for the year 1862, \$2629.15; Total, \$3021.55. Value of Real Estate in Town, \$1,218,024. Personal, \$286032. Total, \$1,504,076.00.

The Report of the Selectmen briefly refers to their doings the past year and makes some recommendations in regard to the appropriations for the ensuing year. Fifty-three of the families of volunteers in the war have been aided. To continue this aid for the next year will require \$3500, which it is recommended should be borrowed for the term of two years, as the amount would probably in that time be received from the State.

The Board recommend the purchase of one or more gravel banks where suitable road material can be obtained, and an appropriation for Highways and Bridges of \$1500.

The suit at law by the Lowell Five Cent Savings Bank against the town, to recover on notes held by that Institution, signed by N. A. Richardson, late Treasurer, was removed from the Superior Court to the Supreme Court, and is still pending. Attempt has been made by the Counsel to avoid a trial before a jury, by agreeing the facts necessary to present the questions of law arising in the case, to the full bench; but they have thus far, been unsuccessful, and the case will probably be tried in May next.

In regard to a claim against the town, held by Stephen Cutter, Esq., growing out of the doings of said Richardson, the Board have been willing to refer it to arbitration, but it was thought best not to press the matter at present, or until the questions involved in the other case were settled."

The allowance of a discount of five per cent, upon all tax bills (except single polls) paid previous to Nov. 1st, has worked well, and the same course is recommended for the coming year, excepting to change the time to Oct. 1st.

Two notes of the town will become due the ensuing year,—one of \$6300 due from the State on account of aid to families of volunteers for 1862, be appropriated for the payment of the notes of \$1850 and \$1600. The amount required for interest on standing debt for the next year will be about \$1300; to meet that and other necessary expenses, including repairs of school-houses, the Board recommend that \$5100 be appropriated for incidental expenses.

A complete list of all the volunteers who have enlisted from this town are given in connection with the reports.

TOWN CLOCK.—Some of our citizens would like to know by whose time the town clock is regulated, as it seems to vary considerably from the true Boston time, and very often causes unnecessary hurrying of passengers to the cars.

EXCLUSION.

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Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.
The cheapest Glue in the world.
The most durable Glue in the world.
The only reliable Glue in the world.
The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood.

Save your Broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather.

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass.

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory.

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

It will Mend China.

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble.

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantel can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain.

No matter if that broken Plaster did not cost but a shilling, it is a shilling saved as a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster.

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, &c., and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosely's American Cement Glue. - New York Times.

It is so convenient to have in the house. - New York Express.

It is always ready; it commands it to every body's independence.

We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water. - Winter's Night of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

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GRAY'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORATIVE.

IT IS NOT A DYE!

Will cause Hair to grow on Bald Heads; will restore Grey or Discolored Hair to its ORIGINAL CONDITION AND COLOR.

Will prevent the Hair from falling off, and promote a New and Healthy Growth; completely eradicates Dandruff; will give to the Hair a Clean and Glossy Appearance;

Is a certain Cure for all Diseases of the Head.

IT IS A PERFECT AND COMPLETE DRESSING FOR THE HAIR.

Read the following testimonial:-

U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE, New York, Nov. 6, 1861.

Wm. Gray, Esq., Dear Sir:- Two months ago my head was almost entirely bald, and the little hair I had was all grey and falling out fast, until I began to use your celebrated Hair Restorative, and it immediately stopped the hair falling out, and soon restored the hair to its original color, and it is now growing as thick and as healthy as ever. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. H. MURPHY, U.S. Marshal, Southern District, New York.

Price 75 cents Three Bottles for \$2.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, WILLIAM GRAY, at Tremont, Westchester Co., N. Y.; at wholesale by F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 Franklin Street, New York; and by all Druggists and Retailers.

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THE HORACE WATERS

Modern Improved Overstrung Bass

FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly pronounced by the Press and Musical Masters to be superior Instruments. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials and will stand over a century. The tone is very deep, round, full and mellow; the touch elastic. Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices from \$125 to \$250.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.-The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality. - New York Herald.

WE can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality. - Christian Intelligencer.

\$150.-NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS

In Rosewood Cases, iron frames, and overstrung bass, of different makes, for \$150; with mouldings, \$160; do. with curved legs and moulded baseboards, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do. with pearl case, \$225, \$235, and \$250; new 7-octave, \$235, \$245, and \$250. The above Pianos are fully warranted, and are the greatest bargains that can be offered for the money. Call and see them. Second-hand Pianos at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$65, and \$100.

The Horace Waters Melodeons.

Rosewood Cases, Tined the Equal Temperament, with the Latest Divided Scale and Solo Stops. Prices from \$30 to \$200. Organ Harmoniums, with Pedal Bass, \$50, \$75 and \$100. Solo Harmoniums, \$40, \$50, \$60, and \$75. Also, Melodeons and Harmoniums of the following makes, Price & Co., Child & Needham, Mason & Hamlin, and C. & H. Smith, all of which will be sold at extremely low prices. These Melodeons remain in perfect order, and are well adapted for use in a long time. Each Melodeon warranted for three years.

A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, and other benevolent societies. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

HORACE WATERS, Agt., 481 Broadway, New York.

The Day School Bell.

35,000 COPIES ISSUED.

A new Singing Book for Day Schools, called the Day School Bell, has been published. It contains about 200 choice songs, rounds, catches, duets, trios, quartets and choruses, many of them written expressly for the work. It is a simple and progressive, that ordinary teachers will find themselves entirely successful in teaching even young scholars to sing correctly and scientifically; while the tunes and words embrace such a variety of subjects, that no trouble will be experienced in inducing the scholars to go on with it. It is a simple and progressive, that ordinary teachers will find themselves entirely successful in teaching even young scholars to sing correctly and scientifically; while the tunes and words embrace such a variety of subjects, that no trouble will be experienced in inducing the scholars to go on with it. 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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XII : No. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Old Church-Bell's Lament.

"Bim! boom!" said an old church bell,
As swiftly I hurried by;
"Bim! boom!" I've something to tell—
Pause, listen to my lonely sigh.
The night was cold, the air was chill,
But so mournfully fell the tone
It seemed my very soul to thrill,
And I paused as the bell went on.

"Bim! boom! I have heard strange things,
Come forth from the lips of men,
And ceaselessly my old tongue swings
As I think them o'er again:
'Twas yesterday, in the pale moonlight,
That a wary plan was told
To tear me down from my lofty height,
For the church was growing old.

"Bim! boom! I heard them say
That the building was too small
For those who wished to come and pray
To the mighty God of all;
But I looked down and saw all around
Full many a vacant pew.
Thought I, they want but a wider ground
To indulge the wealthy few.

"Then they said the church had rusty grown
'Next the wearing hand of Time,
And no architectural beauty shone
In the turret where I chime.
The pews were too low, the pulpit too high
For the listening flock to hear;
But I felt that the cause was a sleepy eye
And an inattentive ear.

"Then they cried aloud, as with one voice—
'Yes, yes! let us tear it down;
Every stone and timber, joint and joist
Will we level with the ground,
And in its place a structure grand
Shall the hand of Fashion rear.
Alas! that Fashion's ear should stand
Twixt God and his creatures here.

"Bim! boom! In this turret high
For a century I've swung,
And tolled the years as they hastened by
With the stroke of my iron tongue.
I've watched the gay of saddened files
Have seen the victory won;
And I've rung to the conqueror's heart good cheer,
And tolled when his work was done!

"I've rung with joy at the infant's birth,
I've watched his course to fame,
And seen him wooed by his mother's dear
Back to his arms again;
I've watched the gay of saddened files
As they thronged the old church-door;
Ah! many a foot has trod these aisles
Which will tread them never more.

"I've rung forth the merry peal
For the maiden's bridal day,
And heard her vow, for woe or weal,
Her fresh young love away;
I've seen her brow grow old with years
In the home she honored well,
And I've seen her grave bedewed with tears,
As I struck her funeral knell.

"I've seen the shadowy churchyard fill
With forms whose task was done;
Down in the grave so cold and chill
They've clustered, one by one.
Thus I've seen the old, the grave, the gay,
And youth in its very flower,
Like the leaves of autumn, pass away,
Since I've swung in the old church-tower.

"Bim! boom! O, let no hand
Be raised to tear me down,
And for memory's sake let the old church
Stand
Where it has stood so long.
'Tis true that the roof is moss-grown now,
And the lichened walls are gray—
But there's room enough for the heart to bow,
And the earnest lip to pray."

The clock tolled twelve—the church-bell ceased.
Its sorrowful "Bim! boom!"
And a darksome cloud, with silver beamed,
Passed off from the round full moon.

Select Literature.

A QUEEN'S DAY.

There is a corps attached to the British Court which is denominated the "Gentlemen-at-Arms." They do not absolutely form the Body-Guard of the Sovereign, that title being monopolized by the "Yeomen of the Guard," commonly called the "Beefeaters"—an old corruption of *Buffetiers*. But their duty is nevertheless to defend the Queen's person against all possible attacks when she holds a Court at Windsor or Buckingham Palace. This *garde du corps* consists of forty "gentlemen"—that is, according to the aristocratic reading of English society, persons who have never been in trade. There is a Captain, a Lieutenant, and two or three other officers. The gentlemen pay £1300 for their commission, and receive each £100 per annum. They wear a scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches, a steel breast-plate, gauntlets, a helmet, and jack-boots. They are armed with sword and spear; and thus attired and accoutred they line the staircase and the throne-room or reception room when the Queen receives her devoted subjects. I once held one of these commissions; and after, by selling the commission which I had bought, I had relinquished the weary privilege of standing bolt upright for four hours in the presence of the Sovereign and the Court, I held a small appointment in the royal household. These circumstances familiarized me with the usages of the Queen, and impressed me deeply with a sense of Her Majesty's method, industry, kindness, intelligence, and high notions of duty.

An idea naturally prevails among the mul-

titude that the life of a Sovereign is a life of luxurious idleness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" was predicated of a British King in the days of despotism, but has no application to the head which is continually occupied with considerations of public good.

Queen Victoria—I speak of her in the present tense, though it is now four years since I was an inmate of the palace—rises at half past six o'clock in the summer, and half past seven in the winter. After the toilet and morning service in the chapel of the Palace she breakfasts. Coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and cold meat constitute the usual repast. One or two ladies-in-waiting and an equestrian have the privilege of partaking the morning meal with the royal family. Breakfast over, the Queen sallies forth to walk on the slopes at Windsor or in the garden of the palace, and generally visits, when at Windsor, the farm or aviary, looking at her horses and examining the aquarium. Re-entering her dwelling, she goes into the nursery or the rooms in which the princes and princesses are going through their studies; then glancing at the *Times* and *Morning Post*, she enters the library and receives the Master of the Household. This officer lays before Her Majesty a memorandum of all the letters and applications he has received addressed to the Queen, and reports how he has disposed of them. He is allowed a considerable latitude in regard to the dispensation of the monarch's charities; for, of course, the Queen cannot herself institute inquiries into the deserts of the numerous applicants. On the departure of the Master of the Household the Lord-Steward's deputy enters to receive orders as to the invitations that shall be issued to persons of merit and distinction to visit Her Majesty. These persons arrive to dine on one day, remain all the next day enjoying the individual attentions of one or other of the members of the household, and return home on the third day. These three days are called the days of "Rest," "Reception," and "Departure."

At eleven o'clock the dispatch-boxes of the principal Secretaries of State arrive or are brought by the Ministers themselves. There is one from the Foreign Secretary, one from the War Minister, one from the Lords of the Admiralty, and one from the Home Secretary, with a supplemental box from the Premier, who is either First Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The box of the Foreign Secretary receives primary attention. It contains a *precis*, carefully written and signed by the Secretary or one of the Under-Secretaries, of all the correspondence that has recently taken place with foreign Powers, together with the drafts of the replies which it is proposed to send. If any knotty question is at issue the Queen will probably desire to see the original dispatches, if her wish in this respect has not been anticipated. It is a fiction to say that a constitutional sovereign "can do no wrong." In her alone is vested the power to declare war and make peace, though the responsibility is borne by the Premier. Hence it becomes her duty to watch the progress of every discussion, and to stop, ere it be too late, the adoption of any policy which may compromise the peace of the nation.

The Foreign Secretary's box being closed, that of the War Minister receives attention. This box, in time of peace, contains a Report of all that has been done in respect to new military inventions, and alterations in the clothing and equipment of the troops; recommendations of certain general officers for important military commands, staff situations, or colonial Governments; and a list of all the promotions and appointments it is proposed to make. These latter are inscribed on large sheets of paper, and if there is nothing objectionable in any of the candidates for preferment the Queen attaches her sign-manual to each sheet. The Lords of the Admiralty make a communication corresponding with that of the War Secretary.

The Home Secretary's box contains warrants and patents for the Queen's signature, which warrants confer Judicial or Ecclesiastical appointments upon the higher members of the bar and the clergy, or are the signal for the execution of great criminals. It is always a subject of deep sorrow to the Queen when the Home Secretary does not see reason for recommending her to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy. To consign a fellow-creature to eternity is revolting to her Christian spirit, and especially when that fellow-creature is a woman. Indeed, since the last proxym of anguish which the Queen endured on this account it has been customary to assume that a murderer is a lunatic, and to confine her for life.

The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have either been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commands" to attend at the Palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons entrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and Her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility,

the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are confined by sickness. Her Majesty's kindness to the suffering of her own sex is proverbial. It is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library, and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb—gold plate, Sevres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in an ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen at table in full-dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drunk at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner the party adjourns to the drawing-rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to innocent pleasures, and the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing. The objects of interest to the stranger in the set of drawing-rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them—a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princesses and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statues of marble, bronze, and alabaster; glorious pictures by the first masters, ancient and modern; port-folios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of vertu, etc., etc. All life and abundant. At half past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.

Such, briefly sketched, is an ordinary Queen's day. Circumstances occasionally happen to vary the routine. There is a review of 20,000 soldiers at Aldershot, or of 40,000 volunteers in Hyde Park, or of a fleet at Spithead. There is a fête at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a Chapter of the Garter or Bath to be held, a cup race at Ascott to be seen, an exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academicians to be visited, Parliament to be opened or prorogued, or a Drawing-Room to be held.

"A Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace is a grand affair. It is then that the aristocracy makes its greatest display. The exquisite beauty of the youthful ladies who are to be presented is exhibited to the greatest advantage, the warlike of the weather (it is May) admitting of the dresses being worn very low; the dowagers blaze with the family diamonds; the major part of the noblemen and gentlemen rejoice in military or naval attire; the ambassadors and ministers are grand in their gold-laced coats, swords, and bags; the Guards are in their newest uniform; the carriages are of every hue, the panels emblazoned with rich coats of arms, and the hammer-cloths composed of embroidered velvet or costly woolen fabrics; the coachmen and servants are all velveteen, plush, silk stockings, powdered wigs, and vast banquettes; and the proud horses, caparisoned with silver harness, snort and paw the ground, challenging a part of the admiration bestowed by the thousands who crowd the streets near the palace upon the vehicles and their handsome occupants.

An introduction to the British Court—in other words, a presentation to the Queen, which does not always carry the presence beyond the precincts of the Court—is effected after this wise: A person desirous of being presented seeks the favor of some nobleman or titled lady who has already enjoyed the privilege. He or she writes on two cards the name of the person to be presented and that of the introducer. One of these cards is retained by the Lord Chamberlain, the other is laid before the Queen, that if either of the individuals named be objectionable her Majesty may express her disinclination to receive the party. A gentleman must be presented at a "Levee" before he can be admitted to a "Drawing-Room." The Levee is held by the highest Prince in the realm. If, after presentation, it should be discovered that there is a flaw in the character of the individual who has been introduced at Court, a notice appears in the *London Gazette*, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, to this effect: "The presentation of —, on such a day, at Her Majesty's Drawing-Room, held at St. James's Palace, was a mistake; and such presentation is not to be considered as having taken place." Such advertisements are of rare occurrence. Only two have appeared in twenty years.

On the Drawing-Room day the Queen, surrounded by the other members of the Royal Family and the great officers of state, takes up her place under a dais, or throne canopy, and the company passes before her. The ladies courtesy to the earth; the gentlemen fall on one knee, and kiss the Queen's hand—all parties backing out through a door opposite to that by which they entered. That same "backing out" is a troublesome process, especially to the fair sex, whose trains are long and therefore embarrassing.

On the night of the third and last Drawing-Room, which is generally held on the Queen's birthday, many of the ladies go to the Opera in the dresses they have worn at the Drawing-Room. The *comp-d'air* then presented from the stage is superb! The glitter of the diamonds, softened by the waving ostrich plumes and marabouts; the richness of the silks, brought out vividly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten. To see it to the best advantage, one should volunteer to join the throng upon the stage who sing the National Anthem on such occasions. Managers of opera-houses are not the most accommodating people in the world, but there are keys of silver and keys of gold that will open wide the most stubborn portals that ever were constructed to keep out the curious and the vulgar.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the British Sovereign passes her days in London or at Windsor. When the summer arrives her Majesty betakes herself to her beautiful marine abode in the Isle of Wight, and gives herself up to domestic employment. Parliament is then "up" the members scatter themselves all over the world, and the ministers of state retire to their country-houses. In the autumn the Queen has hitherto gone down to her estate in Scotland. Contiguous to Balmoral is some fine deer-stalking, a manly sport, in which the late Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales particularly delighted. The poor Highlanders in the vicinity of Balmoral, like the poor people in the Isle of Wight, always look forward with delight to her Majesty's advent, for then they taste of royal beneficence administered with no niggard hand.

The New Postal Law.

Holbrook's United States Mail has an abstract of the provisions of the new postal law, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

LETTER POSTAGE.—Postage on local or "drop letters" will hereafter be two cents, when not exceeding half an ounce, and an additional rate for each half ounce or fraction of an ounce—in all cases to be prepaid by postage stamps. No charge will be made either for the delivery or collection of any class of letters, whether local or from abroad or intended to be sent by mail.

The regulations respecting soldiers' letters remain the same as heretofore. The amendment of the House establishing a money order system, was rejected in the Senate and finally abandoned.

On all mail matter required by law to be prepaid, and which shall reach its destination unpaid, double the usual rates must be collected on delivery, and insufficient payment is to be wholly disregarded.

The fee for registration of letters is left optional with the Postmaster General; but it is not to exceed twenty cents per letter.

Unsealed circulars, not exceeding three, to one address, are to be charged with two cents postage, and in that proportion for a greater number.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—Weekly papers five cents per quarter, semi-weekly ten cents, six times per week thirty cents, seven times per week thirty-five cents. At these rates the weight must not exceed four ounces—in each case payable in advance per quarter or year, either at the mailing or delivery office.

WHAT HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM.—As Samyule spoke thus, a small blue object, carrying a drum, toddled forth from the ranks, and saluted. It was a small Mackerel drummer, my boy, who had enlisted only ten days before, and his small eyes were wet with tears. The heroic little child wiped his little nose on his sleeve, and says he:

"My mother gave me something."

Samyule was greatly affected, and says he: "Was it the Family Bible, sweet cherub?"

"No-o-o," sobbed the innocent, as though his little heart would break.

Samyule wiped his tear-dimmed spectacles, and said he:

"Perhaps it was her daguerreotype?"

The infant wept afresh, and said he:

"No-o-o."

"Then," says Samyule, in a broken voice, "it must have been her blessing."

"No! no-o-o," cried the small Mackerel drummer, with quivering lips.

"Then what in thunder was it that your mother gave you?" says Samyule, greatly bewildered.

"It was a spanking!" screamed the affectionate little creature, cramming both his little fists into his little eyes, and blubbering unrestrainedly.

Samyule gazed a moment at the child, and says he:

"Well may affection bid thee weep, thou tender little one! When a sweetheart blushing places a rose upon her lover's breast, the scene is affecting; but my own memory of childhood tells me that a far deeper feeling is excited when the tender mother selects a different flower, and places upon the back of her child the modest lady's slipper."—*Orpheus C. Kerr in Sunday Mercury.*

When sculptors go into partnership, what should be their motto? In *Statue Co.*

How they Jested in the Good Old Time.

There is nothing which contributes so much to easy social intercourse as the jest. In comparison with it, the proverb is only a humble subordinate, and song itself, with all its power, but a weak influence.

What is a jest? It is as little worth the while to try to define its nature, as it is to analyze wit. We all know that the world laughs and what it laughs at, and what the droll saws, anecdotes, rhymes, quips, and facetiae are, which give fame to a Bebel or a Frischlin, a Tom Brown, and a Joseph Miller.

The jest, like the proverb, acquires a value by becoming current. It often illustrates an opinion or an experience, and when it is much worn, it may still gain a new point, by being brought into illustrative relation with some event or idea. Esop's fables, or any farce, after all, only good jokes in a narrow form, which owe their fame simply to their boundless capacity for application.

Some jests have been progressive—they have been remade to suit the times. Diogenes, when asked which wine he preferred, replied, "That of other people." An Englishman answered to the same question, "The O. P. brand," referring the initials not only to Other People, but also to the far-famed Old Particular stamp which marked certain rare varieties—or as others explain it, "Old Port." The Scholastikos of Hierocles, having a house for sale, carried a brick around as a sample—a modern story says that a commander when asked of what material his fortifications were built, called up his troops and said: "There—every man's a brick." Here we have the "living walls" of the Romans—two old stories blended into one, and the whole greatly strengthened by a modern slang expression. When thus changed to suit the times, jests, instead of growing old, rather grow new again.

There are many jests, current in all languages, quizzing the vanity of humble people, suddenly raised to some small dignity. "Neighbors, I am still but a man," remarked the Scotchman, who became mayor. Perhaps their type is latent in the story of the village magistrate's wife, which runs as follows:

"When a certain man had been made a prefect of a small village. He bought his wife the new fur garment. She, proud of her finery and full of her new honor, entered church, with her head raised, just as all the congregation rose to their feet, when the Gospel was to be read. When she, thinking it to be in her honor, and recollecting her former condition, said: 'Sit still! I have not forgotten that I was once poor!'

A very great proportion of the shrewd reports and witty replies attributed to the great men are very old. "What do you think of soldiers who can endure such wounds?" remarked Napoleon, when showing a frightfully scarred grenadier to an Englishman. "What does your majesty think of the men who gave the wounds?" was the reply. It is essentially the remark of Louis the Bavarian, who, on enlisting four soldiers famed for incredible bravery, and observing that they were scarred from head to foot, said to them:—"Ye are brave fellows; but I had rather see the men from whom ye received so many wounds. The number of witty retorts and droll stories associated with the name of Talleyrand, Piron, Voltaire—in fact, to a certain degree of almost all great men—is so great as almost to persuade the reader who wanders in the neglected field of ancient humor that no man of the latter centuries was ever capable of a single witty and original thought.

Sir Isaac Newton, and I know not how many other philosophers, have been made to learn by a current story how to bear colds—literally. A learned man, it is said, being asked by a little girl for a live coal, offered to bring her a live shovel. "It is not necessary," replied the child, and having laid cold ashes on her palm, she placed a glowing ember on them and bore it away safely. "With all my wisdom," said the sage, "I should never have thought of that!" The jest is of mediæval antiquity possibly pre-Latin—it was in later days, however, verified by Schurrias—an extremely aged and dying woman being substituted for the learned man.

A very great number of the "good stories" current at the present day with new names and faces, are to be found in the works of Rabelais, and in the *Moyen Parvenir* more generally attributed to him. It is almost needless to say that few of these were however, original with the great French humorist. We find them in the *Macaronies* of Merlin Coccaius, and in scores of elder authorities. Still it must be borne in mind that a similarity does not always establish an identity.

Every one has heard of the Irishman crossing the brook. "Sure, Paddy, if ye carry me, don't I carry the barrel of wiskey, an isn't that fair and equal?" It is different told in one of the old Latin jest books, where a certain Piero, pitying his weary jacks, which bore a heavy plow, took the latter on his own shoulders, and mounting the donkey, said: "Now you may go along, for not you but I now bear the plow." Not a few of the jokes given to modern Irishmen originated centuries ago in another country than theirs. The reader may recall the advice given by an Emerald to another at a tavern, when the latter found that his boiled

egg was ready to hatch: "Down will it, Murphy, before the landlord comes in and charges ye for a chicken breakfast!" The same occurs as an old Latin joke, with this difference, that, in the latter, the companion, when the breakfast was over, required that the chicken eaters should pay the reckoning for both.

"Unless you do, I will tell the landlord of the chicken which you ate for an egg, and then see what a bill you'll have to pay."

The Germans of the present day have a story of a certain Englishman who, on being told that his coat was burning, politely replied, "What business is that of yours? I have seen your coat burning this half hour, and never bothered myself about it." Tom Brown tells us of a roguish boy who said to a traveler, warning his feet at a fire: "Take care, sir, or you'll burn your spurs!" "My boots, or you'll," quoth the traveller. "No, sir, I mean your spurs; your boots be burned already."

The witty sayings of men about to be executed are numerous, but are in many cases far from being original or authentic. During the horrors of the French Revolution, when "men became so accustomed to death that they lost all respect for it," it became the fashion to make a jest with the last breath, and it is said that a volume of these sayings was collected and published.

Excellent lawyers of modern times are greatly favored in the inheritance of old jokes. Judge Jeffries, we are told, in examining an old fellow with a long beard, told him he supposed he had a conscience quite as long as that natural ornament to his visage. "Does your lordship measure conscience by beards?" said the man; "that is strange, seeing you yourself are shaven."

There is a modern story current in America, often circumstantially narrated, of some individual, wearing a fine beard or "whiskers," and who is said to have sold them to a vulgar practical joker, who had one shaved off, but sufficed the other to remain for a long time on the face of his victim, annoying him meantime with inquiries as to "my whiskers." It is the true type of a great number of stories which originated in the Southern and South-western United States, the point of which almost invariably turns on vexing, grieving, maltreating some victim, who is an interior as regards wit, fortune or physique.

The jokes of the middle ages on the subject of the beard were numerous—it was a favorite ornament, as we may judge from the fact that Eberhard the far famed old warlike duke, sung in more than one poem by Uhland, is always spoken of in the old stories as "our bearded prince," or, more familiarly, simply as "our bearded one." One of the table problems of the day was, "Can it be proved that any woman ever had a beard?" The answer to which was, "Yes—when Judith bore the head of Holofernes." It was singular that such a question could have been agitated, when the legends of the saints contained the story of the bearded saintess of the Tyrol—a converted ballet dancer, who was thus rendered hideous in accordance with her prayer, that she might be made so repulsive as to frighten away all lovers. And yet Mr. Barnum's Bearded Lady had a husband!

Many a happy thought dashed off by a modern writer, is only the adroit plagiarism of an old joke. "But oh, the Latin!" says Heinrich Heine, in describing his boyish sorrows to a lady—"Madame, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*."

WEIGHING BUTTER.—A peddler in the Highlands, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply.

"How muckle div ye want?" said she.

"A pun' will do," said the peddler.

"I canna mak' ye a pun'" replied the woman, "I hae aae a pun' weight."

"Weel, what weight hae ye?" said he.

"Twa pun'", said the woman.

"And what is the weight?"

"Oh, it's jist the tangs."

"Weel," said he, "put one leg in the scale, and the tither out, and that will be a pun' then."

The woman did as requested, but when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said:

"It looks a muckle pun'."

"Oh, it's all right, woman," said the peddler, "how much is it?"

"A shapence," was the reply, which the peddler paid, and departed rather hastily.

AMENS.—Personally, we are fond of hearty amens in prayer and sermons. They have an earnestness and inspiration in no ways "faulty." Yet they are sometimes strangely put in. The other evening, at the mission-ary ratification meeting at New York, Bishop James was speaking, and incidentally said that he hoped to come to the point of his speech. "Amen!" cried a good brother, causing a burst of laughter, in which the bishop joined.—*Exchange.*

ALL EXPLAINED.—It turns out that Mother Goose's assertion that "the cat's in the fiddle," is not so very ridiculous after all; for what fiddle is there, but there's some cat got in it.

Don't get Discouraged.

Don't get discouraged! Whoever gained anything by drawing the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a dead weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people whom even to look at is worse than a dose of chamomile tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot, neither halt, lame or blind—that you can do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum-pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape! But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles and count up the calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the dock and be done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woes enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone.

Don't get discouraged, little wife!—Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says that the new shirts you worked over so long "set like new bags." Make another pudding, begin the shirts anew! Don't feel down in the mouth, because dust will settle, and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman, don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place, after all.—*Life Illustrated.*

FALSE AND TRUE SMILES.—Thank heaven! there are a goodly number of people who smile because they can't help it—whose happiness, bubbling up from their heart, runs over in smiles at their lips, or bursts through them in jovial laughter. And there is a difference between the false and the true symbol of joy, that enables the keen observer readily to distinguish the one from the other. The natural expression of delight varies with the emotion that gives way to it, but the counterfeited smile is a stereotype, and the tone of a hypocritical false never varies. The crocodile, if the scaly old hypocrite he is represented to be, should be accredited with smiles as well as tears. False smiles are, in fact, much more common than false tears. It is the easiest thing in the world to work the smile, while only a few gifted individuals have sufficient command of their eyes to weep at will. Few great tragedians, even, have the knack of laying on the waters of affliction *impromptu*; but who ever saw a supernumerary bandit that could not "smile, and smile, and be a villain," or a chorus-singer or a ballet-girl, that did not look as if she had been newly-tickled across the lips with a straw? Of artificial smiles, there are a greater number than we have space to classify. The Countess of Belgrave has her receiving smile, a superb automatic effect. Count Parni, the distinguished foreigner, who is trying London this year because Baden-Baden doesn't agree with him, shuffles the cards with a smile that distracts everybody's attention from his fingers. Miss Magnet, whose heart and lips dissolved partnership in very early life, makes such a Cupid's bow of the latter whenever an "eligible match" approaches, that fortunes flutter round her like moths round a flame. The Hon. Mr. Verisoph, who wants to get into parliament, cultivates a popular smile. In short, smiling is a regular business accomplishment of thousands of people whose souls have no telegraphic communication with their lips.

It is bliss to learn lessons in love, for woman is our teacher.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

In reading the puffs on gravestones, we can only hope that the dead are not spoiled by gross flattery.

A contemporary boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital!" We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

Debts are troublesome; but, as a general rule in these days, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

Constant motion is a great law of nature, nothing being stationary—except pen, ink, and paper.

The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .50
One square one year, 10.00
One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 3.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, charged 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MASSELD.
Woburn—E. T. MOODY.
Winchester—JOSIAH HAVY.
Reading—L. E. GLEASON.

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York, S. H. NILES, (successor to V. R. Palmer), South's Building, Court street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates recited in this paper.

To Advertisers.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 28, 1863.

SPRING, with its ethereal mildness, is upon us. Ere long all nature will be decked anew, wearing a more gorgeous garb than ever the art of man invented, and the budding flowers will fill the air with divine fragrance. Already have we heard the sweet notes of "Robin Redbreast" and ere long every tree-top will echo and re-echo with his melodious song. Nothing can charm the human ear quicker than the notes of this forest favorite, while he whistles in the welcome Spring with all the fervency and beauty in his power. To many, especially the invalid, Spring brings great joy. The invalid after months of weary prison-life seeks new vigor among the budding trees and blossoming flowers, and his frame, contracted by incessant crouching over winter's fire, expands and gains fresh strength with every breeze. The child, long encumbered with winter clothing, throws aside this impediment and seeks his wonted nooks amid the babbling brooks and the sunny meadows where oft he has gambolled with lamb-like frolicness and innocence, and chased the butterfly, hat in hand, for untold hours. But the child alone does not enjoy the new life, for here and there can be seen the old enjoying over again the scenes of their childhood, when they gambled and frisked as brisk and gay as the child of today, who has yet to grow old and experience the ups and downs of life, which give birth to the silvery locks and wrinkled brows of age. All cannot be young, but the remembrance of a virtuous past can never be effaced from the memory, and the scenes of childhood, with the return of each springtime will crowd upon the mind, and for the time being the happy days of yore, when "all went merry as a marriage bell, will be lived over again, and the joyous song of the red-breasted warbler and the music of the running brook, will seem just as sweet as when they fell upon the ear four score years and ten before. To the man or woman who is not wholly absorbed in worldly matters, Spring brings release from many burdens imposed by the relentless hand of winter. The denizens of our crowded cities receive its balmy tokens with peculiar gratefulness. The dusky windows, through which for long months the only ray of cheerfulness—and that diminished by high tiers of bricks on every side—has entered, are now opened, and the soft breeze, laden with the odors of the distant fields, comes with its softening influence and fans the fevered brow; and perchance a stray warbler wafts upon the unused ear his cheerful melody making glad the hearts of isolated hundreds. To such the tokens of approaching Spring must seem as incense and as oil poured upon their blunted sensibilities. No wonder then that in summer we find desert cities. To the lover of nature the city—where almost everything is artificial and forced—has few attractions, and he longs for the glad hour when he can—for a season at least—enjoy the luxury of a ramble over the blooming fields of the interior and a climb to the top of the highest mountain, where he can worship nature with all the ardor of his soul, unchecked and untrammelled.

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come, And from the bosom of yon drooping cloud, While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

VIEW OF HORN POND AND ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.—Quite a number of subscribers have been obtained for this picture during the present week, and as additional names are being solicited we hope to see the number largely increased. This picture possesses a local interest to the people of Woburn, Winchester, and other towns, which is unsurpassed by any other, and should find a place in every household. The low price at which it is published adapts it to the circumstances of all.

CHURCH PROPERTY FOR SALE.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that the Old Orthodox Church, in this town, and the land on which it stands, is offered for sale. The location of this property renders it very valuable for almost any business purpose. As an investment, it offers an opportunity seldom met with, and cannot fail to secure the attention of the public.

WORKERS SOLDIERS.—1st Lieutenant Luke R. Tild, of the "Rangers," Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home on Saturday of last week, on a furlough of ten days. He reports the Company as being in good health. He returned yesterday (Friday).

Captain Cyrus Tay, of Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt., arrived home on Tuesday evening, on a furlough of ten days.

Private William S. Bowen, of the Union Guard, Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., arrived home on Friday evening, having been discharged from the service for disability.

INTERNAL REVENUE TAX.—The amount of this tax assessed in the Town of Woburn for the quarter ending Mar. 1st, is \$10,135.55. The largest single tax was paid by J. B. Winn & Co., being \$1804.38, or a little more than \$600 per month. The whole amount received is about \$1700 more than for the three previous months. Amount assessed in the Town of Winchester for the same time, \$636.60.

We have been shown a globe, by Mr. Aaron Thompson, that is calculated to prevent the flickering which characterizes the common gas burners, and which is so annoying and so injurious to the eyesight. We have tried it and find that it performs all that is claimed for it. It can be attached to almost any common burner, and costs but a small amount.

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.—This always pleasant affair came off at the High School house, on Monday evening. Mr. Stone, the former principal, was present, and also many of the former pupils, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—Thursday evening a very pleasant Social Assembly came off at Lyceum Hall, under the auspices of Mr. William Beard; and on Thursday evening next, another will be given at the same place. An invitation is extended to all who love to "trip the light fantastic toe," to be present.

OMISSION.—In the article headed "Look on the Sunny Side," on the outside of last week's paper, an additional verse, which was written on a separate piece of paper, was accidentally omitted. It reads thus:—

"Then forth aside these cloudy thoughts
For brighter moments strive,
And when the clouds obscure the sun,
Look on the sunny side."

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—This Monthly for April is well filled with valuable matter. The leading article, entitled "Another African Hunter," gives a vivid description of the many exciting scenes which an African Hunter passes through. This article is followed by many others, which give character and interest to this number, rendering it alike amusing and instructive.

GONEY for April, is more than ordinarily stocked with all that goes to make up an interesting and valuable "Ladies' Book." The designs for different articles of clothing are many and tasty, and the literary department is as usual filled with interesting matter.

Rev. Mr. Bodwell, of Sanborn, N. H., father of Rev. J. C. Bodwell of this town, died on Tuesday of this week.

SPRING BONNETS.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes of a topic which is supposed to be of especial interest to ladies:

Spring bonnets were introduced by all our fashionable milliners yesterday, and the few specimens I have thus far been able to detect with the naked eye may be sentimentally characterized as poems in white chip, split straw, and chape, on the natural history of oyster shells; \$20 will buy one that is warranted to satisfy the wearer for a whole day, and then serve for use one rainy Sunday; \$25 will purchase a concave scale of white crepe attached to a bird-of-paradise feather and trimmings, and protected from grease on the hair by an undercoating of tulle; at once strengthened and aggravated by moss roses and desperately-green leaves. I should say that a bonnet like this ought to keep fresh at least two days under an umbrella, moss roses being quite hardy in this climate.

A THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE POLISH INSURRECTION.—Among the warlike incidents of the Polish insurrection, the battle of Wengrow furnishes one of thrilling interest. On the 5th of February a large force of Poles found themselves surprised by the Russians in equal numbers, but in a much more favorable position. A retreat of the Poles was as necessary as it appeared impossible. At this juncture two hundred nobles, most of them young men of twenty years, offered to sacrifice themselves for the good of all; they mounted their horses and charged furiously upon the twenty guns of the Russian column. For fifteen minutes they kept the attention of the enemy occupied; at the end of that time a charge of Russian infantry settled their fate, and it is said that every man of them perished or was captured. But the main body had meanwhile made good their retreat; and when the enemy had again time to look about them, the Polish force had reached a place of advantage, from whence their fire kept the opposing army in check.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY has been so successful in negotiating fifty-two bonds that it is confidently reported that he will not put a loan on the market at present. Gold has fallen twenty per cent. within a month, while United States Sixes have risen three per cent. This speaks well for the financial success of the Government.

A HINT TO OYSTER EATERS.—When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are left lying cold and heavy on the stomach, an infallible remedy is hot milk, of which half a pint may be drunk, and which will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland, cream jelly.

The Contrabands at Newbern.

HATTERAS ISLET, N. C., March 11th, 1863.

MY DEAR AGENT:—Being, as you are of course aware, situated in the Inlet, and as Government is sending large numbers of contrabands here, for whom no provision can be made in the way of clothing, under existing circumstances; and as they are of course destitute, most of them being left by their masters in the counties near the coast, others having made way within our lines by following the various expeditions on their return, I felt that many friends of humanity of your acquaintance might be willing to contribute any cast off clothing, no matter of what fabric or size, they might have on hand for their benefit. And I could think of no one else whom I felt at liberty to address who had a better acquaintance with the ladies connected with the various Charitable Societies of our town than yourself. I do not know what calls may have been made upon your bounty in behalf of these people, but the march of events seem to have thrown them upon our hands and it seems to me that a part of our charities should be expended upon them. Our town has heretofore done much for the benefit of the suffering and ignorant in other lands and now God in his providence seems to have placed another class wholly under our protection, and now is the time to prove whether the prayers for the slave means any thing. In my judgment, no better way at present offers nor one that will involve less expense, and if in addition you could send a few spelling books and other books suited to the capacity of children, they can be used to advantage in my opinion, as the negroes evince a great desire to read, and the sight of a few books might stimulate and encourage them. As there is no suitable employment on this barren spot for children, they might learn a great deal, while now they are doing nothing. If you can do any thing, and will send to New York, I think Mr. Littlefield will see that they are put on board the steamer. They can come from New York, free of expense if marked as per enclosed directions, and I will see the proceeds properly applied while I am stationed here. Cast-off men's clothing will be equally acceptable and useful.

Yours Truly,
C. S. CONVERSE.

The above appeal, coming as it does from a gentleman well known in this community, ought to be responded to heartily. There are many wardrobes which contain articles of clothing of no great value to the owners, and which, were they sent to the contrabands at Newbern, would do good service in clothing these destitute creatures. If the prayers that were offered up in times past for the poor slave, when we had no occasion or opportunity to help him, were sincere and heartfelt, and we doubt not their sincerity for a moment—then let us, now that he has gained his freedom and is thrown helpless upon our hands, do all we can to better his condition and place him in a position acceptable to the sight of heaven. How can we, of the North, expect luck or grace to attend us, while we scorn the poor slave endeavoring to become a man, and bar him from coming within our precincts,—we refer to the doings of the Legislature of Pennsylvania a few days ago. If this nation is not scourged by divine wrath, and made to drain the cup of woe to the dregs, for its abuse of the poor African, then we may go so far as to say that not even in heaven is there redress for the down-trodden and enslaved. We cannot begin too soon to make amends for past doings, and if we have the will we can find the way with little or no trouble. The slaves that come within our lines are destitute of everything, and need all the care and kindness that can be bestowed upon them. These are necessary from the great change in their condition. We hope that the people of Woburn and vicinity will respond nobly to the appeal above made, for so good a cause ought to bring out our deepest and sincerest sympathy. All articles that may be sent to the Woburn Post-Office will be promptly forwarded.

For the Middlesex Journal.
The Middlesex East Medical Society "still lives." For a considerable time little has been said respecting its doings. But it has been all along pursuing, prosperously, the even tenor of its way and has acquired, among physicians, the enviable distinction of being the most practical and working medical society in the State. It has initiated and carried along measures which no other society has had the courage or energy to imitate. Among the transactions is the yearly report by its members of all zymotic diseases coming under their treatment, so that, at the end of ten years the aggregate observations will form a most valuable mass of statistics, defining with exactness the average prevalence of various diseases within their circuit, their frequency, severity and fatality. Remedies are subjected to rigid trials, their effects stated, as observed by each, and thus their true value established. The different modes of treating diseases are also composed, and the best methods thus arrived at. Many things understood by the doctors are also discussed, and a cordial, gentlemanly and friendly understanding and intercourse among themselves is also promoted.

The annual meeting for the choice of officers was held on Wednesday evening at Dr. J. D. Mansfield's in South Reading, and although it rained and the mud was deep, there was a very good attendance. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: For President, Dr. Wakefield; Vice President, Dr. Mansfield; Secretary, Dr. E. Cutter; Treasurer and Librarian, Dr. B. Cutter; Auditor, Dr. Wakefield; Censors, Drs. Chapin, E. Cutter and Toothaker; Counselors, Drs. Wakefield, Chapin, E. Cutter and Jordan; Committee on Publications, Drs. B. Cutter, Chapin and Dole; Committee on Theoretical, Drs. E. Cutter, Jordan and Hodgdon; Commissioner on Trials, Dr. B. Cutter. After discussing the various topics presented, among the rest an elegant supply of cabbies, the society adjourned at eleven.

PARTICIPERS.

Winchester, March 25th, 1863.

Letter from Co. O, 5th Mass. Regt.

HEADQUARTERS FORT CLARK, }
HATTERAS ISLET, March 9th. }

MR. EDITOR:—This eve, I can, with no great exertion, imagine myself the one "who can feel the very pulses of the times," yet "My drooping sails Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent,"

and so I grasp my pen falteringly, half inclined to forbear writing, and to spend the evening with authors "medieval and new" which tempt me, as does food the famishing. But, putting aside those selfish feelings, I will endeavor to give you, in detail, an idea of the present situation and condition of the Island.

My last letter (dated at Ft. Hatteras), I think informed you of our arrival at this place, and that was nearly all, for the boat lay at the landing to take the mail. Since then, we have become somewhat settled, and though not on the most Eden-like isle, are beginning to be quite comfortable.

The company is sadly separated, owing to many men being detailed for special duty, and the number of positions to be occupied and guarded. Before proceeding further, I will inform you that Hatteras Island is forty-five miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to three broad, and is styled the Post of Hatteras, in military parlance, and is immediately under the command of Capt. J. E. Ascroft, of the 3d N. Y. Artillery. Capt. Grammer is second in command, and, with about twenty men, makes his headquarters at Camp Winfield, distant from here five miles.

I hardly remember whether I gave any particulars in my last hasty letter or not, but "I'll venture to do so now at any rate."

Lieut. Converse is appointed Acting Asst. Quartermaster for the Post, for which he is amply fitted, and his duties are quite onerous. Lieut. Colegate is appointed Commandant of Fort Clark, which is garrisoned with twenty-seven men, with Sergt. Glynn and Corp. Johnson, Brown and Murdoch, (Acting) Sergt. Hastings, with Corp. Horne, Hall and Wyman, with twenty men, is doing garrison duty at the Light-house, distant from here eighteen miles. Sergt. Walker is Post Commissary Sergeant, and has full charge of the company Commissariat. Sergt. Rogers has been appointed Post Ordnance Sergeant. Privates Spear and Fuller are in the Quartermaster's Department. Private Hart is Post Master. Private Dearborn, Post Baker; Davis, Master Wagoner; Buxton and Wade, Teamsters, and Starkweather, Acting Corporal.

There are many contrabands on the island, most of whom are employed on the two forts. They are under the general supervision of Lieut. Lyons, (N. Y. Artillery,) assisted by Corp. Ferguson, and Privates Page, Eatten, Kilburn, C. T. Richardson, C. M. Kimball and D. W. Danforth, are detailed as overseers, each having a separate gang of negroes. I shall write more concerning these contrabands in the future.

All the company are here, i. e., on the Island, save six, viz: Privates Weston and Rinn, members of the regimental band, remain at Newbern, as do Privates Wood (Hospital Nurse), O. P. Stevens, and J. Richardson, sick in hospital, and S. R. Spencer, left as waiter to Surgeon Hoyt. Privates Stevens is convalescent, and is expected here soon. Richardson, I learn, has applied for discharge as he is very much debilitated and unfitted for active duty.

The men are in extremely comfortable barracks and every day adds to their comfort and convenience. Duties are much lighter and more agreeable than at Newbern, and more liberties and privileges are enjoyed.

Much cannot be said in favor of the Island, however, at least this part of it; but if you can picture to yourself a waste of sand relieved only by the sky above and the ocean on one side and the Sound on the other, you can see exactly the view which is before your humble servant's eyes. At Camp Winfield, however, there are some trees, and farther toward the Cape, forests, it is said. However, I will confine myself to this portion of the Island, and defer the description of the other till more leisure gives me an opportunity to explore it myself.

"Charity begins at home," so let description. Fort Clark is a neat little earth-work, to mount five barbette guns and having embrasures for two six pound field pieces. At present but four guns are mounted—32 pounders—and defend the ocean-side. Its magazine contains shot and shell of different calibre, and upwards of 25,000 rounds of ammunition left by the rebels in their hasty retreat from its precincts. The Fort is not quite complete; traverses are being erected and the banquettes leveled. Its completion is nearer than that of Fort Hatteras, which is a much larger work. It mounts seventeen 32 lb. guns, one 10-inch columbiad, and two 8-inch S. C. howitzers, all on barbette carriages. It commands both the ocean and Sound, but more especially the Inlet. Its magazine is quite extensive and contains a large quantity of ammunition. Quite a large quantity of buck and ball cartridges (rebel) are stored here, but are hardly worth their storage. This Fort was lately occupied by Co. M, 3rd N. Y. Artillery, but is now occupied by Co. A, 1st N. C. Artillery, commanded by Lt. McKay, of the 3d N. Y. Artillery. This company has been recruited on the Island, and present poor material for Heavy Artillery, for most of the men are very light and of sickly constitutions. They are a fair specimen of the natives and but few can read or write, but may in time make efficient soldiers. Their loyalty cannot be doubted, I think.

It will be a month or more ere the Fort presents a finished appearance. Three traverses are being erected, and repairs generally are going on within its walls. Neither this or Fort Clark has a ditch. Fort Hatteras can only be approached, dry-shod, by means of two causeways, the ebb and flow of the tide wearing constantly in its walls. These fortifications, at the time Gen. Butler landed, were more breastworks and did not present a very formidable resistance. He

landed just above Fort Clark, from which the rebels retreated to Fort Hatteras, where they finally surrendered to the persuasive powers of shot and shell. Fragments of the same, strewn along the shore, and a dismounted gun without the ramparts, bear evidence of our deadly fire. The jagged edges of the shell pier above the sand and present sad monuments of the past mad ravages of war, which, like a "great hungry soul," bites not a day, but "till days shall end."

Sporting facilities are good, as wild geese and ducks are abundant, and toward the light house, deer and crows. Oysters are also to be had at 25 cts. the bushel in shell, and \$1 per gallon opened. Fish and eggs are abundant and cheap.

After facilities for baking bread are perfected the men will have no cause to regret the change from Newbern cuisine arrangements. Let the friends of the company be assured that it is more comfortably situated now than at any other time since leaving Newbern, although it is isolated for a time from the world.

We have already received a visit from Major Worcester and Lieut. Wyer, of the 6th, and are daily expecting the glad presence of our Colonel, whom we long to see.

There are fine opportunities for collecting shells, which many seem to improve, and the shores is dotted often by amateur conchologists. The ocean view is splendid, exceeding in many respects any watering-place I have ever visited in New England. I cannot help quoting a passage in this connection which comes to mind—

"The bridegroom sea
Is trying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how far she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

The above is a perfect "shell," bright-hued and sparkling, and in my walks and meditations on the shore, I cannot fail to repeat it and appreciate it.

But the time I allotted to this letter has expired, and I will close while enjoying the sweet fragrance of Latakia and the sound of the restless sea.

O. W. R.

ESSEX, CONN., March 18, 1863.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Once more I find myself hastily writing you a few lines. This State, you know, is distinguished for making pewter inkstands, maple-wood nutmegs, wooden whip sticks, seventeen feet long for each yoke of cattle driven. Connecticut is a smart little State in little things, but she is not sound on the goose question, or in other words, she is as full of traitors as a dog's of fleas. She has always been an off ox, ever since her old Tory ancestors went off in a tangent, and formed the Hartford Convention, to spite somebody better than themselves—when they thought by burning blue lights they might frighten somebody by a war ghost into a degrading submission to John Bull. This old Tory party then met together, just as the "peace democrats" of this State to-day are meeting in convention to plot treason and overthrow a government that has given them all they possess of liberty and power. This State is boiling over with Secession, while her traitorous sons daily give utterance to sentiments that would put a South Carolina slave to the blush. Oh, for some Provost Marshal like Gen. Butler that would make these "galled jades wince"—that would put the spur into their flanks so deep that they would cry out for mercy. There is not energy and determination enough in this government; if there was, these craven hearted rebels of New England, would find their growls echoed only within prison walls. Rest assured that this State is the hottest bed of treason of all the Free States. She blows off secession froth as a whole blow. The peace democrats here put in nomination for Governor a man full of Tory bile and black treason, as Jeff. Davis himself. He hates the Constitution as an Irishman hates a snake; he hates the Union as a spider hates a fly. He has recently been detected in correspondence against his country, that in some governments of Europe would cost him his Tory head; but the forbearance of Uncle Sam lets him go. This man Seymour, will get a large vote, for he is the idol of the copperheads.

This town is a nice little place about eight miles up from the mouth of the Connecticut river. It is a place of considerable shipping and manufacturing. The soil is good, and farming is conducted with profit. Many vessels owned here are in government employ, the owners of which are rank secessionists. Just across the river within sight, are several families by the name of Bull, who have not, and never had a tooth in their heads. Their jaws are similar to other people's but are perfectly toothless. Still they masticate their food with tolerable comfort.

Secretary Welles of the Navy, belongs in this State. He is an old fossil, fit only to rebuild Noah's Ark, or some other wooden tub. He has none of the enterprise or talent of the rest of the cabinet, but is slow, dull and blundering; yet in spite of his dead weight and holding back, our navy is doing wonders, and will, while we have such spunky commanders as we now have. The fact is the army and navy are long way ahead of the government, and if let alone would finish up the war in quick time; but this pulling and hauling at Washington is raising the dickens with the troops, and unless stopped will end in defeat. I said Secretary Wells belonged in this State; he has recently changed his home to Philadelphia. You will remember a plan in Congress to establish an immense Navy Yard and Naval Depot, either near here at New London, or on an island in the Delaware river, below Philadelphia. A majority of the committee having the subject in charge, recommended its location at New London on account of its deep water and proximity to the ocean; while the other place is low and sunken, a long way from the seaboard, and will cost many times as much to fit it up; but the old Secretary has left his State and gone for the Philadelphia yard, because without doubt he has got an axe to grind at this yard. Connecticut soldiers are smart to fight, and

smart to get out of the army when they get tired of it. A certain soldier of — Regt. wanted to come home from the wars. He could not get away anyhow; finally he feigned sickness, and was sent to the hospital near Baltimore; when in here he feigned insanity, and there was "method in his madness," for every day he would set up in bed, and fish over the side. He had a little rod to which was attached a small line and hook; he would sit here and throw his line and go through all the forms of catching fish and re-baiting his hook. So he went on from day to day, till at last all took pity upon him and the surgeon becoming interested, got him his discharge; after he got his papers he remained in the hospital a few days and began to cease his fishing and appeared quite natural; at last he ceased fishing altogether. One day the surgeon said to him, "You don't fish now-a-days; how is this?" "Oh," says the soldier, "I have caught the fish, and am going home to eat it."

Another member of a Connecticut Regt., was frequently taken down with fits, frothing at the mouth, &c. He was sent to the hospital, but got no better fast; his convulsions followed him up daily, until at last his surgeon got his discharge. After he was put in possession of his papers and ready to depart, he had the weakness to tell one of his companions that he had feigned his fits, and held a piece of soap in his mouth which had enabled him to froth at the mouth and deceive the surgeon. This information was at once communicated to the surgeon, who met the soldier a day or two afterwards and said to him, "I believe there is some mistake in your papers, let me look at them a moment." The unsuspecting victim handed them to him, when the surgeon tore them to shreds. The astonished soldier asked what that meant. The surgeon replied, "there is no soap in these papers; they won't pass." The poor fellow was then put under guard, and marched off double quick to severe duty, with the reflection that soap is good in its place, but that it won't do to brag on.

These Connecticut chaps are cute at cheating the government. Not long since one of them sold 12,000 bushels of potatoes—a mixture of all kinds, poor and rotten at that. After they were put on ship-board he bought 80 bushels of the best in the market and scattered them all over the others. When the Inspector came on board, they looked all right; were passed as good, and \$5000 profit pocketed.

Now I'll along; and as I do so, will write you again.
N. A. R.

RARE MARRIAGES OF PRINCES OF WALES.

The marriage of a Prince of Wales is an event of perfect novelty to the present generation. It is in fact an event of rarer occurrence in the annals of English history than most people are aware of or would readily believe. Of all the fourteen Princes who have borne this title, only five married when they were in possession of it, and out of this small number one was married abroad. These Princes were, first, the renowned knight who won the triple plume and motto, Edward the Black Prince, who married Joan of Kent; second, Edward, the son of Henry VI., who at Ambois married Lady Anne Neville, the daughter of the King-maker; third, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII., who at 15 years of age pledged his boyish vows to the unhappy Catharine of Arragon, afterwards the first of the many wives of his next brother Henry; fourth, Frederick, eldest son of George II. who at the age of 29 married the Princess Augusta of Saxa Gotha in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and fifth and last, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., to the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick. Nearly 70 years have passed away since that last scandal was enacted, when the Prince Regent put the corner stone to the cruel theory that Princes must marry without affection by taking his wife literally according to Act of Parliament, and in return for the payment of his debts. In the long interval that has elapsed since that masquerade of matrimony was gone through, the Chapel Royal has been hallowed by two marriages based on the purest affection—those of her Majesty and the Princess Royal.

SCARCITY OF LABOR AT THE WEST.—A correspondent of the Salem Register writing from Belleville, Wisconsin, 14th inst., says: "There is, and will be, a great scarcity of help among the farming community this season. In many of the towns nearly all the young men are in the army. There are more young men in the large towns and villages than among farmers. If it was not for the machinery now used in farming, not one-half the land that is under the plow could be cultivated; if there should be another draft before harvest, it will be almost impossible to secure the crop, if it should be an average one."

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY.—It is a well known fact, conceded by the medical faculty, that Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Chillsains, Toothache, and other nervous and spinal diseases, are the most painful of all maladies, and we are aware that they resist all ordinary remedies with extraordinary pertinacity. Even those painful diseases attached among the muscles, and interlarded with the nerves and sinews of our bodies, are compelled to yield to a new, cool, pleasant, and Providential Discovery made two and a half years ago, and known as "Lawson's Neuralgic Curative." We can verify the above with our own testimony and that of our friends, with others of unquestionable authority, also the testimony of a large number of patients themselves, that Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Chillsains, Toothache, and all nervous and spinal diseases, however deeply seated, have been cured and can be cured by the application of "Lawson's Neuralgic Curative." This we feel satisfied will be welcome news to thousands of sufferers, that a preparation can now be had that will afford immediate relief, and effect eventually a thorough cure of those complicated diseases. To all who suffer from any nervous affections, we feel justified in recommending this new discovery and sure remedy, as we feel assured a few applications will restore them to health and usefulness. For further information read the long and respectable array of names in another column.—Boston Traveller Sept. 22, 1862.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—At the Annual Town Meeting last Monday afternoon, the following business was transacted:

Hon. O. R. Clark was chosen moderator. The following Town Officers were chosen, being the regular nomination of the Caucus on the previous Saturday Evening:—Town Clerk, Josiah Havy; Selectmen, Josiah F. Stone, O. R. Clark, and H. K. Stanton; Treasurer, Stephen Cutter; Collector, Mial Cushman; School Committee, Wm. A. Stone and Thomas H. Chandler, for 3 years; A. K. P. Joy, for 2 years; E. A. Wadleigh, and Salem Wilder, 1 year; Assessors, Asa Fletcher, Albert Ayer, Loring Emerson; Auditors, A. Thompson, 3d, D. N. Skillings, and Edmund Dwight; Constables, A. D. Hunt and E. H. Johnson; Trustee of Town Library for 3 years, Alonzo Chapin; Fence Viewers, Asa Fletcher, and F. H. Johnson; Fish Committee, C. P. Curtis, Jr., C. N. Bacon and E. A. Brackett. The remaining officers to be appointed by the Selectmen.

\$3500 were appropriated for the support of Schools; \$1300 for Highways & Bridges, to be expended under the direction of the Selectmen—of this sum not less than \$300 to be laid out on Bacon St.; \$5100 for Incidental Expenses and Support of the Poor; \$150 for Cemetery; \$125 for Town Library, Art. 9 in reference to lighting the streets was dismissed. \$175 was appropriated for the pay of the Fire Department. Under Art. 11 it was voted to borrow \$6500 for a term of time not exceeding ten years for the payment of a note of the Town for \$6500 due May 10, 1863, to State of Massachusetts. Under Art. 12, voted to borrow \$1000 for a term of time not exceeding five years, to be appropriated in connection with the money due from the State of Mass. for State Aid for 1863, for the payment of a note of \$1800 due July 21st, 1863 to Stephen Cutter, and also a note of the Town for \$1000 due State of Mass. Under Art. 13, voted to borrow \$3500 for a term of time not exceeding two years for Aid to the families of Volunteers in the United States Service. Under Art. 14, voted to borrow \$5000 in anticipation of taxes. Under Art. 15, in reference to keeping a Watch for the protection of property against fire &c., was indefinitely postponed. Under Art. 16, a long and earnest discussion ensued, which resulted in the passage of a vote giving permission to the proprietors of a lot of land in the north-easterly part of the town between the railroad and Washington St. to use the same for a Catholic Burial Ground. Art. 17, "to see if the Town will cause a Monument to be erected in the Cemetery to the memory of those citizens of this Town who have died or may hereafter die while in the Military or Naval Service of the United States" was laid on the table on the ground that the matter was rather premature.

It was voted to allow five percent discount on assessments on New Lot. Voted, that the Selectmen be authorized to purchase one or more gravel banks for road material. Voted, that the Treasurer and Collector be allowed the same salary as last year. Whole amount of appropriations, \$10,550.00. The meeting was not so fully attended as usual, and the only matter which elicited much discussion was that pertaining to the Catholic Burial Ground.

PATENTS.—Among the list of patents issued to New England Inventors from the U. S. Patent Office for the week ending March 24, 1863, is one to Joel Whitney of this town for an improved machine for rolling green or wet leather; and another to Joseph A. Safford of this town for a design for the stand of an eyelet machine.

TOWN OFFICERS.—The new Board of Selectmen have organized by the choice of J. F. Stone, Esq., as their Chairman, and the School Committee by the choice of Hon. O. R. Clark, as Chairman, and E. A. Wadleigh, Esq., as Secretary.

WAR ITEMS.—Private Joseph McConville of the 45th Regt., has returned home on account of sickness, having received an honorable discharge from the service.

